

MATT TAIBBI: THE WALL STREET PROTESTS

Issue 1142
October 27, 2011
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Rolling Stone

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Reinvented
Himself—and
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*By Michael
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Playlist
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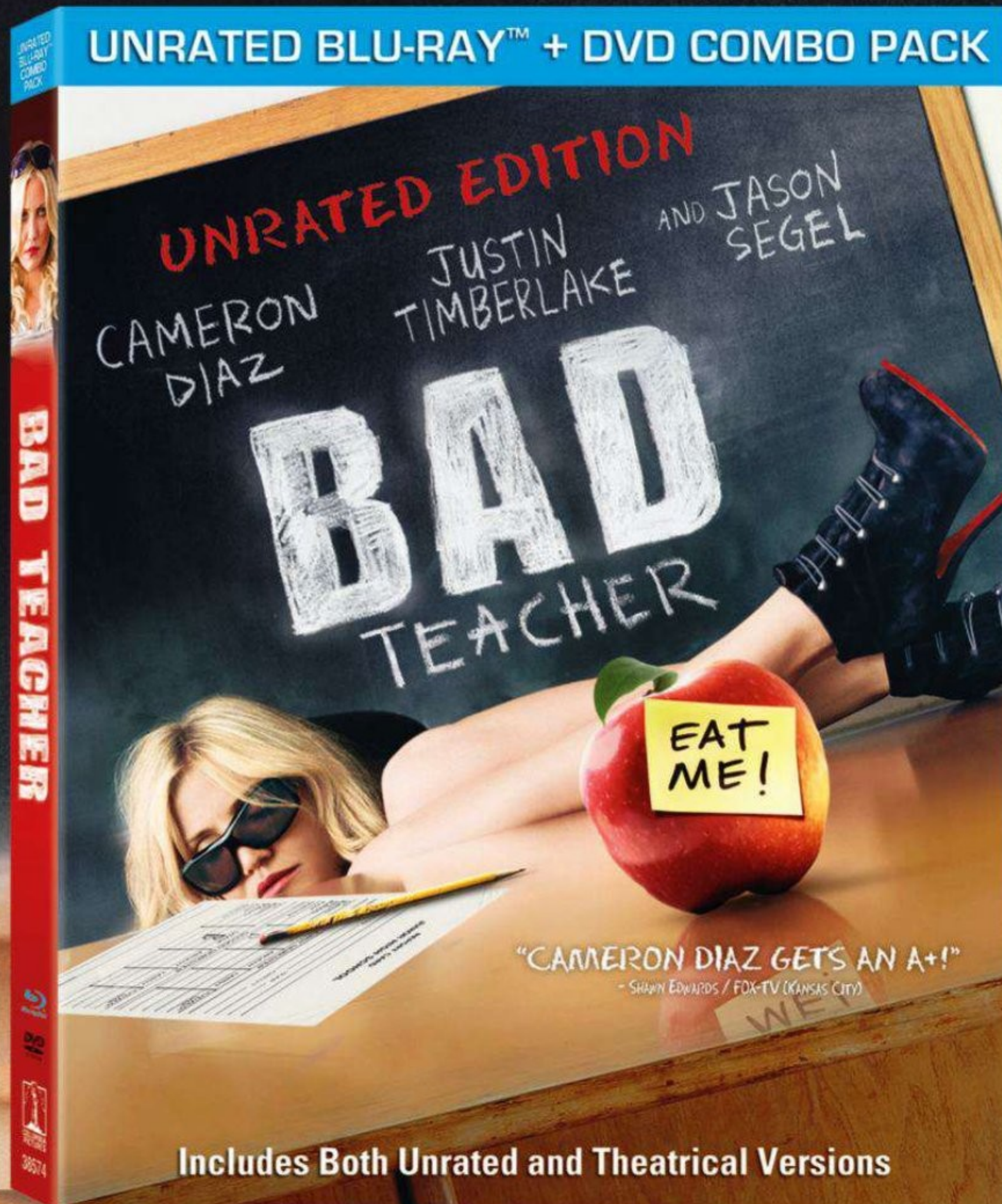
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Call to Arms

The "Occupy Wall Street" movement has grown from a handful of protesters to a nationwide expression of anger at America's economic inequalities. "They are trying to turn our democracy from a democracy into a kleptocracy," said filmmaker-activist Michael Moore. "What you see here, and what you're seeing across the country, are millions of people who've had it."



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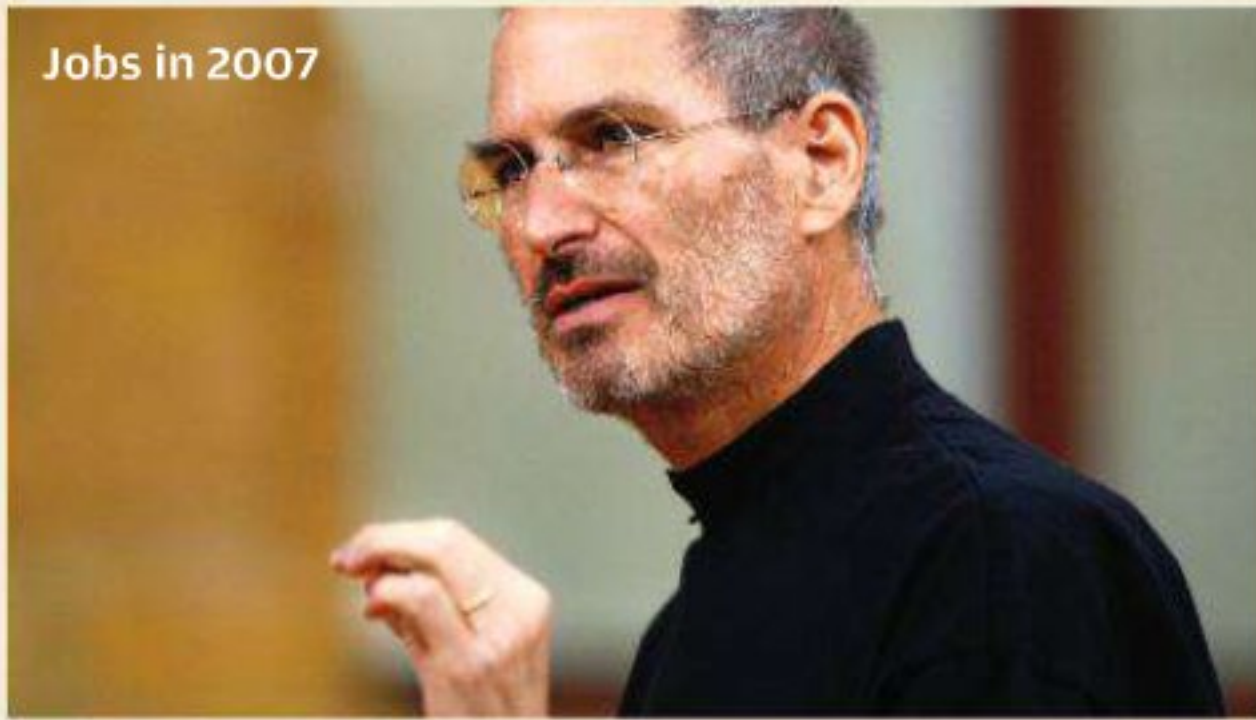
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ON THE COVER Steve Jobs photographed at home in Cupertino, California, in February 1984, by Norman Seeff.

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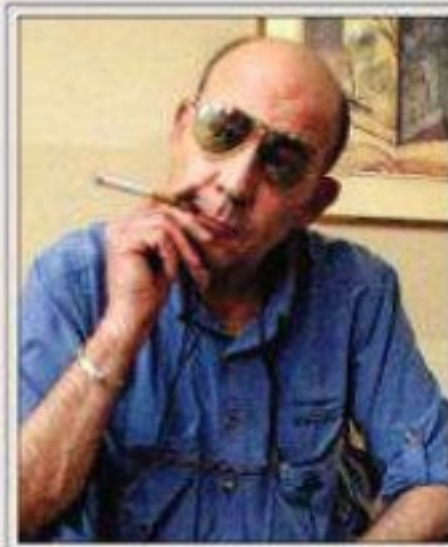
Hear the Playlists

RS and Spotify team up to host song picks by Mick Jagger, Tom Petty and more.



Essential Hunter S. Thompson

Read excerpts from *Fear and Loathing at Rolling Stone: The Essential Writing of Hunter S. Thompson*, which covers Thompson's work from his 1970 run for Aspen sheriff through the 2004 presidential election.



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PHOTO GALLERIES



Coldplay



Paul Simon at 70

NEWS

Björk's Iceland Extravaganza

Björk goes home to perform music from her new LP, *Biophilia*.

VIDEO

The Return of Soundgarden

Chris Cornell on Soundgarden's upcoming LP, and how they are working to avoid the traps most reunited bands fall into.

NEWS

Michael Jackson's Doctor on Trial

Complete coverage of the trial of Conrad Murray, charged with involuntary manslaughter in the death of Michael Jackson.

VIDEO

Pearl Jam Live

Watch an exclusive Pearl Jam performance from the Bridge School Concerts DVD.

READER LIST



Worst Songs of the 1980s

The Reagan decade may have introduced the world to U2, R.E.M. and the Smiths – but we also met Toni Basil and Europe. Our readers voted for their least-favorite songs of the 1980s. Check out the winners, from “Don’t Worry, Be Happy” to “The Lady in Red.”

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Cast your vote, get news and exclusives.



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CHASE 

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{ Love Letters & Advice }



America's Anchor

A SHIT-EATING GRIN TOOK over my face yesterday when I checked my mailbox and saw "Jon Stewart: The ROLLING STONE Interview" [RS 1140]. The man is the epitome of rationality and the voice of reason in a 24-hour-news world.

Elizabeth Rees, Tempe, AZ

THANKS TO ERIC BATES FOR a peek into the mind of Jon Stewart. I like him for four reasons: 1) He reminds the powerful to look at themselves before they speak or act. 2) He reinforces the concept "Take what you do seriously, not yourself." 3) Since powerful people often disregard 1 and 2, Stewart should keep us laughing for a long time to come. 4) He's from New Jersey. (Bruce!)

*Ken Cigala, Hollywood, FL
(Hometown: Margate, NJ)*

IT WAS A PLEASURE TO READ your article on Stewart. This man works his ass off to try and make up for the toxic waste that gets spewed over at Fox News. The older generation can berate

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us all they want for getting our news from a comedian, but I'm thankful we have this incredibly sensible and intelligent man to speak loudly for us.

Brad Weiler, Syracuse, NY

I LOVE JON STEWART EVEN more now that I see his office looks just like mine!

Sharon Parker, Bellevue, ID

Dave's First Year

"DAVID LETTERMAN: YEAR One" [RS 1140], by David Browne, was a brilliant story. I was 11 when the show started, and I felt like I finally had something that was just for me, a secret club that shared my

humor. Suddenly it didn't matter if you were bullied or had serious troubles at home, because you were part of the hippest club in America.

Brett W. Severson, Hudson, WI

I HAVE BEEN WATCHING AND loving Letterman for three-quarters of my life. I've read three books about the show. Yet I learned things from Browne's piece that I had neither heard nor read before. That's goddamn impressive.

Mike Medeiros, Fall River, MA

Best in Show

I WAS DISAPPOINTED THAT in "The Best Characters on TV"

[RS 1140], you didn't have one photo of Ted Danson, or any of the other men featured, lying on their backs, scantily clad, with a "come fuck me" look, like you did with Alison Brie and Maria Bello. Come on, RS. If you're going to treat women as sexual objects, at least be equal-opportunity about it and let Ron Perlman wear a thong.

Leslie Stamp, North Bay, Ontario

OK, I'M NOT GASSING Y'ALL here, but how can one magazine be as informative as *The New York Times*, have amazing film and TV reporting, and the best coverage of rock music? I read "Ten Things Obama Must Do" [National Affairs, RS 1140] and how David Letterman reinvented TV. Then I raised a fist when I saw that Giancarlo Esposito was chosen as "The Villain" for your best-characters-on-television list, and you reminded me of why Mick Jagger is an icon – all in one issue!

Leslie Lemon, Jersey City, NJ

'A Conspiracy of Knowledge'

THERE IS, OF COURSE, A SAD IRONY to having Steve Jobs on the cover of our Playlist Issue, the very idea of playlists – "What's on your iPod?" – having evolved from his transformative invention. Where the record business failed to grasp what could happen with the digitization of sound, Steve got it completely: He understood and loved music, and therefore knew what the iPod could do.

I have always had a sense of sharing a moment in history with Steve. We both came of age in San Francisco in the Sixties and Seventies. We both took a healthy amount of LSD, which he said was one of the two or three most important things in his life. And we both shared a fanaticism about Bob Dylan, who was exploring a view of the human condition that created a conspiracy of knowledge and awareness among those of us who listened and dropped acid. Those times fueled the energy, entrepreneurship, talent and ambition that burned within us, and we became

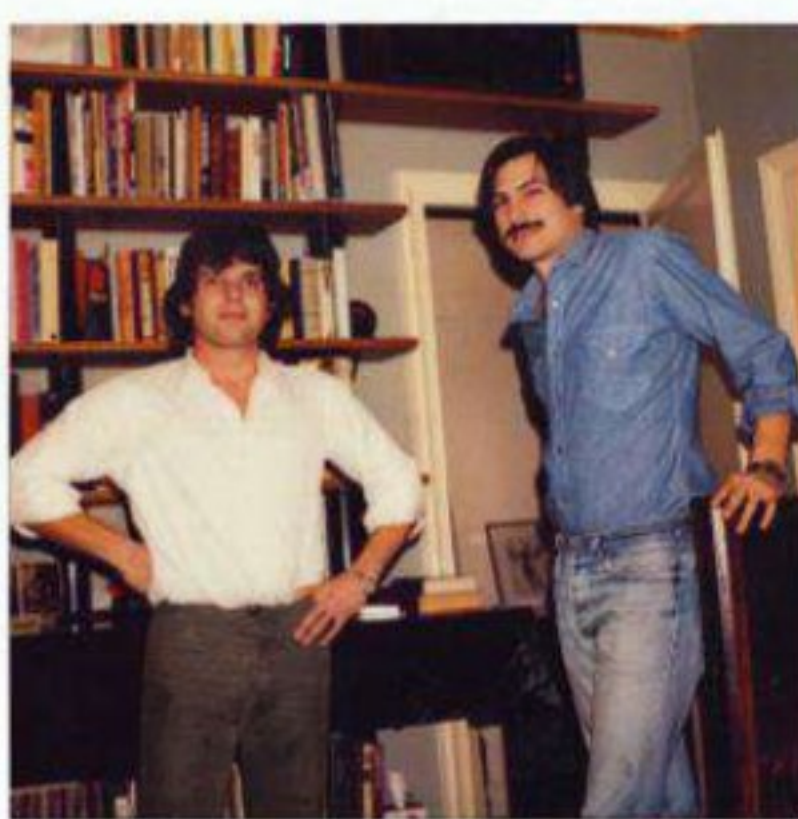
missionaries to change the world. Steve's belief in the uplifting nature of great design imbued all of his creations; he knew in his soul that how a thing looked and felt was part of the inherent truth and importance and

honesty of the thing itself. This was also part of the psychedelic insight: that art and beauty really do matter, and that people will respond to them if they are offered.

This photo shows the two of us in my apartment in New York at the end of the 1970s, a few years after Steve started Apple. It was taken by our mutual friend Jean Pigozzi on what was then a state-of-the-art camera, a Polaroid SX-70.

Unlike an iPhone photo, it has faded over the years, but it still conveys the spirit of the times. We were kids then, in the first flush of success. Whatever ROLLING STONE achieved in the years ahead, Steve went on, out of the same DNA, to do things that truly changed the world for the good of mankind.

Jann S. Wenner, Founder and Editor



Wenner with Jobs in New York

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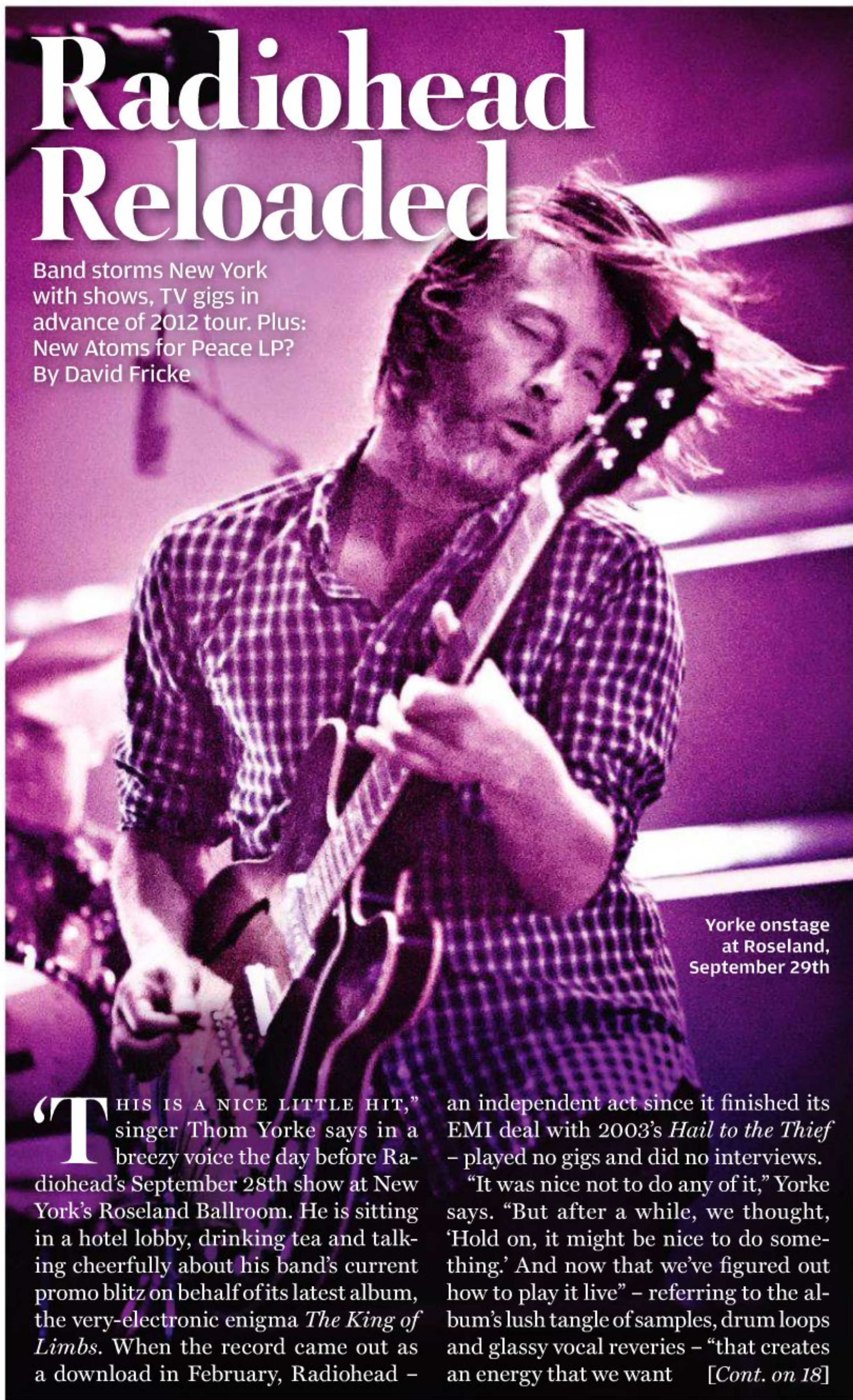
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Rock & Roll

Radiohead Reloaded

Band storms New York with shows, TV gigs in advance of 2012 tour. Plus: New Atoms for Peace LP?
By David Fricke



Yorke onstage at Roseland, September 29th

THIS IS A NICE LITTLE HIT," singer Thom Yorke says in a breezy voice the day before Radiohead's September 28th show at New York's Roseland Ballroom. He is sitting in a hotel lobby, drinking tea and talking cheerfully about his band's current promo blitz on behalf of its latest album, the very-electronic enigma *The King of Limbs*. When the record came out as a download in February, Radiohead –

an independent act since it finished its EMI deal with 2003's *Hail to the Thief* – played no gigs and did no interviews.

"It was nice not to do any of it," Yorke says. "But after a while, we thought, 'Hold on, it might be nice to do something.' And now that we've figured out how to play it live" – referring to the album's lush tangle of samples, drum loops and glassy vocal reveries – "that creates an energy that we want [Cont. on 18]"

Inside Sting's Birthday Blowout

Rocker turns 60 with help from Bruce, Gaga, Billy Joel and others
By Patrick Doyle

SIXTY FEELS COMFORTABLE," Sting told the sold-out crowd at New York's Beacon Theatre on October 1st. "I've always felt sort of old." But celebrating the milestone birthday onstage, Sting was positively boyish, ecstatically jamming with a stacked all-star roster of friends and fans including Bruce Springsteen, Billy Joel, Stevie Wonder and Lady Gaga.

He has a lot to celebrate this fall: Sting just released *25 Years*, a box set focusing on his quarter-century as a solo artist, and this month he kicks off the 32-date Back to Bass Tour, playing in theaters with a stripped-down band. "I thought it was a good time to reflect," says Sting. "For me, getting older enriches life. You realize there are a limited number of summers left – or tours, songs, relationships – so you really have to value them."

The birthday blowout, which raised \$3.7 million for the Robin Hood Foundation to fight poverty, had so many big names it took a year to wrangle them all. "Sting and [wife] Trudie [Styler] presented it as a big, open lovefest," says Rufus Wainwright, whose voice soared on the Police's "Wrapped Around Your Finger." Backstage, Springsteen, Joel and Herbie Han- [Cont. on 20]

[Cont. from 17] to pursue. You want to get it out there."

Radiohead's New York trip has included TV appearances on *Saturday Night Live*, *Late Night With Jimmy Fallon* and a special one-hour edition of *The Colbert Report*, during which the usually limelight-shy Yorke gamely fired quips back at the host. At Roseland on the 28th and 29th, Radiohead, who have not toured North America since 2008, gave a spectacular preview of their new six-piece lineup – with second drum-

mer Clive Deamer of the British group Portishead – and the major roadwork they are planning for 2012. Yorke, bassist Colin Greenwood, drummer Phil Selway and guitarists Ed O'Brien and Jonny Greenwood performed seven of the eight songs on *The King of Limbs*, invigorating the laptop-built ambience of "Bloom" and "Morning Mr. Magpie" with live-band dynamics and Selway's poly-rhythmic bond with Deamer.



WHO'S THE SUIT?
O'Brien, Colin
Greenwood, Selway,
Yorke, Deamer,
Colbert and Jonny
Greenwood (from left)

The Roseland shows included an unreleased song, "Daily Mail," Yorke's scathing address to ex-British prime minister Tony Blair, the *King of Limbs* outtake "Supercollider" and a new arrangement with furious double drumming on "Myxomatosis," from *Hail to the Thief*. Radiohead also resurrected two oldies: "Subterranean Homesick Alien," from 1997's *OK Computer* and, on the 29th, a bit of the fans' favorite "True Love Waits" during the intro to "Everything in Its Right Place," from 2000's *Kid A*. The previous night, in the same spot, Yorke paid trib-

ute to the recently split R.E.M. and their singer Michael Stipe, a close friend, singing a chorus from their 1987 hit "The One I Love."
"It was the same thing with *Kid A* – the studio was this process, then you bring it to life," Yorke says of the delay in bringing *The King of Limbs* to the stage. "In 'Bloom,' when Clive goes from the electro pads to the live kit, and my guitar shoots up an octave, I'm like, 'Wow!' When we came up with that, it was like, 'OK, we got it.'"

"The whole thing is a morass of syncopations and layers," says Deamer, who started playing with Selway last winter, working out parts, before rehearsing with the whole group. "But every time we play, it grows. Something slightly

"It was the same thing with 'Kid A,' Yorke says. 'You bring it to life.'"

different can happen."

Radiohead could squeeze in only three concerts this year – the Roseland dates and a surprise set in June at Britain's Glastonbury Festival – because Deamer is also on the road with Portishead. "He wasn't available," says Chris Hufford, one of Radiohead's managers, "and it's why we couldn't go out on tour until next year."

"It will be sort of on and off, with big gaps," Yorke says of the probable schedule, then grins reassuringly. "But not that big."

In the meantime, Radiohead have released another new album. *TKOL RMX 1234567* is a two-CD set of radical reconstructions of the tracks on *The King of Limbs* by DJs and producers such as Modeselektor, Altrice and SBTRKT. "It was kind of my baby," Yorke says, noting that Blawan's remix of "Bloom" "has just a little bit of us in there. But I love that."

Yorke, who turned 43 on October 7th, is determined to finish his new *Atoms for Peace* album by the end of the year. It is likely to feature recordings from the sessions Yorke did in 2010 with his touring band of that name, whose members include Radiohead producer Nigel Godrich and bassist Flea of the Red Hot Chili Peppers. The album has "a lot of solo stuff as well," Yorke adds. But, he confesses, "It's not good enough yet." He and Godrich "were excited about it for so long, then we kind of lost our way. So we're taking some steps back."

"The genesis was more like *The Eraser* – Thom and I in the studio," Godrich says, referring to Yorke's 2006 solo album. "The idea was to generate the music, then record the band. We did that. Some of it worked. We also went back to some of the electronic stuff. It's still in flux. We're waiting for the lightning bolt to strike."

Radiohead are returning to the studio as well. They will work on new material at their recording space in Oxford, England, in December and January. "We can get things together quite rapidly at the moment," Yorke says brightly. He mentions one song, "Come to Your Senses." "We have this version of it. It's a five-minute rehearsal, but it has the essence of what we need."

"There are a few of those," he adds. "It would be fun to have them ready when we go to play next year. I don't know how we would release them." Yorke smiles hopefully. "It would be nice to make it all part of the flow and just enjoy it – not think about it too much." **CS**

IN THE NEWS

Adele cancels U.S. dates due to vocal issues

After postponing several gigs this summer due to a vocal-cord hemorrhage, Adele has been forced to cancel the 10



Adele

makeup dates that were set to kick off on October 7th while she continues to recover. "I

have absolutely no choice but to recuperate properly, or I risk damaging my voice forever," Adele said. "Please have faith in me that this is the only thing I can do to make sure I can always sing."

Jagger, Timberlake eye starring movie roles

Mick Jagger is headed back to the big screen: Fresh off debuting his new supergroup, **SuperHeavy**, the Rolling Stone is developing a thriller



Jagger

called *Tabloid* – and he's considering taking the starring role, playing a media mogul loosely based

on **Rupert Murdoch**. No date for the film has been set. In other news, **Justin Timberlake** will star in *Spinning Gold*, a movie about the life of Casa-blanca Records founder **Neil Bogart**, who signed artists from **Kiss** to **Donna Summer** in the Seventies. Production begins next year.

Ronson recording Olympics theme song

Following in the footsteps of artists from **Freddie Mercury** to **Whitney Houston**, **Mark Ronson** is recording the anthem for the 2012 London Olympics. Dubstep diva **Katy B** will reportedly sing on the track. "You have one shot, one song," Ronson recently said. "It has to be great."

Stewart, Love to pen tell-all memoirs

Rod Stewart is writing a revealing account of his career – and he promises that the book, due in stores next year,



Stewart

will include lots of details on his love life. "Forget skeletons in the closet," he said. "This

one's going to be socks and knickers under the bed." Meanwhile, **Courtney Love** is writing a book of her own, which is expected to address her marriage to **Kurt Cobain** and her battles with drugs.



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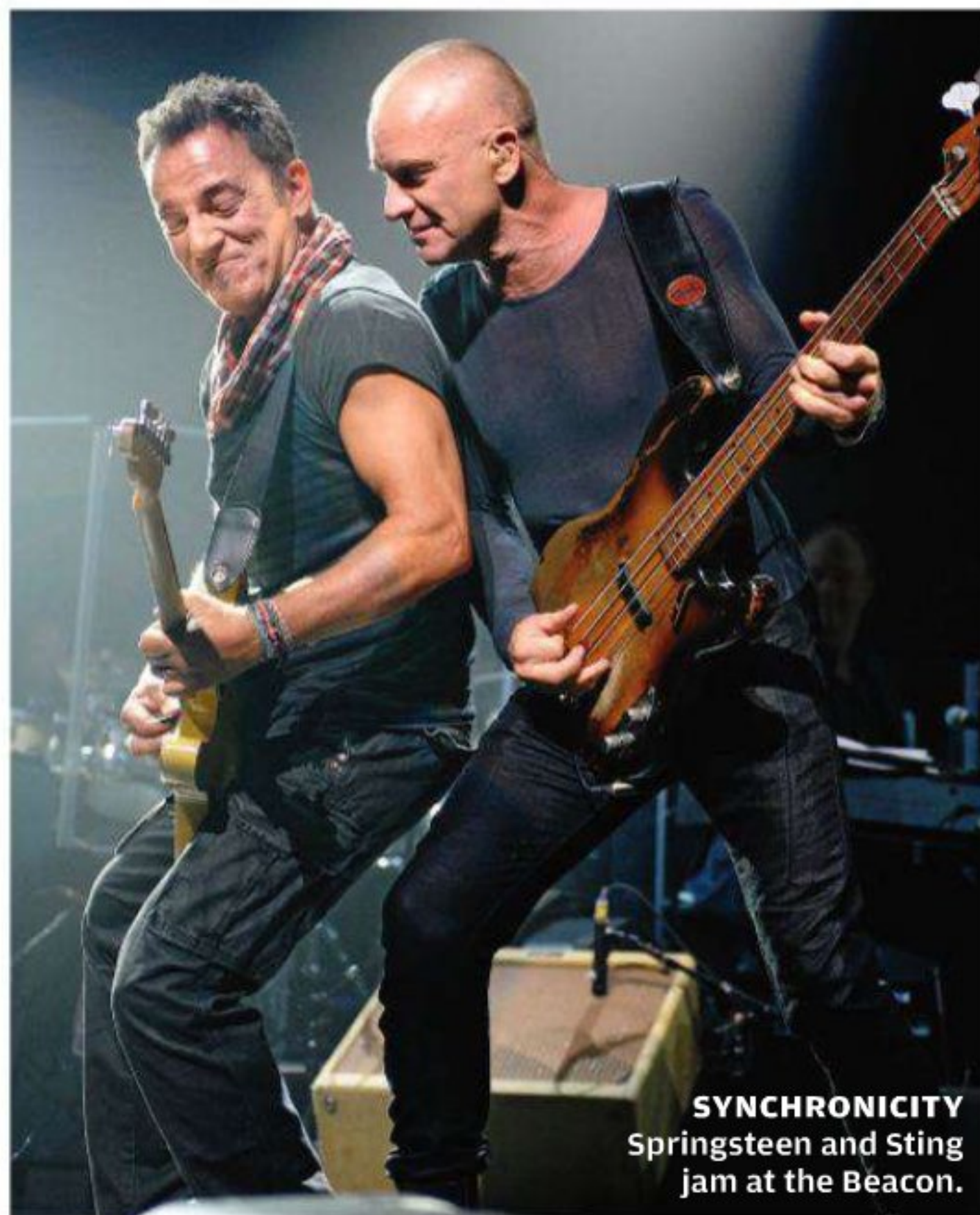
STING TURNS 60

[Cont. from 17] cock caught up near an elevator, Gaga hung out with Wonder, and Mary J. Blige snapped a fan photo with Joel. "It was electric," says Blige. Early in the night, Will.i.am sang "Walking on the Moon" – working in lines from "I Gotta Feeling" – and Hancock tore into a wickedly funky "Sister Moon." "Sting has the soul of a jazzman," says Hancock. "He pushes the envelope with the kinds of melodies he writes."

Joel beamed during faithful takes on "Every Little Thing She Does Is Magic" and "Don't Stand So Close to Me." Gaga, meanwhile, completely reimagined "King of Pain," stripping it almost entirely of the original melody. "It was like 'Bad Romance' meets the blues," says Rob Mathes, the show's musical director. "She was so committed. Sting loved it."

After Wonder delivered a mournful "Fragile," the night hit its peak when Springsteen took the stage. He nailed Sting's "I Hung My Head," a haunting ballad about a man sentenced to death after an accidental shooting, busting out an awesomely unhinged guitar solo. He then strapped on a 12-string acoustic for a stark "Fields of Gold," the house dead silent as he sang a verse in gravelly a cappella. "It sounded like he wrote it," says Wainwright.

But Springsteen wasn't completely somber. "I've known Sting for about 25 years," he said. "I've read, 'Sting can make love for 29 hours.' I wonder why



SYNCHRONICITY
Springsteen and Sting
jam at the Beacon.

"I'm just full of wonder and a sense of joy," Sting says about life at 60.

he never mentioned that to me. After four hours now, you're supposed to seek medical attention.... Anyway, stay hard, brother, stay hard."

The box set, which includes crystalline new mixes (particularly of tracks from his 1985 debut, *The Dream of the Blue Turtles*), was a revelation even

to Sting. "It's a bit like archaeology – we found little things that got buried in the mix," he says. And he's written almost 30 songs for *The Last Ship*, a musical he's developing about the decline of the shipbuilding industry in his hometown of Newcastle, England. "I'm not sure what I'll do after this next tour," he says. "I'm just full of wonder and a sense of joy and the same childlike love of music I've always had. There's so much to learn and so little time." **ES**

Additional reporting by
STEVE BALTIN

IN THE NEWS

Kanye West debuts fashion line in Paris

West officially entered the world of haute couture on October 1st, when he revealed his first women's-clothing



West

line, Dw, with a VIP-packed Paris Fashion Week runway show. The designs, which featured leather,

fur and plunging necklines, met with lukewarm reviews.

"This is my first collection – please be easy," West told the afterparty crowd. "I can only grow from this point."

Sony shuts Jive, Arista and J Records

After months of ramping down operations at Sony Music Entertainment, three storied labels – Jive, Arista and J Records – are officially folding. Their artist rosters, which include **Barry Manilow**, **Usher** and **Britney Spears**, will move to sister label RCA Records. The news comes after layoffs that saw dozens of staffers let go. "The path we've taken is to refresh RCA, so we're going to retire those brands," said **Tom Corson**, who is president and chief operating officer of RCA. "There may be a reason down the line to bring them back, but it's a clean slate here." Founded in 1929, RCA is Sony's second-oldest label after Columbia. Music mogul **Clive Davis** launched Arista in 1974 and J Records in 2000. Former *American Idol* champ **Lee DeWyze** is the first artist casualty of the changes, with no word yet on who else might be dropped from their contracts.

All-Stars Tackle Dylan for Amnesty International

Adele, Patti Smith, My Morning Jacket and more rock on charity LP

BOB DYLAN, WHO TURNED 70 in May, will get a belated birthday present early next year: an all-star tribute album organized by Amnesty International. *Chimes of Freedom: Songs of Bob Dylan Honoring 50 Years of Amnesty International* will feature Dylan covers by everyone from My Morning Jacket ("You're

a Big Girl Now") and Adele ("Make You Feel My Love") to Sting, Dave Matthews Band and many more. All proceeds will benefit the human-rights group. Says Helen Garrett, Amnesty International USA's director of special projects, "We hope the music will inspire ordinary people everywhere to chime in on humankind's noble quest for freedom."

"I wanted to do something I'd never attempted," says Patti Smith, who sings 1967's "Drift-



Dylan

er's Escape" on the LP. "We had just completed our new album, and instead of drinking champagne we decided to cut the song."

The most unexpected cover is Ke\$ha's subdued take on 1963's "Don't Think Twice, It's All Right." "When you think of me, you wouldn't think of Bob Dylan," says the pop star, whose favorite album ever is Dylan's country-rock classic *Nashville Skyline*. "My music is more about going crazy than politics. But he's a huge influence – he writes his own music and means what he says. I write my own music and I fucking mean every word I sing." The lyrics moved her so deeply that she broke into tears during recording. Adds Ke\$ha, "You can hear the snot running down my face."

DAVID BROWNE



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CHECKING IN WITH THE 'DOGS

Rolling Stone
DO YOU WANNA BE A
**ROCK
& ROLL
STAR?**
PRESENTED BY
**GARNIER
FRUCTIS**



THE SHEEPDOGS
(LEFT TO RIGHT):
SAM CORBETT,
EWAN CURRIE,
RYAN GULLEN,
LEOT HANSON

Since becoming the first unsigned band on the cover of *Rolling Stone* this summer as the winners of the inaugural **Do you Want to Be a Rock & Roll Star** presented by **Garnier Fructis**, The Sheepdogs have been working it: the stage, the cameras, the crowds.

They came to the competition with raw talent, a soulful rock sound and a multitude of beards. They leave it with a fine-tuned live show, a record deal with Atlantic, and an evolved style sensibility. Take a look at The Sheepdogs' amazing year—a journey of sound and style—from emerging band to cover-worthy rock stars.



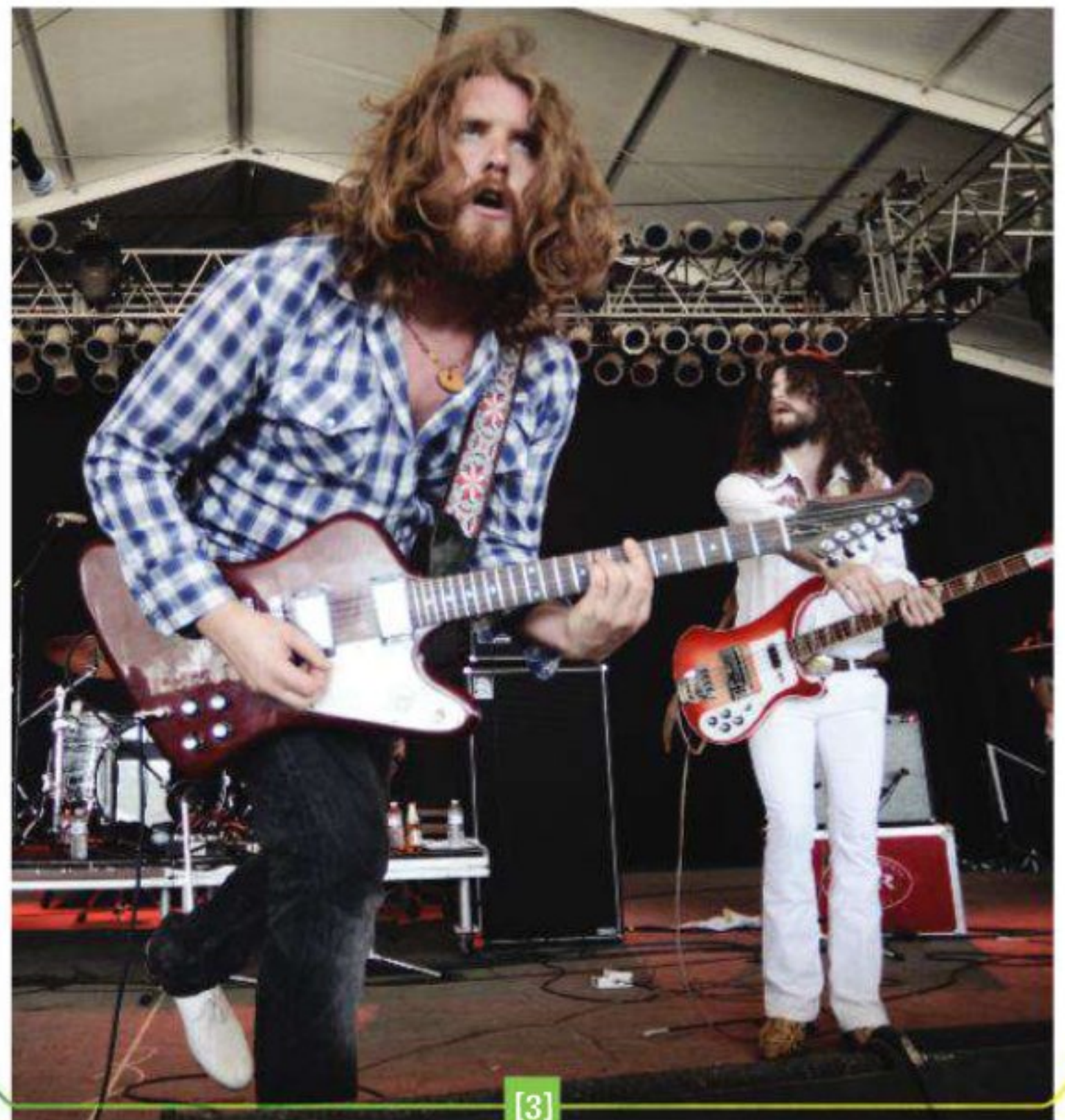
[1] FEBRUARY 14, 2011

JEANS, T'S, BOOTS. REPEAT. Long locks and bushy beards were a band trademark. Image lesson #1: you can stay true to your roots *and* raise the bar with your style.

[2] APRIL 1, 2011

CAMERA READY

Rock & roll stylist for Garnier Fructis, Peter Butler, introduced the woolly rockers to a few beginner tips during a photo shoot for contest semifinalists.



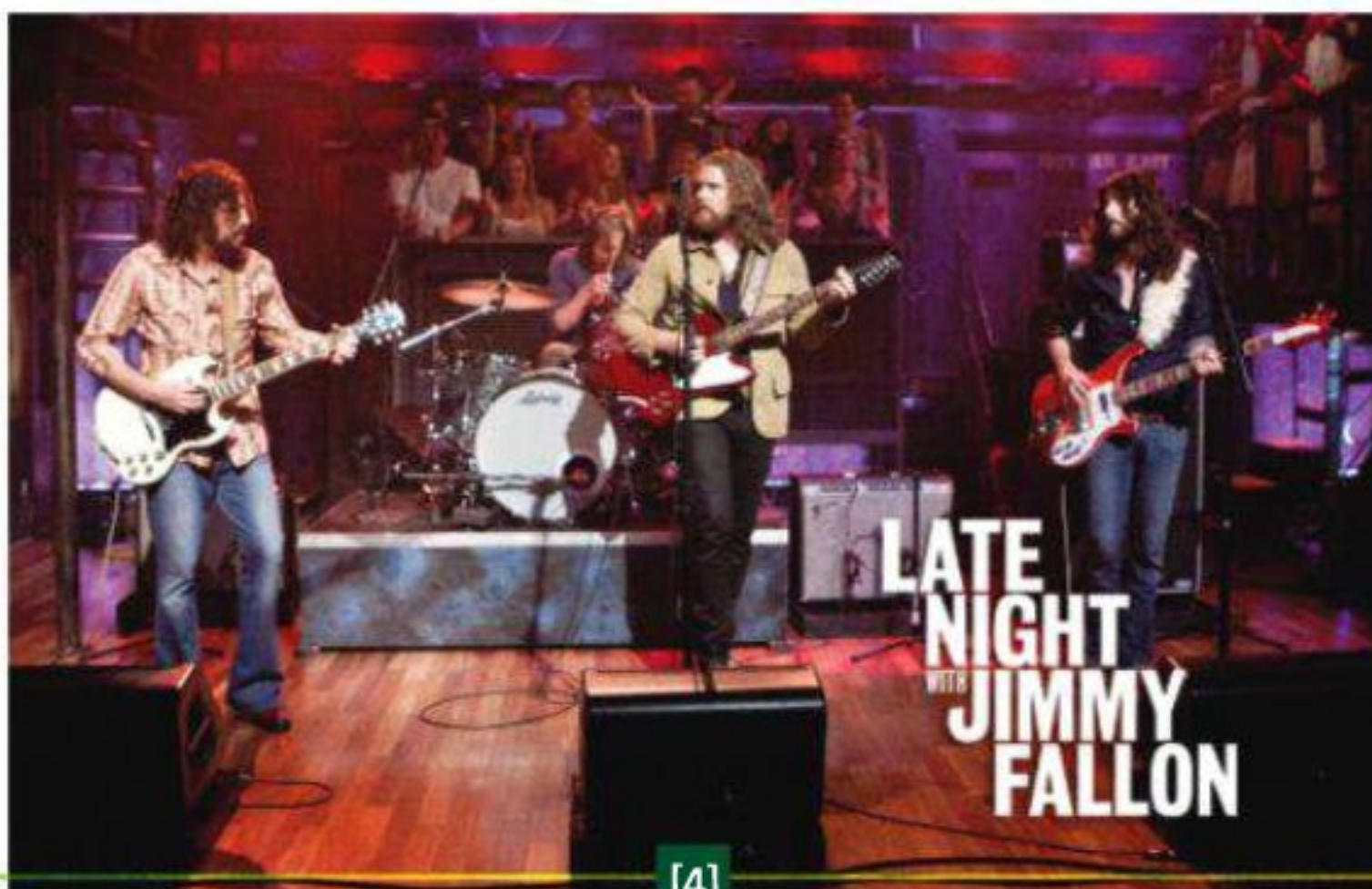
[3] JUNE 12, 2011

BATTLING THE ELEMENTS

The boys battled the Bonnaroo heat where they went head-to-head against rival finalist Lelia Broussard.

"EVERYONE KNOWS HAIR PLAYS A BIG PART IN ROCK & ROLL. THE CHALLENGE, AND THE FUN, WAS FINDING THE ROCK STARS UNDER ALL THAT HAIR."

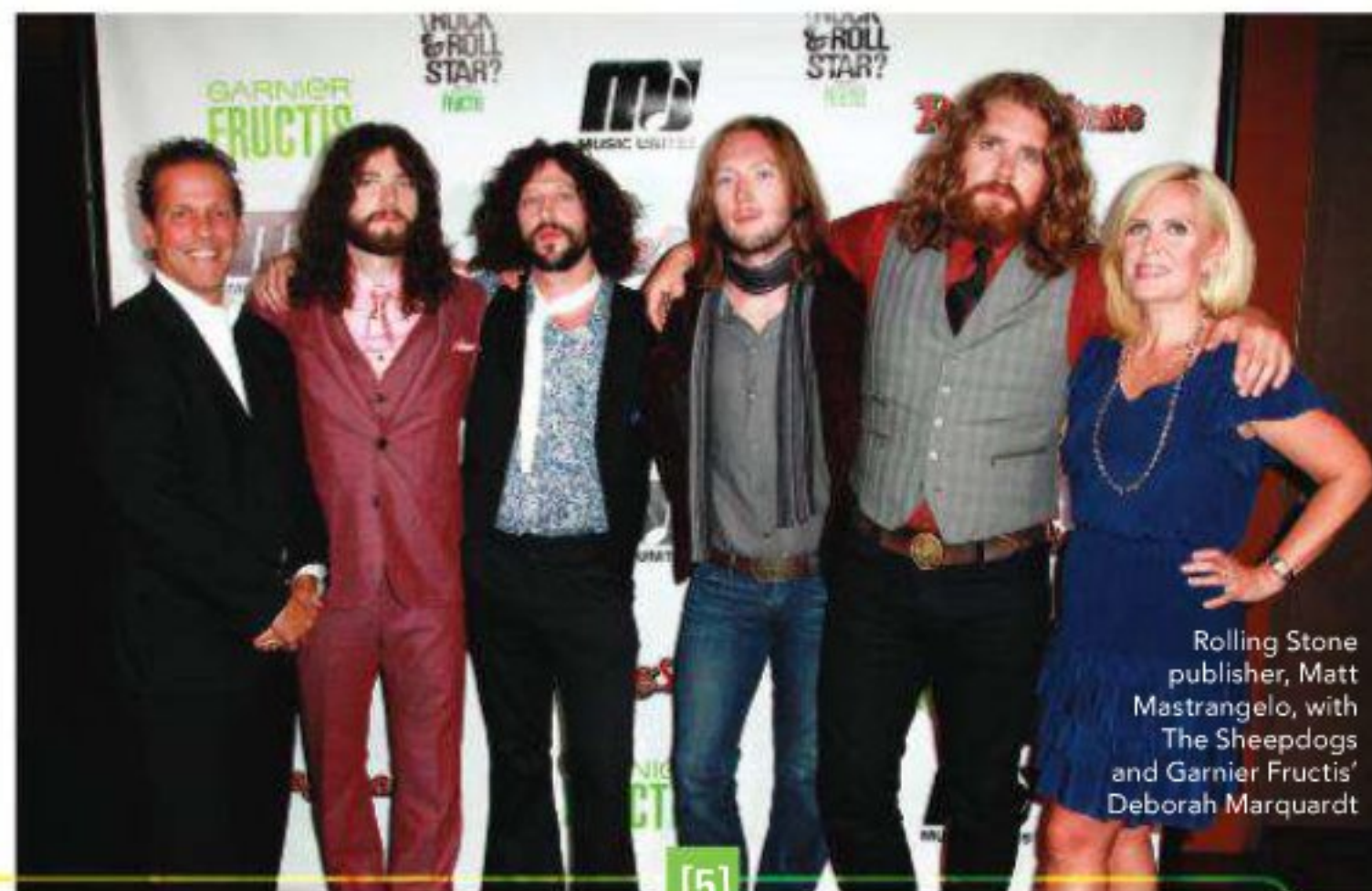
— PETER BUTLER FOR GARNIER FRUCTIS



[4]

JUNE 16, 2011
GREAT STAKES

As the competition progressed, so did the shoots, the appearances and the scrutiny. At each phase, the boys grew more camera-ready.



[5]

AUGUST 1, 2011
RED CARPET ROGUES

The Sheepdogs looked like bona fide rock stars on the red carpet for Rolling Stone's celebrity-studded cover release bash.

"WHEN I LEARNED WE WERE GOING TO BE ON NATIONAL TV IN FRONT OF MILLIONS, I KNEW IT WAS TIME TO STEP UP OUR GAME."

— EWAN CURIE, LEAD SINGER

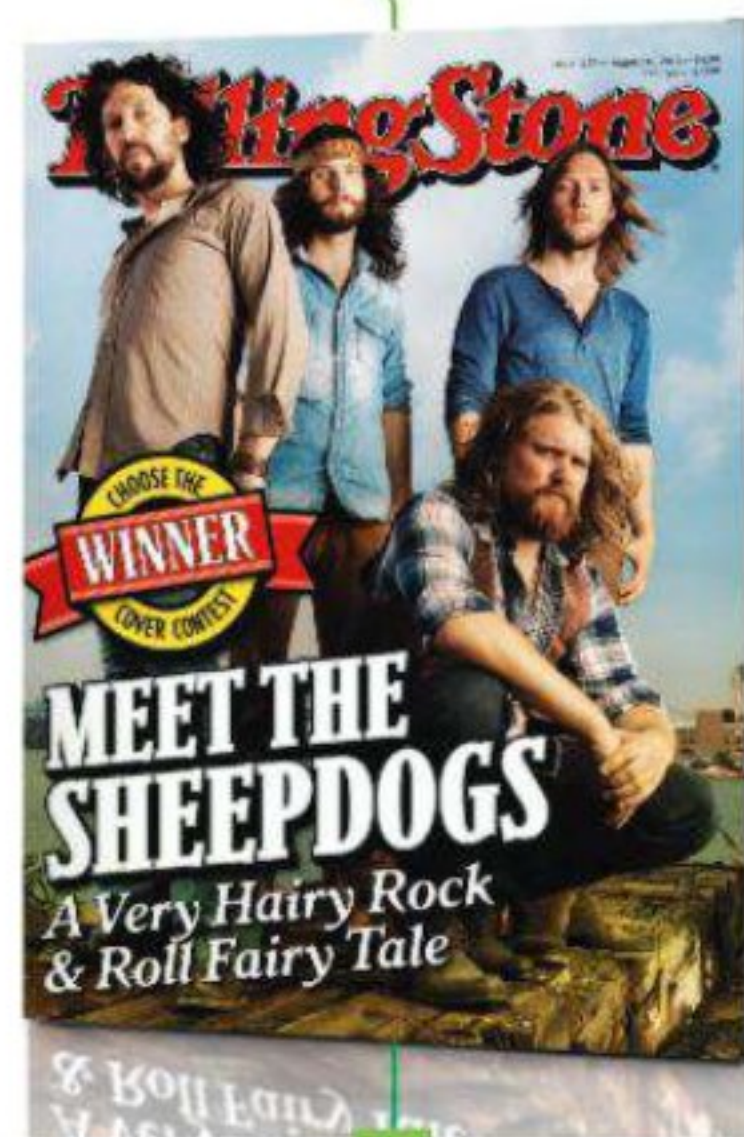
[6]

SEPTEMBER 22, 2011
PROJECT RUNWAY!?!?

Yep, The Sheepdogs hit the catwalk. Saying "Auf Wiedersehen" to flannel, they became fashion muses for the budding designers in the Garnier Fructis challenge on Project Runway. With new duds created by Viktor Luna, and curls tamed by Fructis, Leot's head to toe look was the clear winner.



GREG ENDRIES



[7]

ROLLING STONE ISSUE #1137
ON THE COVER OF...

Peter Butler fine-tuned the Dogs' image for their historic Rolling Stone cover shoot. The band's "go-to" products include:



LEOT:
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 SPRAY GEL



RYAN:
 PURE CLEAN
 SMOOTHING
 CREAM



SAM:
 SURF HAIR



EWAN
 PURE CLEAN
 SHAMPOO &
 CONDITIONER

Sleeper Agent's Teenage Dream

Cage the Elephant pals recruit killer high school girl singer, blast off

WHEN SLEEPER AGENT singer-guitarist Tony Smith first met singer Alex Kandel, she was a high school junior who liked to belt Adele covers at coffeehouses in their hometown of Bowl-

BREAKING

ing Green, Kentucky. But after hearing some demos she posted on MySpace, the 22-year-old was so blown away that he began giving her bass lessons and talking about starting a band. "My girlfriend at the time didn't really like the idea of me spending a lot of time with a younger person," says Smith, now 24. "There were three months where I ignored the idea altogether. But Alex kind of persisted with it until she got her way."

A year and a half later, the duo trade vocals on Sleeper Agent's super-buzzed debut, *Celabration*—a raucous blast of power-pop hooks and fuzzed-



SLEEPER HIT
Clockwise from front: Smith, Kandel, Williams, Wilson, Martin and Gardner

out riffs that recall Weezer and the Strokes. Their high-energy garage romp "Get It Daddy" was recently iTunes Single of the Week, and they've just launched their first headlining U.S. tour, after hitting the road with local buddies Cage the Elephant.

Kandel, now 18, initially felt out of place among her college-age bandmates, who also include guitarist Josh Martin, drummer Justin Wilson, bassist Lee Williams and keyboardist Scott Gardner. Says Kandel, "I didn't want them to decide that I wasn't cool enough to hang out with."

The band members moved into a house together, and when an accident knocked out their electricity and hot water for months, it only made them closer. "After you go through that," Kandel says, "there's not much else you can learn about each other."

Kandel faced the biggest hurdle of all last year: persuading her folks to let her ditch her senior year to hit the road. "My parents raised me to be stubborn," she says. "I guess that's what they got." **PATRICK DOYLE**

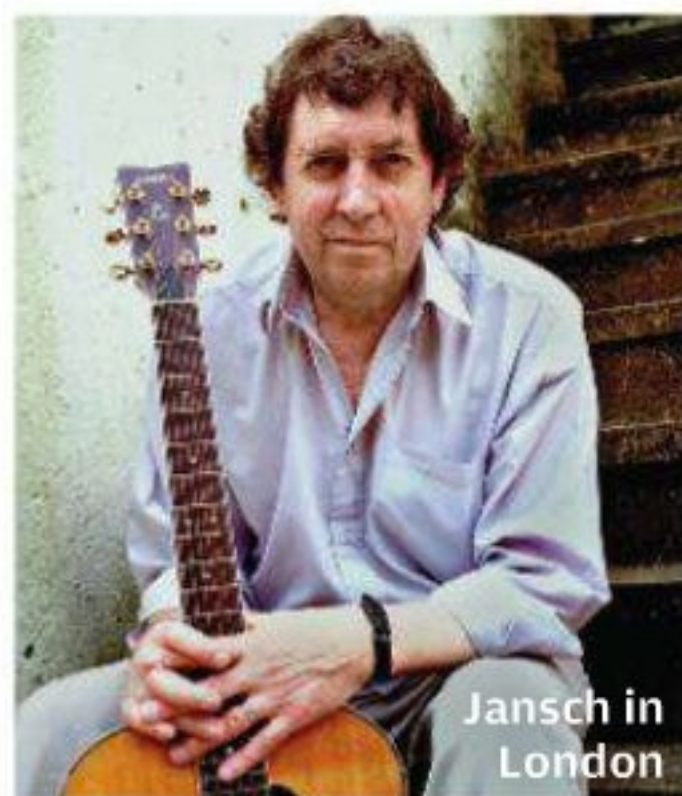
TRIBUTES

Bert Jansch, Scottish Folk Guitar Icon, Dies at 67

SCOTTISH FOLK SINGER and guitarist Bert Jansch, who influenced everyone from Jimmy Page to Devendra Banhart, died October 5th of lung cancer in London. He was 67. Jansch, known for his stunning fingerpicked guitar and melancholy vocals, released a series of solo albums before co-founding the progressive folk group Pentangle in 1967. When Pentangle split in 1973, Jansch briefly worked as a farmer before returning to his solo career.

Jansch went on to tour and record with a wide range of artists and fans, including Beth Orton, Pete Doherty and Banhart. "Bert was one of the all-time great acoustic guitarists and singer-songwriters," says

Neil Young, who spent much of the past two years on the road with Jansch, and whose 1974 classic "Ambulance Blues" was inspired by Jansch's 1965 tune "Needle of Death." "He is a hero of mine, one of my all-time greatest influences." **ANDY GREENE**



Jansch in London



Tarplin (top) with Robinson (bottom right) and Miracles

Marv Tarplin, Motown Guitarist

Miracles guitarist Marv Tarplin, who worked with Smokey Robinson for 50 years, died September 30th in Las Vegas. He was 70. Tarplin co-wrote some of the Miracles' greatest songs, including "The Tracks of My Tears" and "Going to a Go-Go," as

well as Marvin Gaye's "Ain't That Peculiar" and "One More Heartache." Robinson quit the Miracles in 1972, but Tarplin remained his guitarist until 2008, when he was sidelined by arthritis. "His guitar playing was very melodic, soulful and bluesy," says Robinson. "He was absolutely the most important collaborator of my career. Hearing the news of his death was like a dagger to my heart." **A.G.**

Sylvia Robinson, Hip-Hop Pioneer

Sugar Hill Records founder and R&B singer Sylvia Robinson died of heart failure on September 29th at 75. She produced and released the first-ever hip-hop single, Sugarhill Gang's "Rapper's Delight," in 1979, and other crucial early tracks, like Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five's "The Message." As a singer, Robinson scored hits with 1957's "Love Is Strange" (as part of the duo Mickey and Sylvia) and 1973's "Pillow Talk." **SIMON VOZICK-LEVINSON**

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Inside Michael Jackson's Flying Circus

Cirque du Soleil launches over-the-top, hit-packed King of Pop spectacle

WHEN MICHAEL JACKSON saw Cirque du Soleil's first U.S. tour, in 1987, he was blown away. "We drove to Santa Monica Pier in an old van that a security guard gave us," remembers John Branca, the late singer's longtime lawyer and now a co-executor of his estate. "Michael was fascinated. He said, 'John, we have to go backstage and meet everyone.' I'm not sure who was more excited, Michael or the cast."

Nearly 25 years later, a Cirque du Soleil production all about the King of Pop is hitting the road. *Michael Jackson the Immortal World Tour*—a 50-50 venture between Jackson's estate and the Canadian theater troupe—kicked off on October 2nd in Montreal in front of a sold-out crowd of 13,000, including Jackson's three children and his mother, brothers and nephews. The fast-paced show is packed with remixes and medleys of more than 70 classic Jackson 5 and solo hits, from "I'll Be There" to "Smooth Criminal"—and features spectacular Jackson-inspired imagery, from "Thriller" video zombies to an onstage re-creation of the Neverland Valley Ranch. "The challenge is that Michael



DANCING MACHINES
The Cirque du Soleil tour's Montreal premiere.
Inset: Jackson, circa 1990.

isn't here," says Cirque du Soleil creation director Chantal Tremblay. "So we want people to feel his presence through the music, visuals and movement."

The Immortal is Cirque du Soleil's biggest touring production ever, with an estimated budget of \$60 million and a cast of 64 performers. The tour will hit 65 North American cities over the next year before heading overseas; in 2013, an all-new MJ show will join Cirque du Soleil's smash Beatles and Elvis revues in Las Vegas. "Michael loved magic and theatrics," says writer-director Jamie King, who has

"This is something Michael would have loved to do," says director Jamie King.

helmed blockbuster tours for Madonna and Britney Spears. "This is something he would have loved to do."

Last fall, Cirque du Soleil and the estate tapped King and musical designer Kevin Antunes to lead the show's creative team, giving Antunes unprecedented access to Jackson's original unmixed mas-

ter recordings. "The raw audio led us to spoken-word parts or outtakes that we could use," says Antunes, citing a previously unheard breakdown on the Jackson 5's "ABC" as one

of the best finds. Music director Greg Phillinganes, who held the same role on Jackson's *Bad* and *Dangerous* tours, assembled a band that features several other longtime Jackson collaborators, including drummer Jonathan "Sugarfoot" Moffett. Says Phillinganes, "The first criterion was to get as much of a lineage to Michael as we could."

Now that the curtain has gone up, Jackson's estate is focused on the soundtrack album, due in stores on November 21st. One highlight, "Immortal Megamix," is a pounding mash-up of the Jacksons' "Can You Feel It," "Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough," "Billie Jean" and "Black or White," used in the show's 11-minute closing sequence. "When we set up a listening session for LA Reid [CEO of Jackson's label, Epic], he said, 'I don't like anybody touching Michael's music—I'm a purist,'" Branca says. "By the end of the first song, he was dancing." **MONICA HERRERA**

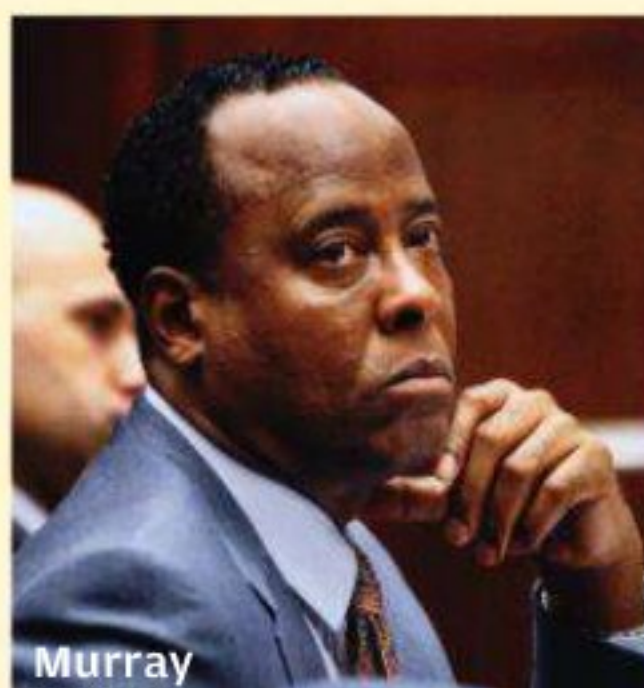
Jackson Trial Heats Up With Shocking Testimony

Prosecution builds criminal case against Dr. Murray

"I didn't have a childhood," says Michael Jackson, his voice low and slurred. "'Heal the World,' 'We Are the World'... these are songs I've written because I hurt, you know? I hurt." It's one of the most disturbing pieces of evidence from the trial against Dr. Conrad Murray: a recording of Jackson six weeks before he died of acute propofol intoxication. Murray is charged with involuntary manslaughter for

administering a lethal dose of the sedative and hiding the evidence. "Murray was not working for the best interest of Michael Jackson," argued prosecutor David Walgren in his opening statement. "Dr. Murray was working for \$150,000 a month."

Since the trial began on September 27th in L.A., testimony has tipped heavily in the prosecution's favor. Jackson's security guard said Murray ordered him to help clear drug vials and a propofol-filled saline bag out of the singer's bedroom. UCLA Medical Center staff who tended to Jackson said Murray



Murray

failed to disclose that his patient had taken the drug at all. And Sade Anding, a girlfriend of Murray's, testified that he was on the phone with her when Jackson's health started to fail, a full 20 minutes before 911 was called, according to phone records.

Murray's defense team countered that Jackson was addicted

to the painkiller Demerol, which led to insomnia that the singer demanded be treated with propofol. They said Murray obliged that request with caution, and that Jackson gave himself the lethal dose on June 25th, 2009. They argued that Jackson was getting even more propofol from his dermatologist without Murray's knowledge, as well as the sedative lorazepam.

"I think Murray is going to be convicted, but our fear is that he's going to get probation," says Brian Oxman, Joe Jackson's attorney and a longtime family associate. "This is a man who has no prior history of harming his patients. He's going to show it's an aberration. The prosecution will never be able to prove that he's a dangerous, intentionally harmful man." **M.H.**

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Jane's Addiction: Still Shocking

Alt godfathers rock on 25 years after sparking the Lollapalooza nation
By Gavin Edwards

PERRY FARRELL SITS ON the roof of his house in Santa Monica, staring at the Pacific Ocean and drinking some excellent red wine. His mind careens from Lollapalooza (which he founded in 1991 at the birth of the alternative nation) to his plans for world peace to a scheme for booking Bon Jovi and Van Halen to do battling gigs at either end of a football stadium. But inevitably he lands on Jane's Addiction, who just released their fourth album, *The Great Escape Artist*. "I see things a little clearer, now that I'm not loaded 24 hours a day," Farrell says. "But my angle is still escapism. Tom Morello does a benefit for the union guy and provides him with a voice. I want that guy to take his shirt off, get high and forget who he is."

He takes a sip of wine and looks up into the sky. "Is that a cool hawk, or what?"

After spending the late Eighties combining art-metal shredding, tribal grooves and an air of cheerful decadence, Jane's Addiction broke up in 1991, just as the alt-rock spark they lit turned into a culture-shaking explosion. "We sold a million copies of *Ritual de lo Habitual* to a million artists," says drummer Stephen Perkins. "For better or worse, everyone after us – the Pumpkins and Pearl Jam and Alice in Chains – sold 10 million records. That would've been fun, but I think it's been good for us, artistically, to feel hungry."

After reuniting periodically without bassist Eric Avery, the original lineup came back together in 2008 to accept the "Godlike Genius Award" from *NME*. They toured with Nine Inch Nails and recorded some material with Trent Reznor as producer, but the sessions didn't jell, and Avery left the band again. "It was frustrat-



SUMMERTIME ROLLS Farrell, Navarro, Perkins and Chaney, who took over for Dave Sitek after recording (clockwise from bottom).

ing and not fun," says Perkins. "I can understand Eric not wanting to step into that. You have to be committed to make a great piece of art, and that's why we only made three or four records in 20 years. It doesn't come easy for Jane's Addiction."

Avery's replacement was Guns n' Roses and Velvet Revolver bassist Duff McKagan, who lasted about six months. "He didn't want to hang," says Farrell with a shrug. "I think he secretly thought he'd have his other band [Velvet Revolver] back. That didn't work out."

Perkins began jamming with TV on the Radio's Dave Sitek, a massive Jane's fan, who brought more than just his bass. "He showed up with drum machines, turntables, basses, amps," recalls Perkins. "He put his drum machine through a pedal, and he was a fucking powerful force."

An excited Perkins called up Jane's guitarist Dave Navarro. "I told him, 'This could take us out of songwriting and into a sound.'" The band has always valued feel over carefully crafted compositions – but the first time around, it relied on "chemicals and chemistry."

"I'm not loaded 24 hours a day," says Perry Farrell. "But my angle is still escapism."

Perkins says Sitek made a deal with the group: "Give me one day to play 'Mountain Song' onstage, and until the record is done, I'll give you everything I've got." He ended up spending months in the studio, not just playing bass but also co-writ-

ing songs. "Dave stuck around just long enough to reach into my guts and flip some switches," Farrell says. "He's a drinker and a smoker and a fighter – I tried to make him proud that he knows me. He went on his merry way with TV on the Radio, but I've got a great new friend and a great new record." (Since the album's completion, the bassist slot has been filled by Chris Chaney, who played on their 2003 album *Strays*.)

The album is classic Jane's – all yowling vocals and sensual waves of music cascading and peaking. Except the songs tend to be four minutes long, instead of eight. "I love the testosterone in the music," Perkins says, "but it's California, it's not violent. Something about Jane's has to be felt from the waist down."

"My expectations are minimal these days," Navarro says. "I had a great time making this record, working with everybody. Anything else from here on out is a bonus – the gift has already been received."

And while the bandmates don't exactly invite each other over for Thanksgiving dinner, they're getting along as well as they ever have. "When I first met Dave, he didn't even speak," Farrell remembers. "I'm eight years older than him, and he was this prodigy guitarist. He was into the Sunset hair-metal scene – he would slice his jeans and wear leotards under them. But he quickly adapted to the underworld of Los Angeles." Farrell smiles and looks out at the surfers bobbing in the ocean. "In all honesty, we don't socialize, but we're together an awful lot. It's nice, on the plane or the bus, and I see Dave and Steve. I think, 'Wow, we've actually become friends.' This is the first year I feel like that."

"You can't be a great frontman without being a tilted person," Perkins says fondly of Farrell. "We're not the normal guys who get things done the normal way. We're all fucking nuts – it's Jane's Addiction."

Foster the People

Singer Mark Foster on their smash single 'Pumped Up Kicks,' delivering pizza to his idols and not becoming a one-hit wonder

By Austin Scaggs

IT TOOK MARK FOSTER ONLY A FEW HOURS to knock out "Pumped Up Kicks." "The version you hear now is a demo that we never rerecorded – that's what blows my mind," says the Foster the People singer, who recorded the supercatchy smash by himself back in 2009, when he was working as a jingle writer in Los Angeles. "Pumped Up Kicks" went on to dominate radio this summer – a vindicating experience for Foster after years of dead-end meetings with bigwigs like Jimmy Iovine and Dr. Dre. "People always said, 'You need this, you need that, blah, blah, blah,'" says Foster, 27. "But 'Pumped Up Kicks' surpassed the whole industry. Radio was forced to play that song because people wanted to hear it. That's the ultimate win."

I heard you got into a lot of trouble as a kid.

I was born in San Jose, California, and I hated that we moved to Cleveland when I was five. I woke up to a farm, like, "Where am I?" I was an artistic kid at a blue-collar school. I fought a lot, pushed the envelope. I got suspended almost every year since fifth grade.

For fighting or, say, smoking pot?

[Laughs] Fights. Mostly.

Did you visit the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame?

Yeah, when I was 12, it had just opened, and I went with my dad. They had these computers – that was the first time I heard "Smells Like Teen Spirit." I listened to it 20 times, then got home and tried to play it on piano, which is tricky! So that week I started taking guitar lessons.

What other music have you been obsessed with?

A lot of U.K. bands. Blur's *Parklife* rocks my world. New Order is a big influence. And the Clash's *Combat Rock* is a really important record for me. I also loved Soundgarden's *Superunknown*.

What were your worst jobs in L.A. before making it big?

I worked at a coffee shop for three and a half years. And I delivered pizza for Big Mama's and Papa's. I actually delivered a pizza to Chris Cornell once! He looked really tired.

Did you get him to sign your copy of *Superunknown*?

No, I just had him sign his credit card slip.

"Pumped Up Kicks" is about a teenager who wants to massacre his peers. Where did that idea come from?

I was really burned by teen violence in the States. I wanted to tell a story about that. Getting into these characters is what interests me: What is this person's motivation? I thought about writing it from the perspective of a victim, but that seemed like an easy way out.

The lyrics have been censored on MTV, but there's no actual killing in the song, right?

Exactly. There are all these misconceptions – he doesn't even do anything in the song. He doesn't go out and kill people, he doesn't go to the school. It's really his internal monologue.

The album is full of story songs. What are some of your other favorite characters?

"Life on the Nickel" is all about a homeless junkie with the biggest ego in the world – I lived next to Skid Row in Los Angeles, and I found that a lot of homeless people have huge egos. "Don't Stop (Color on the Walls)" is from the perspective of a four-year-old who thinks he rules the world. One unreleased song, "Ruby," is about a single mother drowning in bills and just trying to take care of her kids.

Were you psyched when Weezer covered "Pumped Up Kicks" at a show?

It's kind of a full-circle thing. I met Rivers Cuomo at a party one time in L.A., after I moved there when I was 18. At that point, I was really bad at writing songs. I played one for Rivers and he listened to it politely. It was probably the most painful experience of his life. But he showed me how to play "Say It Ain't So."

Do you ever have nightmares about appearing on a future one-hit-wonder TV special?

No – I'm not going to be like James Taylor, busting out "Fire and Rain" for the rest of my life. Well, maybe that's not the best example. But it makes me want to write another 20 songs that are as good as "Pumped Up Kicks." I'm not worried about it.



My Advice to the Protesters

Don't just occupy Wall Street – hit bankers where it hurts

★ By Matt Taibbi ★

I'VE BEEN DOWN TO "OCCUPY WALL STREET" TWICE now, and I love it. The protests building at Liberty Square and spreading over Lower Manhattan are a great thing, the logical answer to the Tea Party and a long-overdue middle finger to the financial elite. The protesters picked the right target and, through their refusal to disband after just one day, the right tactic, showing the public at large that the movement against Wall Street has stamina, resolve and growing popular appeal.

But... there's a *but*. And for me this is a deeply personal thing, because this issue of how to combat Wall Street corruption has consumed my life for years now, and it's hard for me not to see where Occupy Wall Street could be better and more dangerous. I'm guessing, for instance, that the banks were secretly thrilled in the early going of the protests, sure they'd won round one of the messaging war.

Why? Because after a decade of unparalleled thievery and corruption, with tens of millions entering the ranks of the hungry thanks to artificially inflated commodity prices, and millions more displaced from their homes by corruption in the mortgage markets, the headline from the first week of protests against the financial-services sector was an old cop macing a quartet of college girls.

That, to me, speaks volumes about the primary challenge of opposing the 50-headed hydra of Wall Street corruption, which is that it's extremely difficult to explain the crimes of the modern financial elite in a simple visual. The essence of this particular sort of oligarchic power is its complexity and day-to-day invisibility: Its worst crimes, from bribery and insider trading and market manipulation, to backroom dominance of government and the usurping of the regulatory structure from within, simply can't be seen by the public or put on TV. There just isn't going to be an iconic "Running Girl" photo with Goldman Sachs, Citigroup or Bank of America – just 62 million Americans with zero or negative net worth, scratching their heads and wondering where the hell all their money went and why their votes seem to count less and less each and every year.

No matter what, I'll be supporting Occupy Wall Street. And I think the movement's basic strategy – to build numbers and stay in the fight, rather than tying itself to any particular set of principles – makes a lot of sense early on. But the time is rapidly approaching when the movement is going to have to offer concrete solutions to the problems posed by Wall Street. To do that, it will need a short but powerful list of demands. There are thousands one could make, but I'd suggest focusing on five:

1. Break up the monopolies. The so-called "Too Big to Fail" financial companies – now sometimes called by the more accurate term "Systemically Dangerous Institutions" – are a direct threat to national security. They are above the law and above

market consequence, making them more dangerous and unaccountable than a thousand mafias combined. There are about 20 such firms in America, and they need to be dismantled; a good start would be to repeal the Gramm-Leach-Bliley Act and mandate the separation of insurance companies, investment banks and commercial banks.

2. Pay for your own bailouts. A tax of 0.1 percent on all trades of stocks and bonds and a 0.01 percent tax on all trades of derivatives would generate enough revenue to pay us back for the bailouts, and still have plenty left over to fight the deficits the banks claim to be so worried about. It would also deter the endless chase for instant profits through computerized insider-trading schemes like High Frequency Trading, and force Wall Street to go back to the job it's supposed to be doing, i.e., making sober


investments in job-creating businesses and watching them grow.

3. No public money for private lobbying. A company that receives a public bailout should not be allowed to use the taxpayer's own money to lobby against him. You can either suck on the public teat or influence the next presidential race, but you can't do both. Butt out for once and let the people choose the next president and Congress.

4. Tax hedge-fund gamblers. For starters, we need an immediate repeal of the preposterous and indefensible carried-interest tax break, which allows hedge-fund titans like Stevie Cohen and John Paulson to pay taxes of only 15 percent on their billions in gambling income, while ordinary Americans pay twice that for teaching kids and putting

out fires. I defy any politician to stand up and defend that loophole during an election year.

5. Change the way bankers get paid. We need new laws preventing Wall Street executives from getting bonuses upfront for deals that might blow up in all of our faces later. It should be: You make a deal today, you get company stock you can redeem two or three years from now. That forces everyone to be invested in his own company's long-term health – no more Joe Casanov pocketing multimillion-dollar bonuses for destroying the AIGs of the world.

To quote the immortal political philosopher Matt Damon from *Rounders*, "The key to No Limit poker is to put a man to a decision for all his chips." The only reason the Lloyd Blankfeins and Jamie Dimons of the world survive is that they're never forced, by the media or anyone else, to put all their cards on the table. If Occupy Wall Street can do that – if it can speak to the millions of people the banks have driven into foreclosure and joblessness – it has a chance to build a massive grassroots movement. All it has to do is light a match in the right place, and the overwhelming public support for real reform – not later, but *right now* – will be there in an instant. 



HONE THE MESSAGE

Occupy Wall Street needs a list of sharp, powerful demands.



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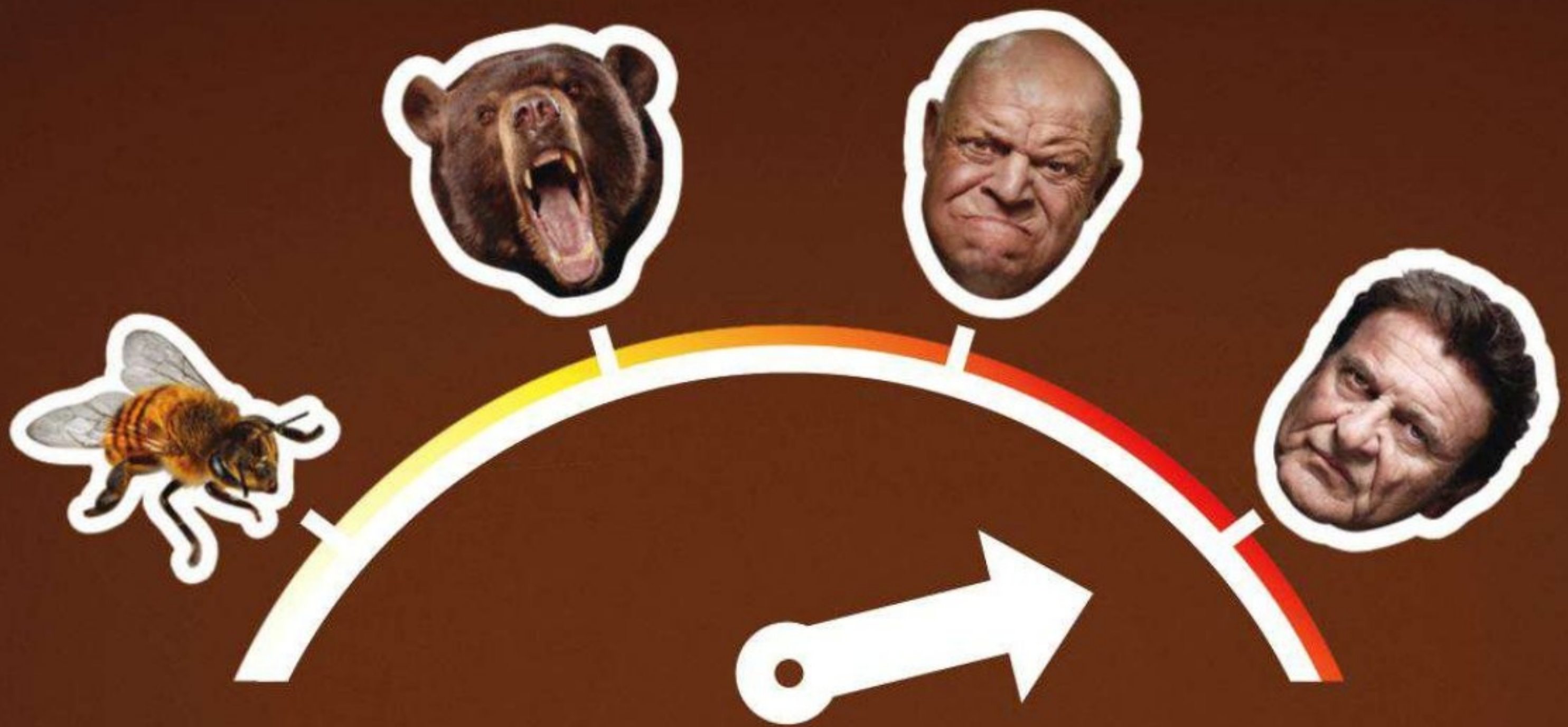
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SNICKERS

SATISFIES

"She was wearing 16-inch heels. It was a little intimidating." —Barack Obama, on meeting Lady Gaga

Random Notes

Axl's Yellow Fever

Warming up for their first U.S. tour in five years, Guns n' Roses hit some miscues at Brazil's Rock in Rio fest: a puffy-looking, slicker-wearing Axl Rose botched "November Rain" and "Patience," blurting, "I'm really getting fucking pissed."



SHINE ON
After receiving her Hollywood Walk of Fame star, Melissa Etheridge enthused, "It's in front of the Hard Rock, so it will be thrown up on!"



CAMPER AFFAIR
Sly Stone isn't quite homeless, but the funk forebear is crashing in a white van in L.A.'s gritty Crenshaw district. "I like my camper," said Stone. "I must keep moving."



Butler demonstrates tenacious D.



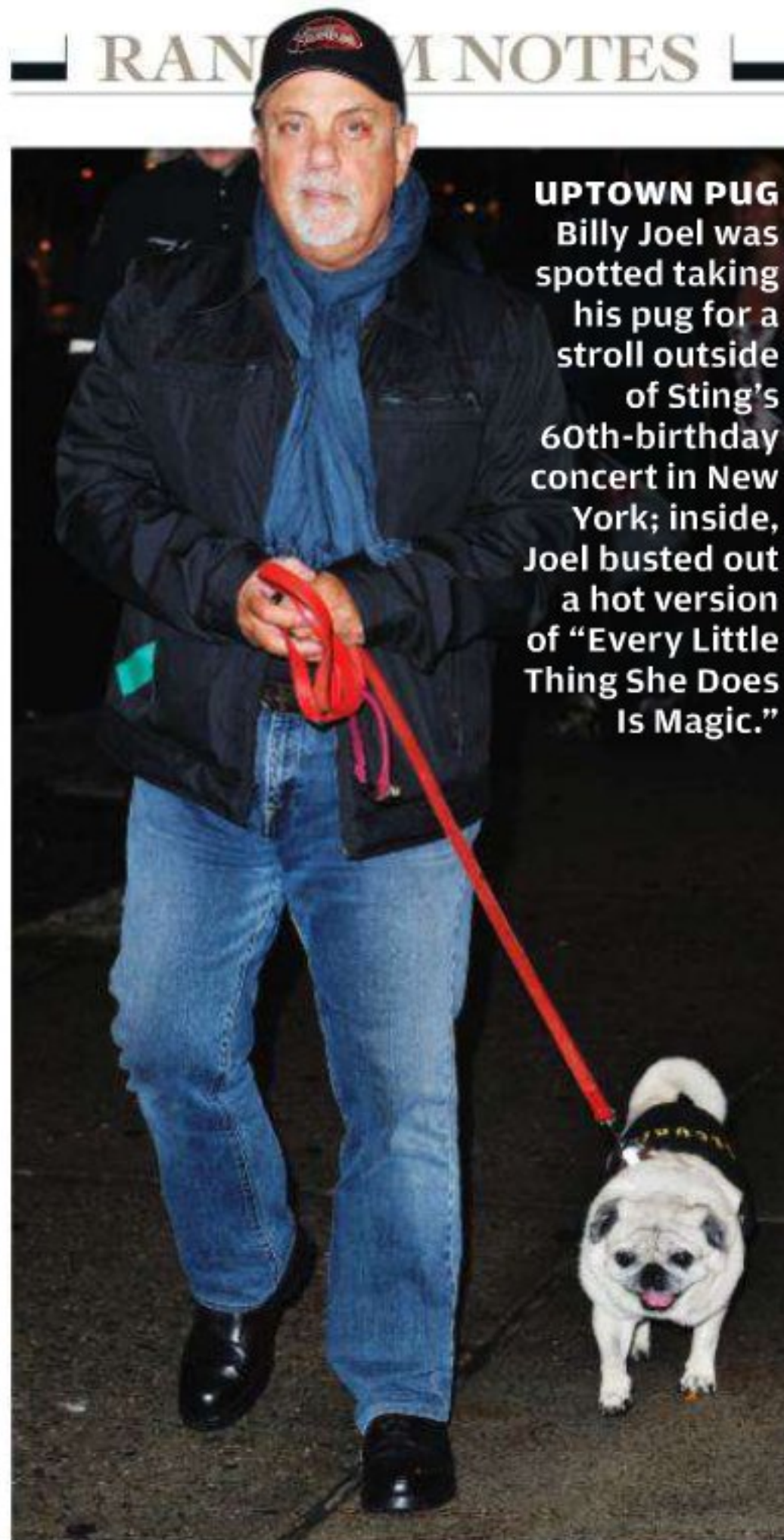
Arcade Fire Grab the Rock

Let's see those dudes from Animal Collective top this: Arcade Fire frontman Win Butler showed serious skills at a charity basketball tournament in Montreal. His team won, after Butler tipped in a game-winning shot by pro basketball player Matt Bonner. Wife and bandmate Régine Chassagne tickled the organ keys during the hardwood classic.



STIPE'S GOLDEN YEARS
Michael Stipe (center) and Mike Mills appear to be enjoying the post-R.E.M. era at a Mario Batali charity event with the Edge (left) and the Roots' Questlove and Kamal Gray.

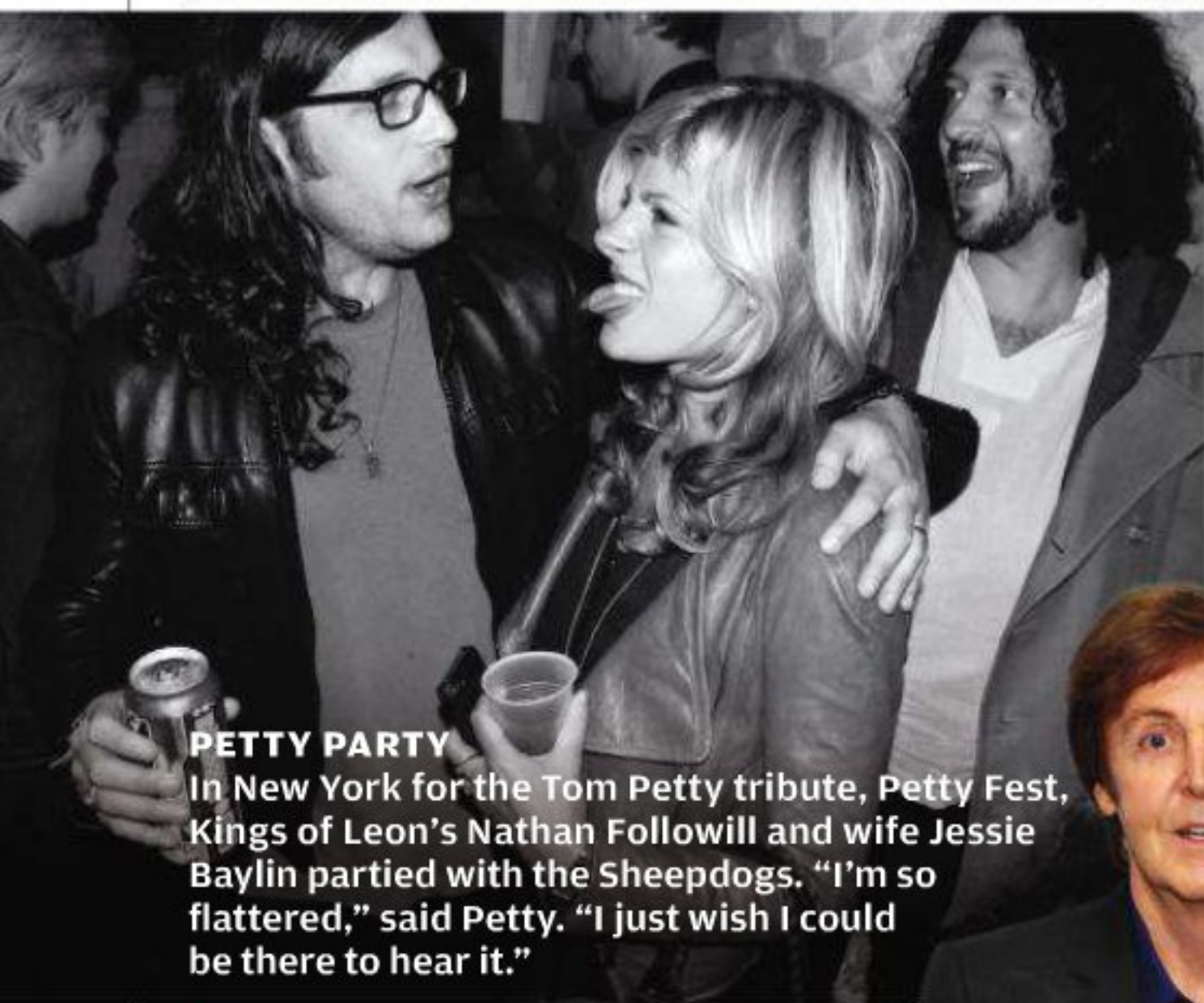
CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: BUDA MENDES/LATINCONTENT/GETTY IMAGES; SCOTT DOWNIE/CELEBRITYPHOTO.COM; NATHANIEL JONES/PACIFICCOASTNEWS.COM; SHARKY/SPLASH NEWS; KEN GOODMAN; ANDI STATE



UPTOWN PUG
Billy Joel was spotted taking his pug for a stroll outside of Sting's 60th-birthday concert in New York; inside, Joel busted out a hot version of "Every Little Thing She Does Is Magic."



RUN THIS FAIR
Jay-Z puffed on a foot-long stogie at a New York charity carnival for his Shawn Carter Foundation. No word on whether he won Beyoncé a Rasta banana.



PETTY PARTY
In New York for the Tom Petty tribute, Petty Fest, Kings of Leon's Nathan Followill and wife Jessie Baylin partied with the Sheepdogs. "I'm so flattered," said Petty. "I just wish I could be there to hear it."



VEDDER'S NEW GROOVE
Eddie Vedder dumped the ukulele for a drum kit when he joined singer Liam Finn (right) onstage in Seattle for a Split Enz cover.

Coming Together

Ten years after George Harrison's passing, the surviving Beatles and their late bandmates' widows - Paul McCartney, Yoko Ono, Olivia Harrison and Ringo Starr - reunited for the London premiere of *Living in the Material World*, Martin Scorsese's new HBO documentary about the late guitarist. "Every time I see something to do with George, it brings back more memories than you would believe," said McCartney. "He was my little mate on the school bus. He is sorely missed."



George would approve: McCartney, Ono, Harrison and Starr.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: SPLASH NEWS; KEVIN MAZUR/WIREIMAGE; ANNA KNOWLDEN; DAVE HOGAN/GETTY IMAGES; STEF MITCHELL

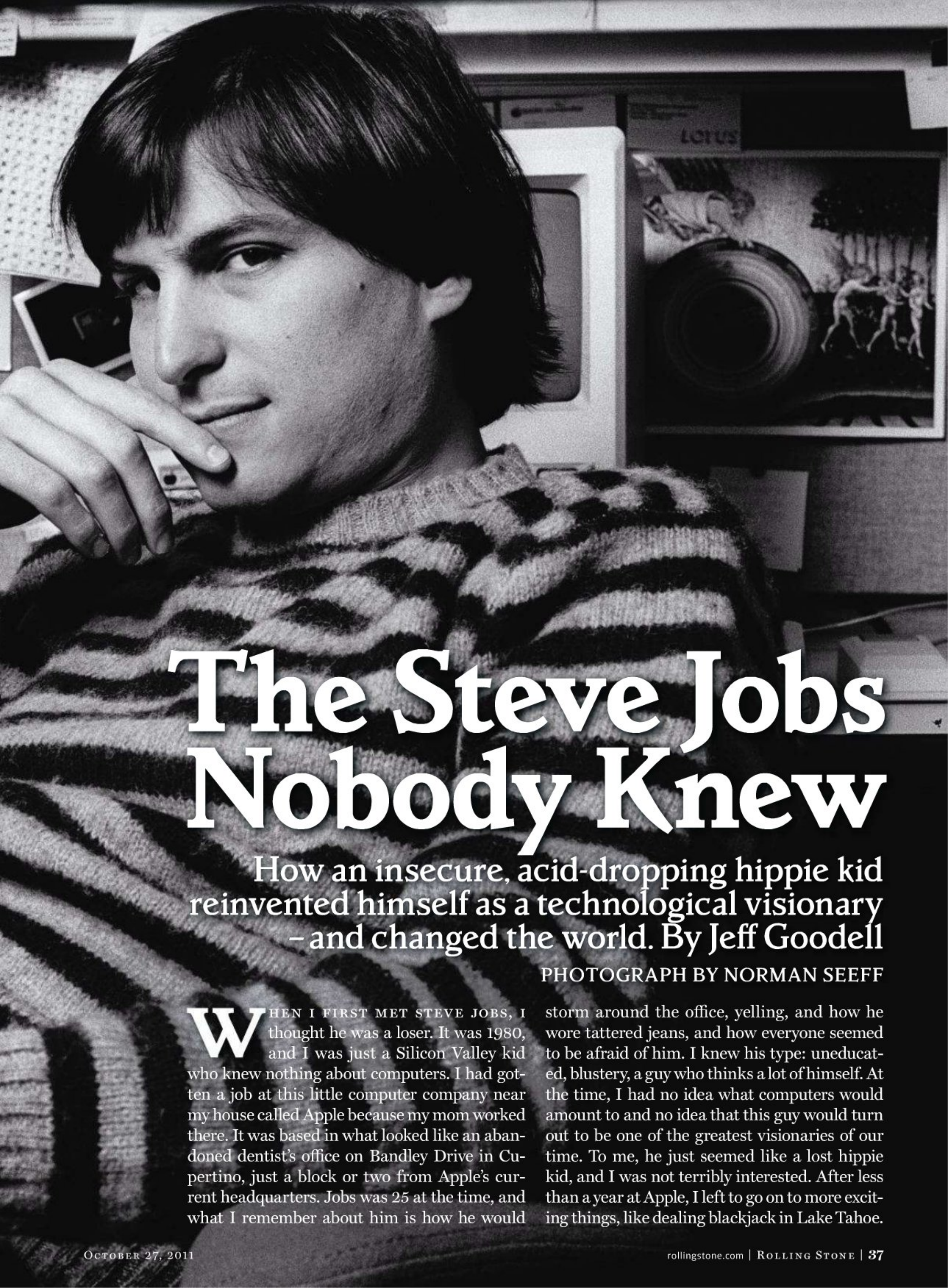
GUILTY INTENSE

THE NEW FRAGRANCES FOR HIM AND HER





THE SEEKER Jobs
in the Apple offices,
1984. "He was the Bob
Dylan of machines,"
says Bono.



The Steve Jobs Nobody Knew

How an insecure, acid-dropping hippie kid reinvented himself as a technological visionary – and changed the world. By Jeff Goodell

PHOTOGRAPH BY NORMAN SEEFF

WHEN I FIRST MET STEVE JOBS, I thought he was a loser. It was 1980, and I was just a Silicon Valley kid who knew nothing about computers. I had gotten a job at this little computer company near my house called Apple because my mom worked there. It was based in what looked like an abandoned dentist's office on Bandy Drive in Cupertino, just a block or two from Apple's current headquarters. Jobs was 25 at the time, and what I remember about him is how he would

storm around the office, yelling, and how he wore tattered jeans, and how everyone seemed to be afraid of him. I knew his type: uneducated, blustery, a guy who thinks a lot of himself. At the time, I had no idea what computers would amount to and no idea that this guy would turn out to be one of the greatest visionaries of our time. To me, he just seemed like a lost hippie kid, and I was not terribly interested. After less than a year at Apple, I left to go on to more exciting things, like dealing blackjack in Lake Tahoe.

It was only a few years before I understood exactly what I had walked away from. Jobs not only turned Apple into the most valued company in the world, worth an estimated \$342 billion, he rewrote the rules of business, combining Sixties idealism with greed-is-good capitalism. At a time when software was the model, he built hardware. At a time when everyone focused on the macro, he focused on the micro. He never did anything first, but he did it best. More than anyone else on the planet, he is responsible for fusing the human realm with the digital, for giving us the ability to encode our deepest desires and most intimate thoughts with the touch of a finger. "He's the Bob Dylan of machines," says Bono, who knew Jobs for years. "He's the Elvis of the hardware-software dialectic."

But, God, he could be a dick. Those who knew Jobs best and worked with him most closely – and I have talked to hundreds of them over the years – were always struck by his abrasive personality, his unapologetic brutality. He screamed, he cried, he stomped his feet. He had a cruelly casual way of driving employees to the breaking point and tossing them aside; few people ever wanted to work for him twice. When he fathered a daughter with his longtime girlfriend Chris-

be 50.'" Brennan recalls Jobs making similar comments when he was only 17. "Steve always believed he was going to die young," Brennan says. "I think that's part of what gave his life such urgency. He never expected to live past 45."

In 2005, not long after he was diagnosed with the cancer that would eventually kill him, Jobs gave a now-famous commencement address at Stanford University in which he hailed death as "very likely the single best invention of life," one that "clears out the old to make way for the new." Perhaps it was not unexpected that Jobs, the archetype of the modern inventor, would conceive of death in such terms – as if life itself were an idea that had been hacked together by a larger, more powerful version of himself in some big garage in the sky. But if death is life's greatest invention, the greatest invention of Steve Jobs was not the iPod or the iPhone or the iPad. It was Steve Jobs. Before he could alter the landscape of the world as he found it, he first had to design and assemble the Jobs the world would come to idolize. "Steve was a shallow, narcissistic person who became more fully developed emotionally as he went along," says John Perry Barlow, a digital pioneer and former lyricist for the Grateful Dead who knew Jobs for

panies in Silicon Valley. It was not what Schieble wanted for her child, but she made one provision for him before she left. The first in her family to go to college, Schieble believed in the value of education: Before she signed the adoption papers, she made Paul and Clara promise to send her son to college.

From the start, Jobs was a temperamental kid. He jammed bobby pins into an electric outlet and burned his hand. He had to have his stomach pumped after he drank ant poison. He woke up early, so his parents got him a rocking horse, a gramophone and some Little Richard records to entertain himself. "He was so difficult a child," his mother would later confide to Brennan, "that by the time he was two, I felt we had made a mistake, and I wanted to return him." Like many other parents of the time, Paul and Clara soon plunked their son down in front of a relatively new technology called television, where he eagerly devoured everything from *Dobie Gillis* and *I Love Lucy* to *Jonny Quest*.

When Jobs was three, Paul moved the family from San Francisco to Mountain View, an unsophisticated town of tract houses and apricot orchards just south of Palo Alto. It turned out to be a fortuitous move, putting young Steve right in the middle of the engineering cul-

"STEVE CREATED A LOT OF GREAT HARDWARE," SAYS ONE SILICON VALLEY INSIDER, "BUT OVER THE YEARS, HE ALSO INVENTED HIMSELF."

ann Brennan at age 23, he not only denied his paternity, he famously trashed Brennan in public, telling *Time* in 1983 that "28 percent of the male population of the United States could be the father." His kinder side would only emerge years later, after he had been kicked around, beaten up, humbled by life. He grew up poor, an adopted kid who felt cast aside by his birth parents, feeling scrawny and teased and out of place, and he remained deeply insecure for most of his life, certain that it would not last long.

"Steve always had that James Dean, live-fast, die-young thing," says Steve Capps, one of the key programmers on the first Apple Macintosh. As they worked late into the night to design and build the device that would revolutionize personal computing, Jobs would talk about death a lot. "It was a little morbid," Capps recalls. "He'd say, 'I don't want to

several decades. "He created a lot of great hardware, but over the years, he also invented himself."

JOBS WAS BORN TO INSECURITY. His mother, Joanne Schieble, was a graduate student at the University of Wisconsin, where she got involved with a Syrian student named Abdulfattah Jandali. When Schieble found out she was pregnant, her father objected to her marrying a Syrian. "Without telling me, Joanne upped and left to move to San Francisco to have the baby without anyone knowing, including me," Jandali would later tell a reporter. "She did not want to bring shame onto the family and thought this was the best for everyone."

Steven Paul Jobs was born on February 24th, 1955. Schieble gave her baby up to Paul and Clara Jobs, a working-class couple in San Francisco. Paul, a high school dropout who grew up on a farm in Wisconsin, made his living as a debt collector, a repo man and a machinist. Clara worked as a payroll clerk at Varian Associates, one of the first high-tech com-

ture that was just beginning to blossom in Silicon Valley. Not that the Jobs family had much connection to it. Paul tried fixing up old cars and dabbling in real estate, but money always seemed to elude him. In the fourth grade, Steve's teacher, Imogene Hill, asked the class, "What is it in this universe that you don't understand?" When it came to Steve's turn to answer, his reply was heartbreaking: "I don't understand why all of a sudden we're so broke."

Jobs was too mouthy and inattentive to be a great student. But he was saved from truancy and delinquency by Hill. "She was one of the saints of my life," he would later recall. "She taught an advanced fourth-grade class, and it took her about a month to get hip to my situation. She bribed me into learning." Hill paid Steve \$5 bills out of her own pocket to do his homework and read. Spurred by her confidence in him, he skipped the fifth grade and went straight into Crittenden Middle School. It proved a rough place for a thin, wispy kid who was never much of an athlete. The other children taunted Jobs about his

Contributing editor JEFF GOODELL has written about Apple since 1994. He is the author of "Sunnyvale," a memoir about growing up in Silicon Valley.



adoption. "What happened?" they would sneer. "Didn't your mother love you?" When he would recount the teasing years later, his girlfriend Chrisann recalls, "the pain of it still showed on his face."

At 11, Jobs announced to his parents that he was not going back to Crittenden. But instead of telling him to tough it out, Paul and Clara moved the family to Los Altos, a richer town a few miles away, with a better school system. It was in those years that what we now know as Silicon Valley came into being. The orchards that had covered the Valley had recently been bulldozed, and there was a sense of a new world rising, a belief that you could engineer your own future. There were no stuffy traditions, no cultural baggage. You could be whatever or whoever you wanted to be.

Jobs recalled it as a place where everyone was tinkering away in their garages, building their own TVs and stereos with mail-order kits called Heathkits. "These Heathkits would come with these detailed manuals about how to put this thing together, and all the parts would be laid out in a certain way and color-coded," he said. "You'd actually build this thing yourself. It gave one an understanding of what was inside a finished product and how it worked. But maybe even more importantly, it gave one the sense that one could build the things that one saw around oneself in the universe. You looked at a tele-

THE DREAM TEAM

Wozniak, the engineer, and Jobs, the visionary, with the Apple I in 1976

vision set and you would think, 'I haven't built one of those, but I could.' It gave a tremendous level of self-confidence."

When Jobs was 14, a neighbor introduced him to an older kid named Steve Wozniak who was building a little computer board he called the Cream Soda Computer. "Typically, it was really hard for me to explain to people the kind of design stuff I worked on," Wozniak later recalled. "But Steve got it right away. And I liked him. He was kind of skinny and wiry and full of energy."

Wozniak, five years older than Jobs, was a full-on geek: big, socially awkward, obsessed with electronics, a kind of genius at seeing how wires connected and how to make machines dance. Jobs was never as technically sophisticated, but he knew enough to be fascinated. He and Woz hung out in the way boys do, goofing off and playing pranks; they once hung a huge middle finger they had fashioned out of tie-dyed bedsheets on the school building. But they soon graduated to a pastime that barely had a name in those days: phone phreaking, one of the earliest forms of hacking. After reading an article in *Esquire*, Wozniak and Jobs figured out how to build small blue boxes that mimicked the tones used by phone oper-

ators – enabling users to place free long-distance calls at will. According to legend, Wozniak used a blue box to phone the Vatican; adopting a German accent, he identified himself as Henry Kissinger and asked to speak to the pope.

Other geeky kids might have left it at that – a fun toy for impressing your friends with stupid pranks. But even then, Jobs saw the commercial potential in cool technology. He and Woz sold the boxes in the dorms on the Berkeley campus of the University of California, making some nice pocket money before giving it up for fear of getting busted. It was an early test run at entrepreneurship. Jobs later said that without the blue boxes, there would be no Apple.

In 1972, when he was 17, Jobs met a green-eyed bohemian girl named Chrisann Brennan who was a year behind him at Homestead High. They soon embarked on a big, messy teenage romance, taking LSD at school and talking about *The Primal Scream*, a book by Arthur Janov. For Jobs, dropping acid was not only a means to living life more fully – it was a way to overcome the pain of being abandoned by his birth parents. "Steve explained to me how both LSD and primal screaming opened up stored trauma in the medulla," Chrisann writes in an unpublished memoir she shared with *ROLLING STONE*. "He would repeatedly talk about Janov's ideas in regard to how mothers and fathers

would fail to love their children and walk out on them in so many ways, creating and perpetuating trauma." Jobs was quiet and funny, so shy that Chrisann had to initiate kissing. He would play guitar for her in his bedroom, crooning like his hero, Bob Dylan. From the beginning, it was clear to Brennan that Jobs was going places. "He told me on our first or second date that he would be a millionaire someday, and I believed him," says Brennan. "Steve could see the future."

Unlike Wozniak, who was content to remain within the boundaries of his geeky life, Jobs was a searcher. He watched art movies and wrote poetry. He chased girls and had lots of sex. He experimented with sleep deprivation, fasting and drugs. "What is this I found in your car?" Paul Jobs asked his son at one point. Steve didn't even try to hide the truth. "That's marijuana, Father," he said. The summer after high school, Steve and Chrisann left home and moved into a cabin in the mountains above Cupertino, where Jobs typed late into the night, rewriting Dylan lyrics in his own words. (See "Jobs at 17," page 42.)

Jobs knew that his parents had promised his birth mother they would send him to college, and he took the obligation seriously. In 1972, he left Chrisann to enroll in Reed College, a private school in Oregon known for its free spirits and hippie vibe. But by the end of the first semester, he'd dropped out. "After six months, I couldn't see the value in it," he recalled. "I had no idea what I wanted to do with my life and no idea how college was going to help me figure it out. And here I was spending all of the money my parents had saved their entire life. So I decided to drop out and trust that it would all work out OK."

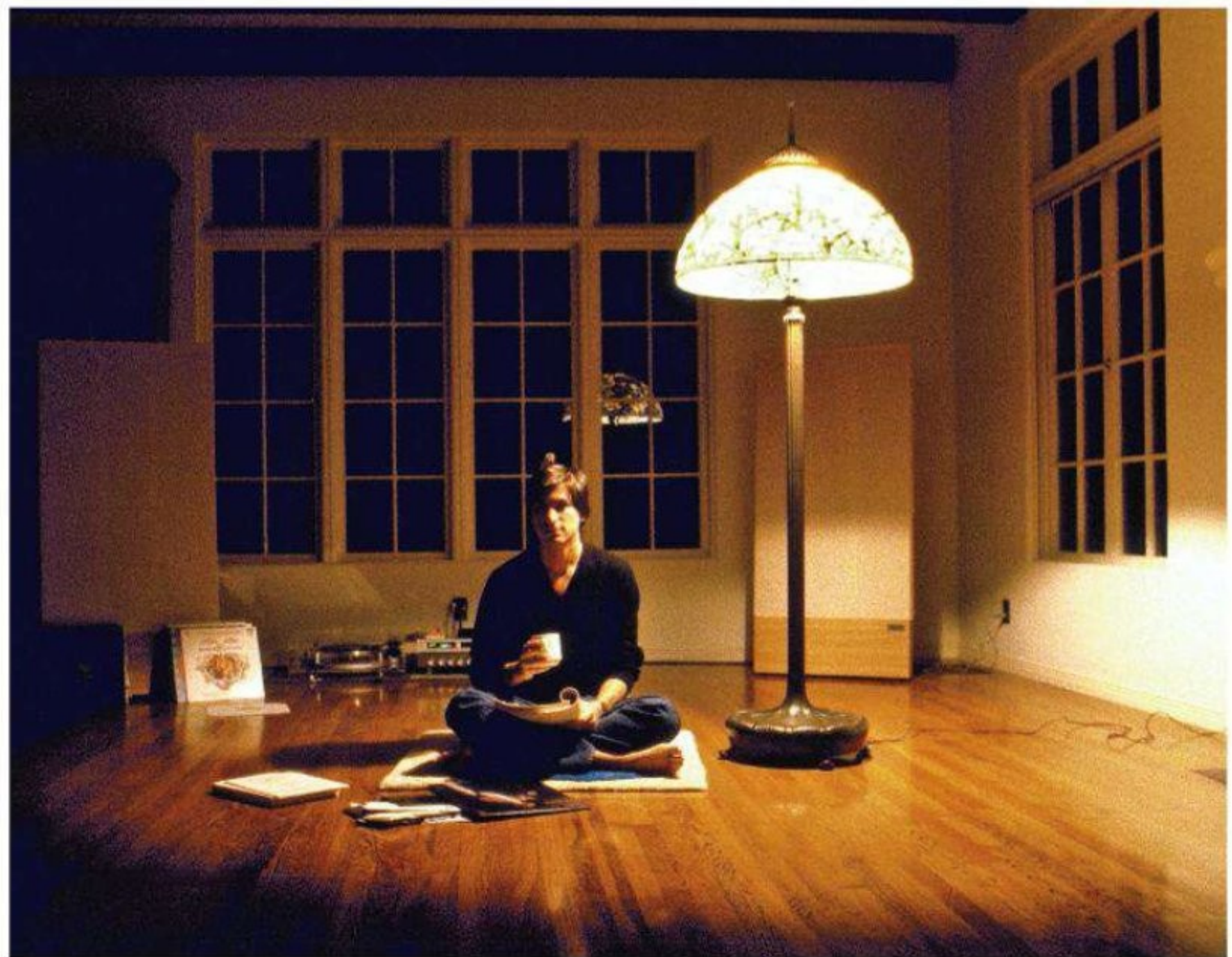
Jobs hung around Reed for another six months or so, auditing a class in calligraphy. It was hardly the kind of thing a budding entrepreneur would be expected to study, but Jobs was after enlightenment, not career advancement. "I didn't have a dorm room, so I slept on the floor in friends' rooms," he later recalled. "I returned Coke bottles for the five-cent deposits to buy food with, and I would walk the seven miles across town every Sunday night to get one good meal a week at the Hare Krishna temple. I loved it."

Jobs came to see himself as part of the tail end of the Sixties idealism. "We wanted to more richly experience why we were alive, not just make a better life," he said of his generation. "So people went in search of things. The great thing that came from that time was to realize that there was definitely more to life than the materialism of the late Fifties and early Sixties. We were going in search of something deeper."

At the time, it seemed that all young searchers ended up in the same place: India. At Reed, Jobs was introduced to the teachings of Neem Karoli Baba, an Indian guru whose ideas had been popularized by author Ram Dass in a best-

THE STORY OF THE BIRTH OF Apple is so well-known that it can practically be recited by schoolchildren: the Homebrew Computer Club, Jobs and Wozniak building the first computer in his parents' garage, naming the company after an apple farm in Oregon that Jobs visited briefly when he returned from India. It's the stuff of Silicon Valley legend.

At Apple, the division of labor was clear: Wozniak was the technical brains, Jobs was the hustler. Jobs pushed Woz to finish his projects and scored the necessary parts at rock-bottom prices; he would later say he learned to negotiate by watching his dad haggle for auto parts



THE LONER

Jobs at home in Cupertino, age 27. By then, he was worth over \$100 million.

seller called *Be Here Now*. Before long, Jobs had embarked on a pilgrimage to India to meet Baba, but the guru died shortly before he arrived. Jobs shaved his head, trekked through the Himalayas and spent a month living in a one-room cement hut on a potato farm. During his wanderings, overcome by the widespread poverty and suffering he encountered, he was struck by an insight that would prove central to his own reinvention, a subtle but significant shift from the spiritual to the practical: "It was one of the first times I started thinking that maybe Thomas Edison did a lot more to improve the world than Karl Marx and Neem Karoli Baba put together."

at junkyards. From the start, it was Jobs who had the imagination to see that there was a business to be built on personal computers. In some ways, it was a measure of desperation: He was broke, and he needed money. In other ways, it was the extension of the Heathkit impulse that reigned in the Valley in those days: You could build anything, including your very own company.

For Jobs, the model of a successful startup was Atari, the video-game company where he had worked when he was saving money for his trip to India. But Jobs fused Atari's get-rich-quick entrepreneurialism with a Sixties seeking of enlightenment. Larry Brilliant, who met Jobs in India and later went on to run a variety of philanthropic ventures in the Valley, recalls asking Jobs why an idealistic guy like him was starting up a for-profit

DIANA WALKER/SJ/CONTOUR BY GETTY IMAGES

company. "Remember in the Sixties, when people were raising their fists and saying, 'Power to the people'?" Jobs told him. "Well, that's what I'm doing with Apple. By building affordable personal computers and putting one on every desk, in every hand, I'm giving people power. They don't have to go through the high priests of mainframe – they can access information themselves. They can steal fire from the mountain. And this is going to inspire far more change than any nonprofit."

It's an open question how much Jobs believed his own high-blown rhetoric, and how much of it was simply clever marketing spin. Either way, his fusion of idealism and technology was right for the times: Apple took off. Jobs was worth \$10 million by the time he was 24; a year later, he was worth more than \$100 million.

But as Apple ascended, Jobs changed. Friends say his temper grew shorter, and he began treating those around him badly. He had resumed his relationship with Brennan, and the two of them were living together in a house Jobs had rented not far from Apple. Then, just as Apple was taking off in 1977, Brennan became

at Apple, hidden away in a building off the main campus, that was tasked with creating the first Macintosh.

The dictum that Jobs issued to the Macintosh team was simple: Build the coolest machine you can. Every day, it seemed, brought a new crisis: The disk drive didn't work, the software was fucked up. Through it all, Jobs drove the team of eight programmers hard, working them day and night for months on end. "You'd work on something all night, and he'd look at it in the morning and say, 'That sucks,'" recalls Capps, the Mac programmer. "He'd want you to defend it. If you could, you were doing your job and Steve respected you. If not, he'd blow you out of the water." Driven by his own demons, Jobs became legendary for his ability to humiliate others. "Steve simultaneously has the best and worst qualities of a human being," says Andy Hertzfeld, another key programmer on the Mac team. "They're both in him, simultaneously, living side by side with each other."

A control freak, Jobs demanded perfection and originality in every detail: When he could not find the precise color

between the rebel hothead and the even-handed adult, the Apple board tossed Jobs overboard. "At 30, I was out," he later recalled. "And very publicly out. What had been the focus of my entire adult life was gone, and it was devastating."

JOBS WAS DEEPLY WOUNDED BY HIS ouster from Apple. The central trauma of his life, after all, was being given up for adoption by his parents, and now he was being kicked out of his second family, the company he founded. A close friend of Jobs once speculated to me that Steve's drive came from a deep desire to prove that his parents were wrong to give him up. A desire, in short, to be loved – or, more precisely, a desire to prove that he was somebody worth loving.

Whatever the psychological impact, it was clear that Jobs was devastated, and he didn't know what to do with himself. He was young, handsome, famous, rich – and lost. He took some time off to travel around Italy and talk about personal computers in the Soviet Union. He had also reached out to his biological mother and discovered that he had a sister – the

"STEVE HAD THE BEST AND WORST QUALITIES OF A HUMAN BEING," SAYS ONE MAC VETERAN. "THEY WERE BOTH IN HIM, LIVING SIDE BY SIDE."

pregnant – and Jobs responded by pushing her out of his life. "He would not talk to me," she recalls. "He would only talk to his lawyer." Jobs refused to provide her with any financial help, yet he was violently opposed to her giving the baby up for adoption and had his friends pressure her not to have an abortion. After his daughter, Lisa, was born, Jobs was a distant father, dropping in on her infrequently. Brennan ended up renting an apartment for \$225 a month and living on welfare. Jobs continued to deny paternity until it was confirmed by a DNA test.

At Apple, Jobs displayed a rebelliousness that bordered on self-destructiveness. By the early 1980s, the company had grown large enough that Jobs could no longer control every aspect of it, and the popular Apple II had already run its course. After seeing a prototype of a mouse and desktop icons during a visit to Xerox PARC, a research center in nearby Palo Alto, Jobs came away convinced that all computers would one day operate on such a model. But he couldn't get the top management at Apple to agree, so he simply hijacked a team working on another project, took the best ideas from Xerox and elsewhere, and added some of his own. The result was a renegade team

he wanted for the Mac, he ordered a special beige tint created. "His reverence for shape and sound and contour and creativity did not come from the boardroom," says Bono. "It came from that anarchic, West Coast, fuck-off attitude that rules the 21st century. He wasn't going to make ugly things that made profits. The big lesson for capitalism is that Steve, deep down, did not believe the consumer was right. Deep down, he believed that *he* was right. And that the consumer would respect a strong aesthetic point of view, even if it wasn't what they were asking for."

The launch of the new computer, with the iconic 1984 commercial that brilliantly positioned the Mac as a tool of liberation, gave the world its first glimpse of Jobs the showman. The machine itself became a huge success, selling more than a million units and transforming the computer industry, but Jobs was increasingly unable to control the company he had created. His instincts were still those of an adolescent – but as he quickly discovered, you can't run a *Fortune* 500 company like a garage band. Jobs recruited John Sculley, the CEO of Pepsi, to lend a steady hand, but he proved incapable of sharing power with the more experienced executive. The two men clashed constantly. Forced to choose

writer Mona Simpson. The revelation that he had a talented, artsy sibling pleased him to no end, and the two of them became fast friends. To his credit, he also used this time to connect with Lisa, his daughter with Chrisann Brennan.

Within a year or so, Jobs had a comeback plan. He decided he was going to build what he called "the perfect company," and it was going to be perfect in every detail, from the stylish logo designed by Yale art professor Paul Rand to the state-of-the-art factory that would churn out desktop supercomputers with unheard-of speed and grace, a wonder of modern manufacturing. Even the name of the company reeked of a kind of hubris: NeXT. Its success would be his revenge on the bozos at Apple who had tossed him out. *He would show them.*

It was around that time that my path once again crossed with Jobs. As it turned out, my wife had met Mona Simpson while working at a literary magazine, and she told us, very quietly, about how she had learned that Jobs was her brother. She talked about the troubles that Jobs was having remodeling his apartment in the San Remo, and how he encouraged Mona to buy more expensive clothes. She was proud of him, and protective, but in

Jobs at 17: Nerd, Poet, Romantic

BY CHRISANN BRENNAN

Chrisann Brennan was Jobs' first serious girlfriend. They met when Steve was a senior in high school and Chrisann was a junior, and they dated on and off, until Chrisann gave birth to their daughter, Lisa Brennan-Jobs, in May 1978.

STEVE HAD A BONY KIND OF INSECURITY, AND long-limbed and leaping courage. We were in love soon after we met and had been together for three months by the time we decided to live together for the summer in 1972. The Seventies gave us some permission, and the rest we gave to ourselves. I went to a local college bulletin board and found a room in a cabin, but when I called the guy renting it, a film student in his mid-twenties at San José State, he told me that he was really sorry, he did not have enough space for a couple. Later, when I told Steve about it, he made a call and got us in. This alerted me to something remarkable in him. *This guy could make things work.* And from the way he'd taken charge of the situation, I knew he knew it too.

That weekend, we drove in Steve's little orange sports car to what was literally the last house on Stevens Canyon Road in Cupertino, California, to check it out. The cabin was musty but tidy and charming, and very far from the stultifying monoculture of the American suburbs we had just driven from. Happily, we arranged to move in two weeks later.

Steve hung a poster of Bob Dylan over our bed, and every night we'd light my great-grandmother's kerosene lamp, and both of us felt so lucky to have so much. In what was still childhood, Steve was almost 100 percent romantic. He would tell me we were part of an affiliation of poets and visionaries he called "the wheat field group" and say we were looking out a window together, with the others, watching the whole world. I did not know what he was talking about, but with all my heart I wanted to see such views.

Many nights, we'd sit with Al, our roommate, and watch movies that he had checked out of the San José State film library. At the time, watching movies at home felt like a deliciously rarefied and lush extravagance, a feeling of just we few in the intimate clicking of the reel-to-reel projector. Often, I could not keep my eyes open past 9:30, so I would go to sleep while Steve stayed up, more often than not, to write poetry. I would hear his electric typewriter bulleting away in the night. He reworked Dylan songs by personalizing them for himself, or for us, or for me.

One day he nailed one of these poems, "Mama, Please Stay Out," a reworking of "To Ramona," to our front door. It was a response to my mother's baffling unkindness toward me and her uneasiness over my having moved out. He'd written it in a silent fury after she came over to the house when

he wasn't there. I sort of remember how it went. Part of it was addressed to my mother. . . . *So you think you know us and our pain, but to know pain means your senses will rise.* Other parts were for me: *I can see that your head . . . has been twisted and fed . . . by worthless foam from the mouth. . . .* I was inwardly dismissive of his Dylan-splice poetry and sort of insulted by his saying that my head had been twisted and fed. What I saw instead was a lot of Bob Dylan songs with a few changes. I could not understand why he, of all people, wasn't more original in his writing. Only now do I see what he was trying to do. He was a loner and he didn't talk much, and I think he used Dylan's songs to make sense of his world.

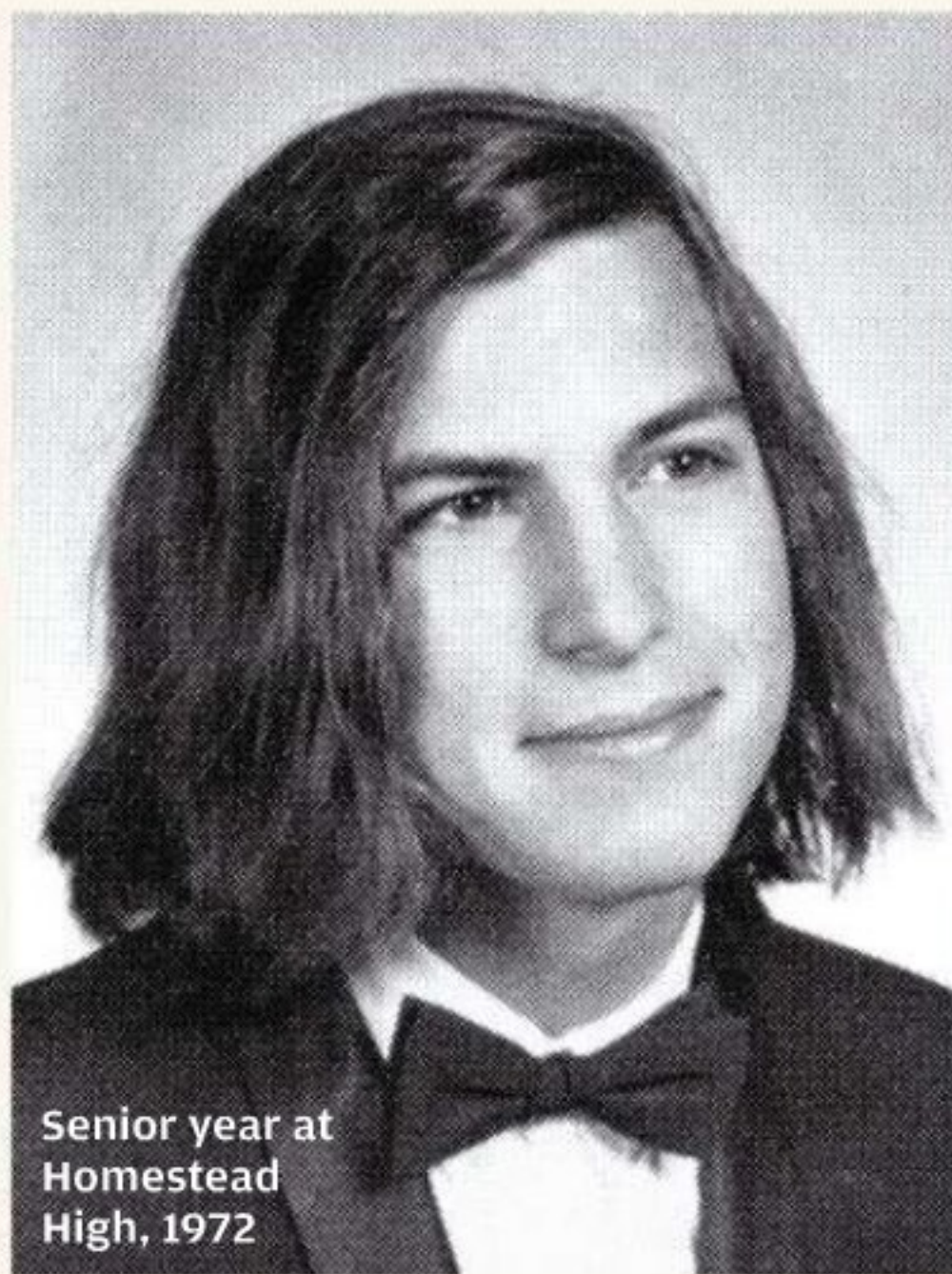
We had very little money and no foreseeable prospects. One evening after we had splurged on dinner and a movie, we walked back to our car to discover a \$25 parking ticket. I just turned inside out with despair, but Steve did not seem to care. He had a deep well of patience when it came to discouragements. We drove to the ocean near Crissy Field in

San Francisco and walked out onto the beach to see the sunset, where I began talking about money worries. He gave me a long, exasperated look, reached into his pockets and took the few last coins and dollars we had and threw them into the ocean. All of them.

The audacity and the purity of the act trumped everything. This was the real poet, not the person who stayed up late into the night rewriting Dylan lyrics. At 17, Steve had more than a touch of the cool sophistication of a Beat poet. It is as if Beat poetry laid the future for technology in Steve.

Later that summer, me, Steve, Al and Woz, who a few years later would be Steve's partner in starting Apple, found a job enacting *Alice in Wonderland* characters at a shopping mall in Santa Clara. We were paid \$250 each for two days

of work, which was a lot at that time. I was Alice, and the guys, in turns, were the Mad Hatter and the White Rabbit. The three would switch wearing these huge heads that went down to their knees. The weather was smoldering that weekend and the mall's air conditioner had broken – the guys could barely handle 10 minutes in costume, and so they would run into the dressing rooms to trade off heads and to drink water every 10 minutes. It was painful and hilarious to watch. Casting a backward glance, it seems so bizarre and fitting – the big heads and the little girl falling down a hole portended the future like nothing else could have. In light of what came later, and the all-too-often despotic jerk Steve turned into as he rose to meet the world, I think now that it would be nice to be able to package my memories in the form of a fairy tale, something soft and bright that I can muse over at a remove . . . and then close the pretty cover on.



Senior year at
Homestead
High, 1972

private she referred to him as “the Sun King,” because he was so imperious.

In 1986, when Simpson’s novel *Anywhere But Here* was published, the writer and editor George Plimpton threw her a party at his Upper East Side apartment. The party was full of New York literati, as well as Steve and Mona’s mother, Joanne. I did not know that Jobs would be there – in fact, when he quietly walked up and joined a conversation I was having with several other writers, I didn’t even recognize him. Gone was the jean-clad nerd I had known in the early days of Apple: In his double-breasted suit, his dark hair perfectly groomed, Jobs seemed more a metrosexual playboy than a computer geek. As the evening wore on, I noticed that women swarmed around him, though he appeared not to notice. Away from Silicon Valley, where he had spent his entire life, he actually seemed a bit unsettled – a man who had no trouble going toe-to-toe with big-time CEOs, but who went tongue-tied when confronted with someone as intimidating as a poet.

At NeXT, Jobs succeeded in producing a strikingly distinctive object – but

formerly great man in the big empty castle. “Steve is a little like the boy who cried wolf,” Robert Cringely, an influential Silicon Valley writer, told me at the time. “He has cried revolution one too many times. People still listen to him, but now they are more skeptical.”

Part of the skepticism came from the fact that, at that moment, Silicon Valley was changing fast. A year earlier, a hot-shot programmer at the University of Illinois named Marc Andreessen had created the first Web browser, and the dot-com revolution was about to take off. There was a sense that something big was on the horizon – something that Jobs seemed to have no part of. Not that he was oblivious: He talked a little about what was then being called “the information superhighway” and astutely noted that the computer was being transformed from “a tool of computation to a tool of communication.” But nothing he was doing at NeXT was really connected to the online revolution.

He was clearly still bitter about what had happened at Apple – and he had even more bitterness toward his old nemesis Bill Gates, who, in a cruel bit of irony, was

it felt to walk around in the world and see Mac computers everywhere. “The Macintosh was sort of like this wonderful romance in your life you once had – and that produced about 10 million children,” he said wistfully. “In a way it will never be over in your life. You’ll still smell the romance every morning when you get up. You’ll see your children around, and you feel good about it. And nothing will ever make you feel bad about it.”

TWO THINGS HELPED JOBS turn his life around. One was meeting Laurene Powell, a tall, blond Jersey girl studying for an MBA who heard him speak at Stanford after he was boot-ed out of Apple. They were married in 1991 in a small Buddhist ceremony at Yosemite National Park and eventually had three kids together. Friends noticed immediately how becoming a family man matured Jobs. “I saw him coming out of a restaurant in Palo Alto, and he had a baby in his arm,” says John Perry Barlow. “He was a changed man. He had a sweetness to him, a contemplative quality.”

“THE GOAL IS NOT TO BE THE RICHEST MAN IN THE CEMETERY,” JOBS ONCE TOLD ME. “FOR ME, THE GOAL IS TO SEEK ENLIGHTENMENT.”

one that proved way too expensive for the market. Consumers who bought NeXT computers still swoon over them, calling them the most beautiful machines ever built – but in the real world, nobody wanted to pay 10 grand for a beautiful machine. Jobs managed to persuade Ross Perot to invest \$20 million in NeXT, but within a few years, it was clear that the company’s machines were headed for computer museums as artifacts built by an obsessively perfectionist man who had confused art with commerce.

In the spring of 1994, I went to NeXT to interview Jobs for *ROLLING STONE*. The offices, like everything else about the company, were a showcase of perfection, with a glass staircase designed by the celebrated architect I.M. Pei. It was a sunny day, and salty air from the bay blew through the building – but it was spooky as hell, because the place was deserted. There might have been a few last programmers plugging away in some backroom, but I didn’t see them. Jobs met me in the conference room, which practically had cobwebs hanging from the whiteboard. He was 39, stocky and jowly, dressed in jeans. It was the first time I’d seen him with a beard. There was a *Citizen Kane* quality to it all – the

on his way to becoming the richest man in the world thanks to Windows, the operating system that Microsoft had modeled on the Macintosh. Jobs called Microsoft “completely lost” and cast its market dominance – and its stifling effect on innovation – as a threat to the U.S. economy. “Unfortunately, people are not rebelling against Microsoft,” he told me. When I asked how he felt about Gates achieving dominance in the industry by essentially ripping off the approach that Jobs had pioneered, he snapped, “The goal is not to be the richest man in the cemetery. It’s not my goal, anyway.” Later, when I asked him what his goal in life was, he said, “In the broadest context, the goal is to seek enlightenment – however you define it.”

As I listened to him, I once again thought of Orson Welles – a great genius who did his best work at 25 and ended up doing TV game shows and commercials for crappy wine. When I asked Jobs how he felt about the comparison, he had the wit to make light of it. “I’m very flattered by that, actually,” he said. “I wonder what game show I’m going to be on.”

But here’s the thing about Jobs: You could never predict when he was going to say something lovely and profound. Near the end of the interview, I asked him how

The other was a little company called Pixar. In 1986, the film production company founded by George Lucas was looking to unload high-tech imaging technology that would allow users to render their own 3D graphics. Jobs, enthralled by the technology, picked the division up for a mere \$5 million. Taking over as CEO, he turned the graphics division into an animation studio, cut a deal with Disney for distribution, and gave a budding animation genius named John Lasseter and his team the kind of money and creative license he had never granted his employees at Apple. The result, after years of losses, was *Toy Story*. In 1995, a week after the film’s release, Pixar went public and Jobs found himself sitting on stock worth \$1.1 billion. Suddenly, Jobs looked like a genius again.

Apple, meanwhile, was struggling to survive. The board had installed a succession of clueless CEOs, who had done a brilliant job of driving the once-great company into irrelevance. I spent a lot of time at Apple in 1996, reporting a story on the decline and fall of the company for *ROLLING STONE*, and Jobs spent hours on the phone with me, giving me his read on what went wrong and why. It was clear that he was personally offended that a guy

as square and conventionally minded as CEO Gil Amelio – a veteran of the semiconductor industry, which is nothing at all like the PC industry – was running Apple. For Jobs, it was like a father seeing his beloved son in the hands of a child molester.

So Jobs staged a comeback. Like many of his greatest accomplishments, it was swift and brutal. He charmed Amelio and the board sufficiently to convince them to buy NeXT's software for \$400 million and use it as the basis for Apple's future operating system, which turned out to be OS X. Then he got himself named as an "informal adviser" to the company. Before long, Amelio was vanquished and Jobs was back in charge. He brought in a new board, sympathetic to his ideas for a turnaround.

For Jobs, this was a huge gamble. Apple was so far gone by that point that reviving it was by no means a sure thing. His strategy was simple. First, he halted Apple's disastrous decision to allow other computers to clone Macintosh's operating system. Next, he went humbly to Bill Gates and struck a deal to keep Microsoft software running on the Mac.

able instantly at the user's fingertips. Jobs had just browbeaten the record labels into coming on board, but it was still not clear whether iTunes would be selling individual songs or offering unlimited access to subscribers. "I think you could make available the Second Coming in a subscription model," Jobs mused, "and it might not be successful."

But the business aspects of Apple weren't nearly as interesting as his personal reflections. I asked him about Bob Dylan, what his music meant to him. "He was a very clear thinker, and a poet," Jobs said. "He wrote about what he saw and thought. The early stuff is very precise. As he matured, you had to unravel it a bit. But once you did, it was clear as a bell." He talked about bootlegging Dylan in the early days with Woz. I sensed that he was opening up some, so I pushed him by asking if he ever had any doubts about technology, if he believed we were pushing it all too far: genetic research, cloning, all that.

He looked at me and rolled his eyes. "You know – I'd rather just talk about music. These big-picture questions are just – ~~zzzzzzzz~~," he said, snoring loudly.

Somehow, we got onto the topic of Bill Gates, and I asked him if he believed Gates was greedy. "I like Bill, but sometimes I wonder – Bill, why do you have to take a dollar out of every dollar that passes through your hands? Why do you have to have it all? Can't you just take, like, 99 cents and leave a penny for someone else?"

He seemed unusually relaxed, in no hurry to end the interview. I thought of a question I had always wanted to ask him.

"Where does your common-man touch for technology come from?"

"Common man?"

"Yeah, you know – simplicity of design. You understand how people use technology in a human way. Where does that come from?"

"You make it sound like I have statues of Chairman Mao on my front lawn," he said, laughing.

"No, I'm serious."

"I don't think it's that profound. I think most people in the technology world don't pay attention to design. They don't know anything about design, they don't care about it."

JOBS STARED AT ME. "LIFE IS SOMETHING THAT HAPPENS IN A FLASH," HE SAID. "WE JUST HAVE A BRIEF MOMENT HERE, AND THEN WE ARE GONE."

Finally, he unleashed a talented designer named Jonathan Ive, giving him free rein to build great computers. His first all-new computer, the iMac, was a simple, distinctive, easy-to-use machine that had the playful spirit of the old Macintosh. It was an immediate hit.

Jobs saw clearly that Apple's future was in more than just PCs – it was in building cool hardware and software to deliver all kinds of content, including music and movies. The iPod, which launched in 2001, was the first move in that direction. I went to see Jobs in November 2003, around the time he introduced the Windows version of iTunes, a move that would make him the most influential man in the record industry. I bumped into him in the lobby – he was wearing shorts and Birkenstocks, looking very relaxed – and we took the elevator up to his office on the fourth floor. It was the least glamorous office you could imagine: no wood paneling, no awesome view, no decanter of whiskey, no silly toys or lava lamps. Settling into the conference room, he began to talk, mostly about the move into music.

iTunes, as Jobs saw it, was a way to stop outfits like Napster from enabling users to steal music – by creating the world's largest music store, with every song avail-

"I think we're all happier when we have a little music in our lives."

He waved at my tape recorder. "Turn that off," he ordered. "Can we just talk?"

"Sure," I said, turning off the machine. "I'm just really uncomfortable talking about this. It's not my thing."

"You don't like to think about the past, do you?" I asked.

"I don't have anything against the past," he said. "I just want to focus on the future."

From there, we went into a freewheeling conversation about the news of the day – starting with Arnold Schwarzenegger's election as governor. ("I wish he had a little more business experience," Jobs said.) I asked him if he ever considered running for public office. He broke into a broad smile, and mimicked the voice of a reporter: "Yes, Mr. Jobs, and could you please tell us how many times you've dropped acid?" As we talked, I got the sense of another Steve Jobs, someone less certain, less self-confident. I asked him if he had gone to see Dylan a lot when he was younger. "Never," he said with obvious regret. "I was too busy with Apple." I suddenly understood how narrow his life had been, how much his success had cost him – so focused on one thing, so desperate to make it work.

Suddenly I could see he was getting impatient, that my time was running out.

"Do you have any regrets about your life?"

"Sure," he said.

"Like what?"

"Personal things. Things that have to do with family." I presumed he was talking about Lisa, but I didn't push it.

At this point, my notes falter. I don't remember exactly how we got to this, what it was I asked him that prompted the response. Maybe I asked him if there were things he'd do differently. Maybe I asked him if he felt lucky. Maybe I even asked him if he was afraid of dying. But what I remember is this: Jobs leaning forward at the end of the table and looking at me directly, his eyes intense. "I think that life is something that happens in a flash," he said. He snapped his fingers. "We just have a brief moment here, and then we are gone."

As I said goodbye, he gave me a long look in the eye. I'm not sure what it meant, but there was a humanness to him that I had not seen before. I could see that he was confused and vulnerable. He had made sacrifices, done things wrong, had regrets. What he had shared with me were not the breathtaking

thoughts of a visionary, but those of a regular human being.

Only a month earlier, he had been diagnosed with pancreatic cancer.

JOBS NEVER EXPECTED TO LIVE past his forties. He had more than a passing interest in Buddhism, which teaches that death is not necessarily final – that souls can be reincarnated. Still, for a father with four children, the diagnosis was a brutal blow.

Most people who get pancreatic cancer are dead within a few months. But Jobs got lucky, as he often did. His cancer, a rare neuroendocrine tumor, was slower-growing than most, giving him more time to seek treatment. Instead of fearing death, Jobs embraced it as a tool to clarify his thinking. “Remembering that I’ll be dead soon is the most important tool I’ve ever encountered to help me make the big choices in life,” he said in his commencement address at Stanford University. “Because almost everything – all external expectations, all pride, all fear of embarrassment or failure – these things just fall away in the face of death, leaving only what is truly important.”

As always, Jobs sought his ultimate solace in his work. Two of Apple’s most innovative and successful products – the iPhone and the iPad – were both launched after he was diagnosed with cancer. Both were risky ventures that could easily have flopped, but Jobs retained his perfectionist discipline. Vic Gondotra, head of mobile applications at Google, was attending religious services one Sunday morning when he got a call from Jobs. “I’ve been looking at the Google logo on the iPhone, and I’m not happy with the icon,” Jobs told him. “The second ‘o’ in Google doesn’t have the right yellow gradient. It’s just wrong and I’m going to have Greg fix it tomorrow. Is that OK with you?” Gondotra calls it a lesson he’ll never forget. “CEOs should care about details,” he says. “Even shades of yellow. On a Sunday.”

As his illness worsened, Jobs found his life narrowing even further. He didn’t go out at night, never accepted awards, gave no speeches, attended no parties. Instead, he holed up in his home in Palo Alto, where he hung out with his family and learned everything he could about cancer – and how he might beat it. “He knew more about it than any oncologist,” says his old friend Larry Brilliant, who is an M.D. His body grew thinner and thinner, and he took a six-month leave from Apple to have a liver transplant.

Late last year, Jobs called me out of the blue to ask about doing another magazine story together. I was struck by how different his voice sounded on the phone. It was not just softer and weaker. It was also more curious. For the first time, he asked me about my kids. I have no idea how he even knew that I have kids – we’d never discussed it. Others noticed the same change in his manner. He no longer seemed as arrogant, and had lots of time and compassion for the suffering of others. When Brilliant’s 24-year-old son developed what turned out to be a fatal cancer, Jobs became his “cancer buddy,” Brilliant says. Jobs made spreadsheets detailing the



A NEW MAN

At the end, Jobs “wasn’t worried about Apple – he was thinking about his kids.”


pros and cons of various doctors to help him decide whom to see. He called every week, talking Brilliant’s son through the chemo, saying, “If I can make it through this, so can you.” “Whenever he was down, Steve would call and give him a pep talk to buoy his spirits,” recalls Brilliant.

At the iPad launch in January 2010, Jobs was accompanied by his family, including his wife, Laurene, and his sister, Mona. Onstage, he worked through his presentation, looking thin and frail, but courageous. His body was rail-thin, his cheeks gaunt. After the talk, Jobs pulled on a black hoodie and went into the demo area to talk to the media. When I stopped to say hello, he looked at me with glazed eyes – the faraway, unfocused eyes of an old man – and said, “What do you think of the iPad?” I wasn’t sure if he recognized

me, and it was clear he was having a hard time carrying on a conversation. Apple’s PR people quickly whisked him away, and I never spoke to him again.

For Jobs, the slide continued. Brilliant stopped by his house frequently. On good days, they would walk downtown to get a smoothie, the only food Jobs could eat. “We laughed a lot,” Brilliant says. “Sometimes we would talk about God, or about the afterlife – which Steve was intensely curious about. He was very frank about what was going on. He was not in any kind of denial.” Jobs often had IVs strapped to his arms. “I’d joke with him that from the neck up, he looked great,” says Brilliant. “But his legs looked like Bambi’s.” Sometimes, when the talk got heavy, Brilliant – who is not a small man – would crawl onto the bed beside Jobs and hold him. “He was not worried about Apple’s future – he knew that would be fine,” Brilliant says. “He was thinking about his kids. He said to me, ‘I just want to live long enough to see my kids graduate from high school.’”

According to Brilliant, Jobs had come very close to death twice over the summer: “He had gathered his family around him to say goodbye.” Somehow, he rallied both times, but the trajectory was clear. Only a few people were allowed to see him in his final days – beyond his immediate family, the list included Dr. Dean Ornish, a close friend, and John Doerr, the venture capitalist. Brilliant last saw him two weeks before he died. In his room, Jobs had two pictures of the guru he never got to meet, Neem Karoli Baba, as well as a book of Baba’s teachings, *Miracle of Love*. Although he was frightfully thin, Brilliant says, Jobs was “mutedly optimistic” that he would make it, that the new cancer treatment he was taking might buy him more time. “When I left,” Brilliant says, “it did not feel like goodbye.”

Jobs died at home on Wednesday, October 5th, surrounded by his family. He was 56 years old. He had always known he would never live to be an old man, but he came closer than he ever imagined he would. He used the extra years – “borrowed time,” he called it – to complete the spiritual journey he had begun as a kid in the apricot orchards of Silicon Valley. “There were those two sides to him,” says Bono, who spoke to Jobs not long before he died. “There was the warrior, and then there was the very tender and soft-spoken side. I already miss him.” Jobs may be remembered as the man who brought the human touch to our digital devices. But perhaps his greatest – and hardest-won – accomplishment was bringing the human touch to Steve Jobs. 



INSIDE OBAMA



TOP GUNS
Obama confers about
Libya with Defense
Secretary Robert
Gates in the White
House Situation
Room on April 28th.

What led the president to
overrule his top military
advisers and intervene in
Libya - and what it says
about his evolution as
commander in chief
By MICHAEL HASTINGS

OBAMA'S WAR ROOM

OBAMA'S WAR ROOM

ON THE AFTERNOON OF MONDAY, MARCH 14TH, the French philosopher Bernard-Henri Lévy stood nervously in the lounge of Le Bourget Airport on the outskirts of Paris, waiting for a private jet carrying a lone Libyan rebel to land. At 62, Lévy is one of France's most famous writers and provocateurs, a regular fixture in the tabloids, where he's known simply as BHL. He rarely goes a month without controversy – whether defending the reputations of accused sex offenders like Roman Polanski and Dominique Strauss-Kahn, or waging one-man foreign-policy campaigns that usually end in failure. In 1993, he tried

unsuccessfully to persuade President François Mitterrand to intervene in the Balkans. In 2001, he personally arranged for Afghan leader Ahmed Shah Massoud to meet with President Jacques Chirac, only to have the French Foreign Ministry scuttle the trip for fear of angering the Taliban. Now, as he anxiously paced the airport lounge, he was embarking on what would turn out to be one of the most audacious and improbable feats of amateur diplomacy in modern history.

Wearing his trademark outfit – designer suit, no tie, white shirt unbuttoned to reveal a deeply tanned chest – Lévy was waiting for the arrival of Mahmoud Jibril, the leader of the Libyan rebels who had been fighting for three weeks to overthrow Muammar Qaddafi. Lévy had secretly helped arrange for a meeting in Paris later that day between Jibril and Secretary of State Hillary Clinton. Prodded by Lévy, France had granted formal recognition to the Libyan opposition, known as the National Transitional Council. But no other European country had followed France's lead, and the uprising now appeared in danger of being crushed by Qaddafi, who had just launched an all-out military counteroffensive. Both Lévy and Jibril believed that getting the support of the Americans was the rebels' last hope. "If he doesn't succeed with Clinton," Lévy thought, "all we achieved in France this past week will have been for nothing."

But the meeting with Clinton had already run into a serious snag. Jibril, a 58-year-old political scientist who once taught at the University of Pittsburgh, had been detained at customs. Though he had been received in the Élysée Palace only days before for a meeting Lévy had arranged with President Nicolas Sarkozy, Jibril did not have official clearance to re-enter France. As the hours ticked away, the 5 p.m. time slot for the meeting with Clinton came and went. Lévy scram-

bled to reschedule. "At six she had a meeting with Sarkozy, at eight was a dinner or something with the G8," he told me recently in St. Paul de Vence, his home in the south of France. "It was very complicated." The consequences of the delay, he feared, could be catastrophic.

After Jibril finally cleared customs, Lévy succeeded in getting Clinton's last free moment of the night before she flew on to Cairo – 10 p.m. in her hotel suite. Lévy and Jibril took a black Mercedes sedan from the Raphael, the luxury hotel in Paris where Lévy lives when in the city, to the Westin, where Clinton was staying.

Forty-five minutes later, Jibril emerged from the meeting. "He goes out furious, he goes out fuming," Lévy recalls. "He was convinced he had failed." Coached by Lévy, Jibril had urged Clinton to support a no-fly zone, arm the rebels and launch attacks on Qaddafi's army. If the U.S. failed to intervene, he warned, there would be mass killings, just as there had been after Bill Clinton failed to take action in Rwanda and the Balkans in the 1990s. But Hillary appeared unmoved by the plea, and Jibril was distraught. To avoid reporters who were traveling with Clinton, Jibril left the hotel through a back entrance.

**LIKE IRAQ, THE
WAR IN LIBYA
WAS LAUNCHED
IN THE NAME
OF A GRANDER
CAUSE: CALL IT
THE RISE OF THE
HUMANITARIAN
VULCANS.**

MICHAEL HASTINGS, a contributing editor for *RS*, has profiled Gen. Stanley McChrystal and Gen. David Petraeus.

Lévy and Jibril returned to the Raphael. At 1 a.m., they sat down to write a press release – a desperate call for support that was, Lévy says, "implicitly addressed to the Americans." "Friends around the world!" it implored, "Libya's freedom is in danger of death – come to our rescue.... Don't let the Arab Spring die in Benghazi." They finished an hour later, but decided to hold off until morning before hitting SEND. Jibril was scheduled to fly back to Qatar, where the National Transitional Council had set up a base of operations. "Then we waited," Lévy told me. What, he wondered before going to sleep that night, would President Obama do?

SINCE THE BEGINNING OF THE Arab Spring, the Obama administration had been grappling with how the United States should respond to the wave of democratic uprisings sweeping the region, first in Tunisia, then in Egypt, Yemen, Bahrain, Libya, Morocco and Syria. In his first major foreign-policy address as president, given 18 months earlier in Cairo, Obama had pointedly called for a fundamental realignment in the region. "I've come here to Cairo to seek a new beginning between the United States and Muslims around the world," he declared, warning autocratic governments that they must maintain their power "through consent, not coercion."

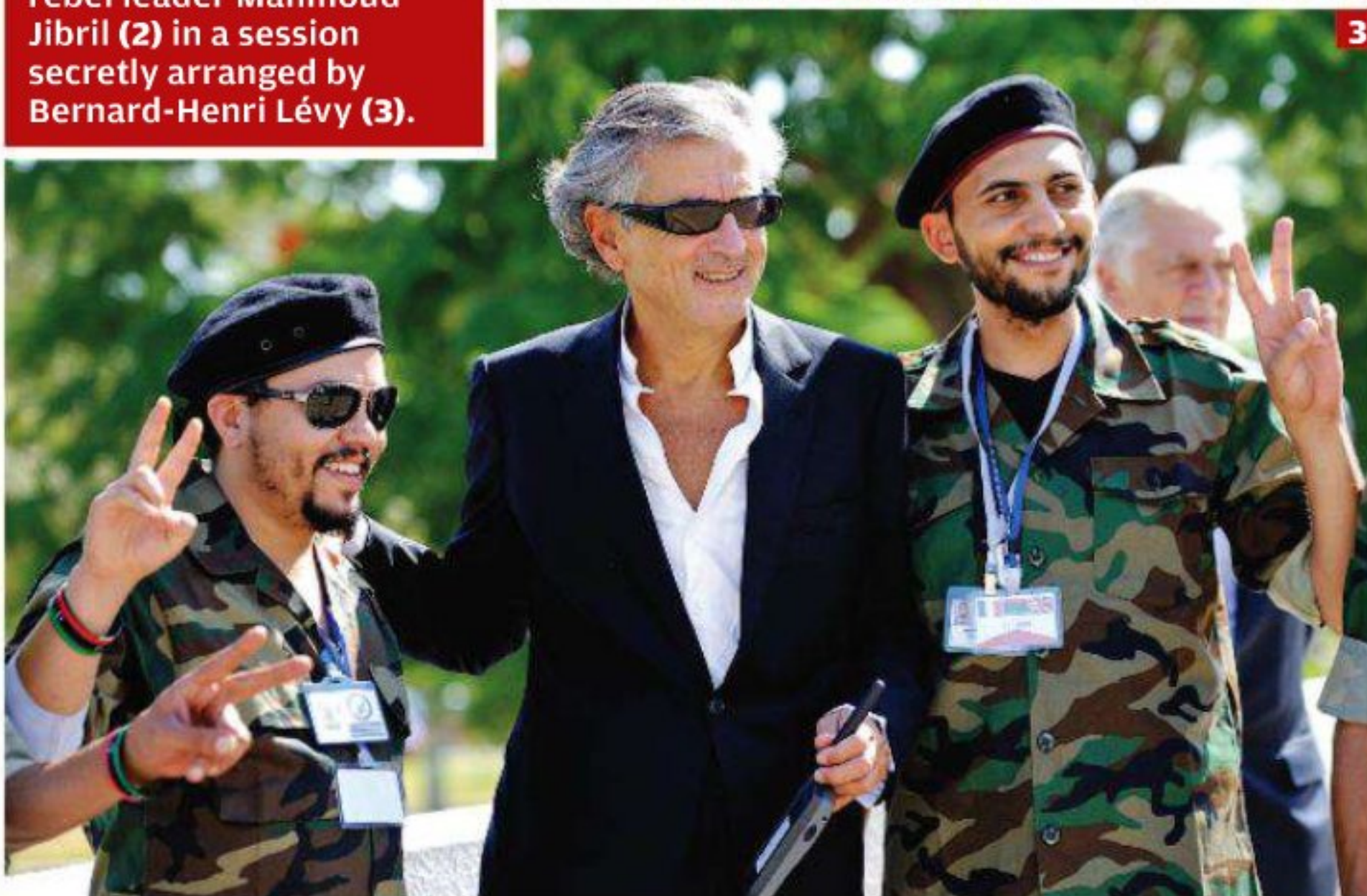
But once those governments actually began to fall, the Obama administration was slow to distance itself from the oil-rich autocrats the U.S. had supported for decades. In Egypt, Vice President Joe Biden downplayed the democratic revolt, saying that he didn't consider Hosni Mubarak a "dictator." In Bahrain – home of the U.S. 5th Fleet – the administration looked the other way as the royal family allowed the military to violently crush peaceful street protests. In Yemen, the U.S. chose not to intervene when the country's military fired into crowds calling for the president's resignation. To Arab protesters, Obama's "new beginning" seemed more like the same old American realpolitik that had long dominated the Middle East.

In Libya, however, the uprising took on a decidedly different character than those of its neighbors. After only a week of peaceful demonstrations, the protesters had transformed themselves into an armed rebel force and began marching on Tripoli. A series of high-level Libyan officials defected to the opposition, joining the newly formed government in Benghazi. Qaddafi's hold on power looked shaky – until he mounted a brutal counteroffensive on March 6th. The rebel leadership in Benghazi pleaded for Western help, making a number of spectacular claims: accusations of mass rapes, of Libyan gunships firing on protesters, of 30,000 civilians killed.



The Interventionists

Samantha Power making the case for war in a talk last March (1). She was supported by Hillary Clinton, who met with rebel leader Mahmoud Jibril (2) in a session secretly arranged by Bernard-Henri Lévy (3).



Although some of the claims would later prove false, there was no question that Qaddafi had responded with excessive force, likely killing hundreds of protesters. How President Obama responded to those charges over the next three weeks – and to the rapidly unfolding events on the ground in Libya – provides one of the clearest examples to date of his leadership style and his broader vision for international affairs. Before Libya, Obama's primary foreign-policy decisions had centered on fixing the misadventures and mistakes of the Bush era: how to withdraw U.S. troops from Iraq, how to resolve the deepening disaster in Afghanistan, how to deal with Pakistan, how to get Osama bin Laden. In each case, Obama was struggling to fix policy decisions predicated on a foreign-policy doctrine with which he fundamentally disagreed. With Libya, Obama would demonstrate for the first time, through his actions, how he viewed America's role in the world, attempting to live up to the lofty declarations he made when he had crafted his National Security Strategy a year earlier. Going forward, he wrote, the U.S. would "avoid acting alone" and "reject the notion that lasting security and prosperity can be found by turning away from universal rights." Democracy, he insisted, "does not merely represent

our better angels, it stands in opposition to aggression and injustice, and our support for human rights is both fundamental to American leadership and a source of our strength in the world." It was a resounding rejection of the cowboy unilateralism and human-rights-be-damned ethos of the Bush era. "The burdens of a young century," Obama insisted, "cannot fall on American shoulders alone."

In recent weeks, the national narrative about Obama has begun to settle into a form of accepted wisdom. The president, it is said, has repeatedly failed to provide the kind of tough, uncompromising leadership needed to move the country forward on almost every front: jobs, health care, financial reform, the debt ceiling, Afghanistan. "What the American people had started to question," one Democratic strategist explained to NPR, "is whether Barack Obama had the strong leadership and the courage of conviction to lay out a course and stick with it." But the untold story of how Obama decided to intervene in Libya – followed six weeks later by the successful assault he ordered on Osama bin Laden – reveals a commander in chief who has significantly departed from the agonized deliberations he engaged in just two years ago over how to reshape America's role in Afghanistan. Although the

president consulted a wide range of advisers about Libya, from Middle East experts and Pentagon brass to starry-eyed humanitarians, he acted with unprecedented speed and decisiveness. It was the first war he started on his own – and the success of the Libyan rebellion is largely the result of the decisions he made at the very outset of the uprising.

"It isn't leading from behind," says Anne-Marie Slaughter, the former head of policy planning at the State Department, rejecting a quote in *The New Yorker* by an unnamed Obama adviser that came to dominate the debate over Libya. "We created the conditions for others to step up. That exemplifies Obama's leadership at its best. The world is not going to get there without us – and we did it in a way where we're not stuck, or bearing all the costs."

BY THE END OF FEBRUARY, ACCORDING to a senior administration official, Obama had begun "an incredibly intensive series of discussions in the Oval Office and the Situation Room" on how to handle Libya. From the start, insiders say, the players broke down into two distinct camps. On one side were top-level Pentagon and White House advisers who were skeptical of further military intervention, given the continued U.S. presence in Afghanistan and Iraq. This group included Biden, who had argued strongly against Obama's decision in 2009 to launch a military surge in Afghanistan, and Biden's friend Tom Donilon, the president's national security adviser. (The two men are close: Donilon's wife is Jill Biden's chief of staff.) Also in the skeptic camp were Donilon's deputy, Denis McDonough, who had served on Obama's campaign staff in 2008, and Defense Secretary Robert Gates, who dubbed calls for intervention "loose talk."

The skeptics didn't disagree that a Libya without Qaddafi would be a desirable outcome. Libya sits atop the world's ninth-largest oil reserves, producing 1.6 million barrels a day, and the colonel was an unpredictable ally at best, a dangerous madman at worst. In 1986, Qaddafi ordered an attack on a Berlin disco that killed two U.S. soldiers, and in 1988, he authorized the bombing of Pan Am Flight 103, resulting in the deaths of all 270 people onboard. His personal quirks – the rambling speeches, the Bedouin tents, the sexy female bodyguards – added to his image as a villain straight out of James Bond. Since 2003, however, Qaddafi had undergone an extreme makeover, courtesy of a multimillion-dollar PR campaign that enlisted influential Washington insiders and policy wonks like Richard Perle and Francis Fukuyama. He gave up his weapons of mass destruction, helped the CIA interrogate Islamic radicals and secured Libya a seat on the U.N. Human Rights Council. To top U.S. officials he had become, in the



SPRING AWAKENING
Rebel fighters advance
on the front line near
Ras Lanuf on March 9th.

infamous tweet in 2009 from Sen. John McCain, “an interesting man.”

Despite the temptation to overthrow Qaddafi, however, the skeptics in the administration posed a set of tough questions: Would intervening on the side of the rebels make it harder to support U.S. troops in Iraq and Afghanistan? Could it inadvertently lead us into a third ground war? Would it jeopardize cooperation from other countries in the battle against Al Qaeda? Would it undercut the rebels by putting an American footprint on what had up until now been a homegrown revolution? And did we really know who the rebels were? “There was a certain wariness to get involved militarily in a third Muslim country,” says one senior administration official who took part in the deliberations.

On the other side of the internal debate was a faction of unlikely allies within the White House and the State Department who viewed Libya as an opportunity to enact a new form of humanitarian intervention, one that they had been sketching out for nearly a decade. Up until this point, their views hadn’t held much sway within an administration marked by its pragmatism and caution. Their formative experience in foreign policy wasn’t Iraq or Afghanistan, but memories of the ethnic cleansing in the Balkans and Rwanda during the 1990s, a period in which they firmly believed that the United States had

failed in its responsibilities to other countries. They would now be to Obama what the neoconservatives had been to Bush: ardent advocates for war in the name of a grander cause. Libya, in effect, represents the rise of the humanitarian Vulcans.

One of the most vocal interventionists was Susan Rice, the U.S. ambassador to the United Nations, who had been publicly apologizing for years for her failure to push for an intervention in Rwanda when she served on the National Security Council under Bill Clinton. “I would rather be alone and a loud voice for action than be silent,” she has said, even if it meant her career “going down in flames.” Obama had not only made Rice the first African-American woman to serve as ambassador to the U.N., he had made the position a Cabinet-level post, meaning that she reported directly to the president. Rice, in fact, had baggage with the Clintons, who felt slighted by her decision to join the Obama campaign as one of his earliest foreign-policy advisers.

In January 2009, during her first speech at the U.N. Security Council, Rice reinforced the Obama administration’s commitment to a theory called “responsibility to protect.” R2P, as it is known in foreign-policy circles, is a U.N. doctrine accepted in 2005 that laid the international framework for humanitarian intervention. Although the Bush administration endorsed R2P, it was criticized – by Rice and others

– for not putting the doctrine into practice to prevent civilian deaths in Darfur in 2006. As defined by Rice in her speech to the Security Council, R2P states that the “international community has a responsibility to protect civilian populations from violations of international humanitarian law when states are unwilling or unable to do so.” If Rice had her way, Libya would become the first test case for R2P. In early March, according to U.S. officials familiar with the discussions, Rice and her team at the U.N. began preparing a resolution that called for international action in Libya.

Joining Rice in the push for intervention was Samantha Power, the former Harvard professor and author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning *A Problem From Hell*, which argues that the West must be willing to take military action to prevent genocide in other countries. Like Rice, Power had a history of bad blood with Hillary Clinton. In 2005, as Obama contemplated a presidential run, he had personally reached out to Power, holding a five-hour mind meld that ended with him offering her a job on his Senate staff. During his campaign, she served as one of his closest foreign-policy advisers – until she was abruptly forced to resign in 2008 after an interview in which she angrily denounced Hillary Clinton as a “monster.” (Richard Holbrooke, the late ambassador, eventually brokered a peace treaty of sorts between

the two women.) When Obama won the White House, he made Power, now 41, the director of multilateral affairs at the National Security Council. But according to those close to Power, she had grown frustrated with the post, which relegated her to “doing rinky-dink do-gooder stuff,” in the words of one official – advocating on behalf of Christians in Iraq, say, or promoting government openness in Kyrgyzstan. White House sources say Power remained Obama’s “buddy” and enjoyed a “special relationship” with him, but she no longer had as much access to the president. For Power, Libya represented the culmination of everything she had worked for over the years – and a chance to reassert herself within the White House.

The wild card in the debate over Libya, according to insiders, was Clinton herself. The relationship between the White House and the State Department had been tense since Obama appointed his onetime rival as America’s top diplomat. According to veteran officials at State, Clinton installed the most controlling – and paranoid – staff they had ever seen. “They do things like not release her schedule to us, like it’s top-secret, even though other secretaries of state had been doing it for years,” says one official. “For a while, it was like *Spy vs. Spy*,” says another. “Hillary would have her people, Obama had his, and they were keeping tabs on each other.” A State Department official rejects such characterizations as “extreme,” insisting that any feathers that Clinton’s team ruffled weren’t “intentional or malicious.” In March, however, an unnamed Clinton ally told *The Daily* that the secretary of state was frustrated with “a president who can’t make up his mind,” referring to Obama as “a president who can’t decide if today is Tuesday or Wednesday.”

During the internal debate over Libya, Clinton started off questioning the wisdom of intervention. At first, she stuck with her longtime ally Robert Gates, who strongly opposed launching a war that he warned would overtax the Pentagon. Clinton also worried that if an intervention failed to remove Qaddafi, or failed to gain enough international support, it would be a blow to American credibility. But in a sign of the defense secretary’s dwindling influence, Clinton began to break away from Gates and side with her former rivals, Power and Rice. “I think she had some firsthand experience that changed her views,” says one official familiar with her thinking. On March 12th, before her trip to the Middle East, Clinton learned that Arab states might back an intervention in Libya. Three days later, she was rattled when a coalition of Egyptian youth groups refused to meet with her. According to several State Department officials, the snub left her thinking, “We didn’t get off to such a great start with Egypt – let’s reverse that with Libya.”

THE PRESIDENT APPARENTLY shared the impulse to use Libya to make up for the administration’s slow-footed response to the Arab Spring. At first, he settled for imposing a freeze on Libyan assets in the United States, estimated at \$30 billion, and authorizing \$10 million in humanitarian assistance to Libyan refugees. But on March 6th, *ROLLING STONE* has learned – the day Qaddafi launched his counterattack against the rebels – Donilon established a working group at the National Security Council to commence planning for a post-Qaddafi government. The group began looking at “day after” scenarios, as administration officials called them – a nod to the glaring absence of such preparation before the invasions of Iraq and Afghanistan. Over the next few months, the working group systematically gathered ideas from across the government – from the State Department to Treasury to the CIA – exploring a host of possible outcomes.

GATES OFFERED A LAST-DITCH CASE AGAINST INTERVENTION, SAYING HE FEARED LIBYA WOULD END IN “STALEMATE.”

The questions it addressed reveal how acutely aware the White House was of the potential for disaster: How messy will this be? Will there be a civil war, or a more linear downfall that allows time to set up a new government? Will a U.N. peacekeeping force be required, and if so, how many soldiers will it need? And, most critically, how will the rebel militias be reintegrated into Libyan society once the fighting was over? “From Day One, one of the big questions that the president engaged with was, ‘Well, what happens if the end result is that Qaddafi’s gone?’” says Tony Blinken, a top-ranking national security adviser in the White House. “What comes next? Is that better, worse or the same?”

Though Donilon was skeptical of intervention, he “ran a fair process,” according to U.S. officials with knowledge of the debate. Those supporting intervention, including Power, were invited to make their case. “Power’s knowledge on the playbook on humanitarian intervention was critical,” says a White House official. “She had an encyclopedic knowledge of what was or wasn’t done, what [Bill] Clinton did or didn’t do,

what options were available to policymakers, how they escalate, and what are realistic outcomes. She teed this up [for the president and his advisers] extremely quickly and concisely.” Michael McFaul, another advocate for intervention at the National Security Council who closely followed the revolt in Egypt, put together “a six-inch binder” on different scenarios about post-conflict transitioning to democracy, from Indonesia to the former Soviet Union, which he passed along to Donilon.

During the first two weeks of March, Obama drove the discussion, asking probing questions and voraciously consuming information on Libya, pressing both sides of the debate. “He’s very effective at questioning one person, challenging their premise, and then in the next question to someone else, arguing exactly the opposite,” says a senior administration official. “So you don’t know where he’s coming out, but you do know you have to be intellectually rigorous and honest.” As he analyzed the crisis, Obama kept his own cards close – so much so that even those deeply engaged in the strategy sessions found it hard to get an accurate impression of where he came down on the issue. But in a move that seemed squarely aimed at avoiding the mistakes of Afghanistan and Iraq, Obama also laid down what insiders say was a set of five guiding principles for any intervention in Libya: that it be effective, multilateral, follow international law, put no American boots on the ground, and pursue a well-defined, achievable goal.

To gather outside opinions about Libya and the Arab Spring, the White House also consulted with a wide range of experts. Beginning in February, senior administration officials sat down in the Roosevelt Room with a handful of high-profile analysts, including the neoconservative Elliott Abrams, one of the most vocal opponents of the administration. Abrams, who served as a White House adviser during some of the most questionable international escapades authorized by George W. Bush and Ronald Reagan, was one of 40 militants, including Iraq architect Paul Wolfowitz, who had signed a letter to Obama in February urging the president to protect Libyan civilians and overthrow Qaddafi.

At one briefing, Tom Malinowski of Human Rights Watch, who served as a special assistant to Bill Clinton, also spoke in favor of intervention. Unless America took action, he warned, there would likely be a significant loss of life in Libya, an outcome he called “brutal, bloody and extremely deadly.” Others who attended the session felt that Malinowski’s assessment of the Libyan rebels was “rosy” and “reckless.” Steve Clemons, an influential progressive at the New America Foundation, offered a more skeptical take on the rebel leaders, who included a mix of former Qaddafi thugs, high-minded reformers and militant Islamists once aligned with

Al Qaeda. "You better hope these guys aren't the humanitarians you're painting them as," he said, rejecting Malinowski's upbeat portrayal of the Libyan opposition. "If so, they don't stand a chance of surviving if Qaddafi falls."

By March 10th, as Qaddafi's forces began to fight back, the situation for the rebels was deteriorating rapidly. Going into the weekend, sources say, the White House was leaning toward arming the rebels – a low-cost way to support the Libyan opposition without policing a no-fly zone or launching airstrikes. Donilon backed the move, which would avoid bringing the U.S. into a head-to-head military confrontation with Qaddafi. But the plan

ary Clinton, who had just arrived in Cairo after leaving Paris that morning, called in on a secure line. She informed the council that she had met with Jibril the night before, and that she believed the Arab League would fully support a no-fly zone over Libya, permitting NATO to effectively ground Qaddafi's air force by policing the skies with fighter jets flown from Europe and an aircraft carrier positioned off Libya's coast.

Obama looked through the stack of briefing papers and PowerPoint slides he'd been given. He then received a dire assessment on the military situation from Robert Cardillo, his deputy director for national intelligence. At least three

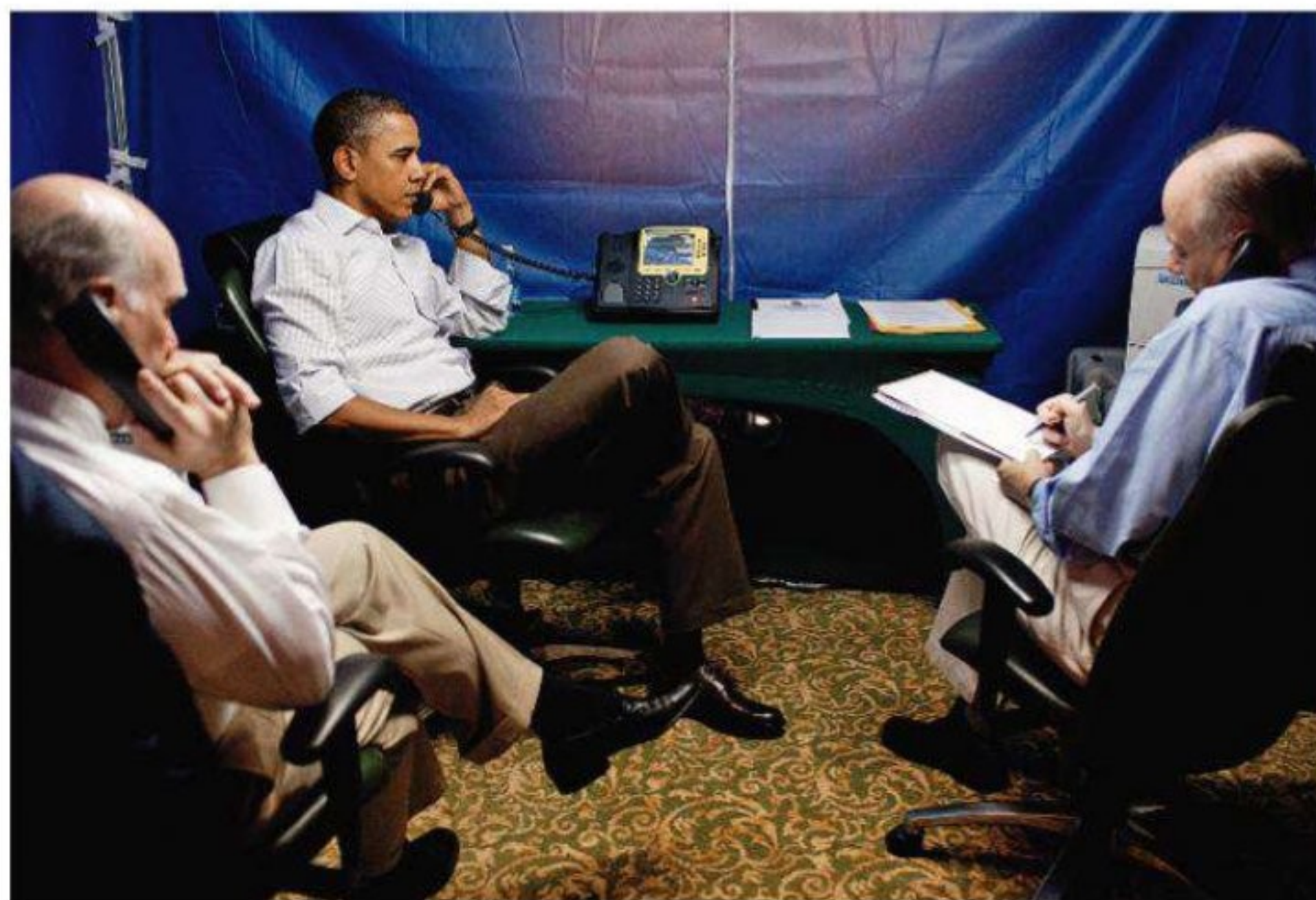
It is still debatable whether Libyan civilians ever faced a genocidal threat. But unlike the false accusations of WMDs leveled against Saddam Hussein, which were intentionally manufactured by the Bush administration to justify its invasion of Iraq, the concerns about atrocities by Qaddafi seemed all too real at the time. According to multiple sources who attended the meeting in the Situation Room, Obama quickly concluded that a no-fly zone wouldn't be enough to stop the feared massacre: NATO would need to bomb Qaddafi's tanks and missile sites as well.

"You're telling me that Benghazi could be overrun this week, but you're not giving me any options that stop it," the president said after two hours of discussion. "I want real options." Obama ordered his team to develop plans that would go "beyond a no-fly zone." Then he ended the meeting, instructing those present to reconvene at 9 p.m. Donilon and McDonough peeled off to set up a smaller meeting with the national security staff, while Rice put out feelers at the U.N.

At nine, Obama returned from a dinner with Pentagon commanders and entered the Situation Room. (Because it was 3:30 a.m. in Cairo, Clinton was not present.) It was a contentious evening, according to sources familiar with the meeting. When Rice reported that she believed she could get U.N. support for a broader intervention, Gates butted heads with her, seemingly unwilling to relent. Rice argued that the credibility of the U.N. Security Council was at stake. Another senior adviser disagreed, pointing out that though Qaddafi was a horrible person, we had lived with him for decades. Why risk going down a road that could lead to a wider conflict, especially when there were plenty of worse atrocities elsewhere? Obama, as usual, listened without reacting. "He was invariably extremely calm," said one official who attended the meeting. "He doesn't get riled up."

Gates offered a last-ditch case against intervention, arguing that Libya had little strategic value. He warned that the U.S. often ended up "owning" what happened, pointing to Kosovo and the no-fly zone over Kurdistan in Iraq. He said he was wary of getting involved in a third Muslim country, and feared "a stalemate."

The president answered these arguments himself. According to one participant's summary, Obama said: Look, the question of who rules Libya is probably not a vital interest to the United States. The atrocities threatened don't compare to atrocities in other parts of the world, I hear that. But there's a big "but" here. First of all, acting would be the right thing to do, because we have an opportunity to prevent a massacre, and we've been asked to do it by the people of Libya, their Arab neighbors and the United [Cont. on 86]



"I REFUSED TO WAIT" Obama is briefed about Libya on a secure conference call in a makeshift situation room set up during his trip to Rio de Janeiro on March 20th.

alarmed Slaughter, the former State Department policy chief, who emerged as one of the most prominent supporters of intervention. "I was convinced that the White House was leaning toward arming the rebels," says Slaughter, now at Princeton. "I felt it was the worst of both options. It wasn't going to work, and it would make things worse." By the time the rebels got the arms – which could take weeks – she believed that Qaddafi would have already seized Benghazi. On Monday, March 14th, while her former boss was preparing to meet with Mahmoud Jibril in Paris, Slaughter published an op-ed in *The New York Times* accusing the United States and its allies of "Fiddling While Libya Burns," as the headline dramatically put it.

THE NEXT AFTERNOON, AT 4 p.m., Obama met with his top advisers in the White House Situation Room. The president took his seat at the head of the table, flanked by a dozen members of the National Security Council, with almost as many staffers sitting along the wall. Hill-

cities formerly held by the rebels, Cardillo reported, had fallen or were about to fall to Qaddafi's forces, including the strategically important city of Ajdabiya. Obama responded by asking his intelligence advisers what reports of atrocities they had received, and what would happen if Qaddafi retook Benghazi. One adviser said it would be a "mass atrocity," though he stopped short of calling it genocide. Libyan ambassador Gene Cretz, calling in from Paris, informed the president that the United Nations had a report of a hospital in Libya "where the walls were smeared with blood and the bodies had been removed." In addition, Cretz pointed out Qaddafi had "slaughtered 1,200 prisoners he'd taken hostage" during the 1990s. Samantha Power, sitting against the wall, also discussed the potential for an atrocity. Rice, attending the meeting via video teleconference from New York, her face projected on a screen at the end of the room directly opposite the president, chimed in, bringing up "experiences we had in the Nineties," according to a participant in the meeting.



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THE PLAYLIST ISSUE

Your Favorite
Artists Pick Their
Favorite Songs

Mick Jagger: Reggae

Jagger duetted with Peter Tosh in the Seventies, and he and the Rolling Stones covered the reggae classic “Cherry Oh Baby” in 1976. But his love of reggae dates to the Sixties, when he danced in clubs to Jamaican music. Jagger and Charlie Watts were the first Stones to become entranced: “We were interested from a rhythmic point of view, so we started to play reggae beats with the band, and the rest of them picked it up,” Jagger says. He adds, with a devious chuckle, “I’m sure Keith would say something different.”

1. “Get Up, Stand Up/No More Trouble/War” Bob Marley, 19

I met Bob at the studio when he was doing *Catch a Fire*. I think I was doing overdubs on *Black and Blue* in London. He has so many well-known songs that I decided to go with something not-quite. I love the popular songs, but I really love this take from the *Live at the Roxy* album, a medley. It’s a bit left-field: a very long version of “Get Up, Stand Up,” which is a great groove of a song that segues beautifully into “No More Trouble” and “War,” and then back to “Get Up, Stand Up.” The whole thing lasts 24 minutes, [Cont. on 56]

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FUCHS



Norah Jones: Neil Young

Fifteen years ago, Jones first fell in love with *Heart of Gold*, and she's been a hardcore Neil Young fan since. "At night, when I'm cooking, I listen to him really loud," she says. "It's hard for me to listen to anything else." Over the years she's seen countless Young shows and even performed with him at the Bridge School Benefit in 2008. "There's something so emotional about the way he plays and writes," she adds. "I always cry when I see him live."

1. "Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere" 1969

I love the country side of Neil. This is one of my favorites. It makes me so happy when I hear it, from the opening guitar line to the amazing harmonies.

2. "Helpless" 1970

This one is a tear-jerker for me, and the groove is incredible.

3. "Barstool Blues" 1975

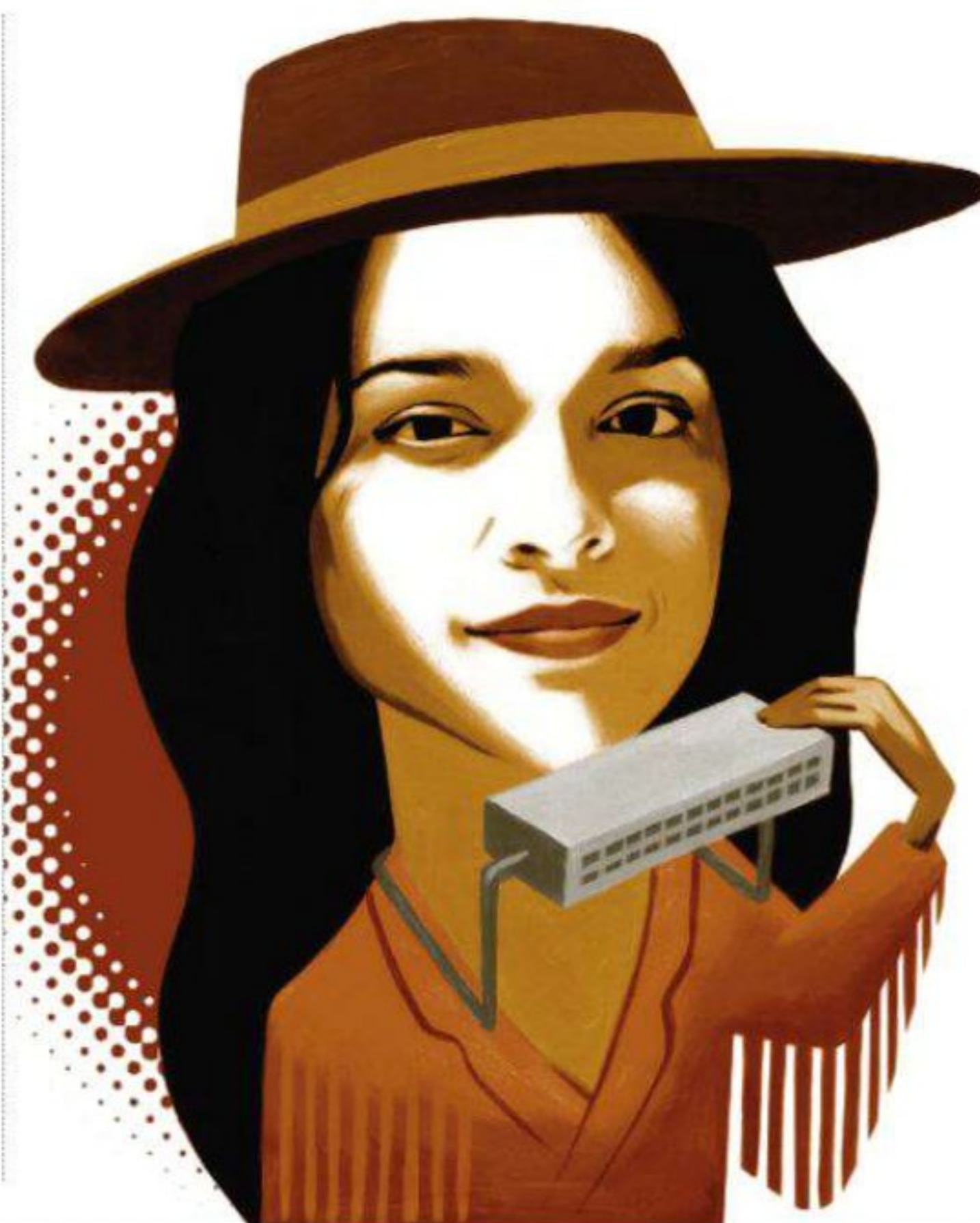
I remember being with friends at the beach, all singing this at the top of our lungs. We put it on repeat. I don't think I ever had so much fun.

4. "Comes a Time" 1978

There's a string section, and then there's a fiddler. I always imagine a string quartet in tuxedos, next to some guy fiddling in overalls.

5. "Don't Be Denied" 1973

This is from *Time Fades Away*, the live album he made of unre-



leased songs. It's so killer, just a classic Neil guitar riff.

6. "Motion Pictures" 1974

On the Beach is one of my favorite Neil albums. This is one of those songs that makes you feel like you're underwater. It's weird, beautiful, surreal.

7. "Round & Round (It Won't Be Long)" 1969

The notes and chords are so bizarre. There's like a weird seventh-chord thrown in there, and it's just beautiful.

8. "Down by the River" 1969

This is my ultimate most favorite Neil song, probably. I'm actually learning how to play the guitar solo. So far I've got the beginning down, but that's the easy part.

9. "Star of Bethlehem" 1977

When I saw him play the Bridge School, tears were streaming down my face. He just gets that reaction out of you.

10. "Harvest Moon" 1992

I'm a big crier, clearly, but listening to a song like this makes me feel so good. It makes me less restless. Puts me in a zone.

MICK JAGGER

[Cont. from 55] but if you decide to dance to it, you'll still be going at the end.

2. "Pick Myself Up"

Peter Tosh, 1978

"Legalize It" is really good, but I'm going to pick this, a slow one. It's so wistful and different, and the groove is really good.

3. "54-46 That's My Number" Toots and the Maytals, 1968

I don't know exactly why, but I've always loved this song. It's danceable, for starters, and the vocal delivery is very cool. Toots was so raw. I like the way he just slams it at you, vocally. He's great on this one.

4. "You Don't Love Me"

Dawn Penn, 1967

I first heard Jamaican music in the Sixties, and it wasn't called reggae then, but "blue beat." There were lots of Jamaicans in London, of course, and you'd hear blue beat, which eventually morphed into ska, and you'd hear calypso and other Caribbean music. I remember going out to dance at clubs in Mayfair. You wouldn't call "You Don't Love Me" hard reggae, exactly, but it's got these incredible, lilting rhythms, and she sings it in such a soulful way. I love that tune. It's beautiful. It was a giant hit, and rightly so.

5. "Cream of the Crop"

Gregory Isaacs, 1983

This is a very sexy song, with a supremely relaxed groove.

6. "War in a Babylon"

Max Romeo and the Upsetters, 1976

This established what you might call the tenet of reggae. Lee "Scratch" Perry produced it – it's essential reggae. And what a great bass line!

7. "Brethren and Sistren"

The Viceroy's, 1983

This is a good example of one of those togetherness-and-love songs, and it has a sort of doo-woppy vocal to it, like you'd hear back in the early days of reggae.

8. "Writing on the Wall"

Ronnie Davis, 1983

This is another song with a super-relaxed groove, and yet the playing is extraordinarily tight. When you listen to it, you're

drawn in almost hypnotically to the tune.

9. "Ring the Alarm"

Tenor Saw, 1985

I've long gravitated toward reggae with other than what one considers a standard beat. This is very unusual: The timing and the vocal are so strange.

10. "Marcus Garvey"

Burning Spear, 1975

It's about the continued connection of Jamaica and Africa, which is all part of reggae history: a connection that's at once mystical and very real. I was just talking about Marcus Garvey with someone the other day: the Back to Africa movement, all these people on ships from New York to Liberia. It was a very strange time.

The Black Keys



Dan Auerbach: Badass Guitars

Guitar bores the shit out of me 99 percent of the time," says the Black Keys frontman. "A solo has to be strange: There's gotta be that little 'crack' element, where it sounds like part of the song has been smoking crack."

1. "Shot Down" The Sonics, 1965

A gnarly, over-the-top precursor to punk that was never really outdone by punk.

2. "Dearest" Mickey & Sylvia, 1957

Mickey Baker was underrated magic.

3. "I Love You More Than You'll Ever Know" Blood, Sweat and Tears, 1968

It's very much like an Isaac Hayes song, but with fuzz guitar way up front. It's just cool.

4. "Heart Full of Love"

The Invincibles, 1965

My favorite soul song of all time. It's perfect.

5. "Your Body, Not Your Soul"

Cuby and the Blizzards, 1966

Completely bonkers. They're a Sixties European garage band, and everybody's bashing in unison.

6. "All Night Long" Junior Kimbrough, 1992

He'd play the rhythm part, locking in with the drums in a hypnotic way. It's not blues; it's weird North Mississippi soul.

7. "The Spook" Pete Drake, 1964

It sounds like Ethiopian music recorded at Stax.

8. "Commotion"

Creedence Clearwater Revival, 1969

Fogerty played a fucking miniature Rickenbacker through a solid-state Kustom amp. Nobody used that shit; his whole sound was unique.

9. "Some Kinda Nut" Moon Men, 1963

The most aggressive, I-wanna-kill-you guitar ever put to tape. It's like Link Wray's trying to destroy people's minds with the solos in this song.

10. "Space Guitar"

Johnny "Guitar" Watson, 1953

He used to have, like, a 50-foot guitar cable, and he'd go through the audience playing guitar on his buddy's shoulders. He was a total showman, and you hear that on this song: crazy, showy, with wild studio effects.

Patrick Carney: Killer Grooves

The simpler the beat, the better," declares the Keys' drummer. "I love John Bonham and Bill Ward, but the best beats are repetitive, like guitar riffs. You never wanna overthink it."

1. "Tramp" Lowell Fulson, 1967

When we first started, we just wanted to sound like this: simple, but heavy as hell.

2. "Groovin'"

Willie Mitchell, 1968

The most badass, sinister thing I've ever heard.

3. "Satisfaction"

Devo, 1978

It's real drums, but it sounds like a machine. To keep time like this is insane.

4. "Can You Get to That"

Funkadelic, 1971

The drummer's behind, then he's on top. He really has feel.

5. "Down on the Street"

The Stooges, 1970

It makes me wanna walk down the street with a switchblade.

6. "She's Alright"

(Electric Mud version)

Muddy Waters, 1968

Music to have sex to, honestly!

7. "She's Not There"

The Zombies, 1964

This is a classic groove. It feels like summertime.

8. "Needles in the Camel's Eye" Brian Eno, 1974

It's two drummers playing together, off time. But it never sounds fucked up.

9. "I Got The"

Labi Siffre, 1975

Eminem sampled this on "My Name Is." Siffre was a badass.

10. "25th Century Quaker"

Captain Beefheart, 1971

It's cave-man music: 10 minutes long, sloppy and out of time – but the feeling is there.

Bon Iver: Hip-Hop Lyrics

I've always been into hip-hop," says Bon Iver's Justin Vernon, who has added vocals to Kanye West's *My Beautiful Dark Twisted Fantasy* and West and Jay-Z's *Watch the Throne*. "A lot of people give the more commercial stuff shit, but I love that, too."

1. "Family Business"

The Fugees, 1996

I can't think of a rap verse I've listened to more than Lauryn Hill's on this song. Rap is a game dominated by dudes, but she's such a fucking badass.

2. "Iz They Wildin Wit Us & Gettin Rowdy Wit Us?"

Busta Rhymes feat. Mystikal, 1998

The way Busta puts some of his words in a rhythmic scheme, I can't get my mind around. It's, like, the fastest rapping of all time.

3. "Agent Orange"

Pharoahe Monch, 2003

This is my favorite hip-hop song, hands down. It's got the gnarliest beat, and Monch is talking about the Iraq War: "I threw a rock, then I ran." Every word in the entire song should be tattooed on someone's body.

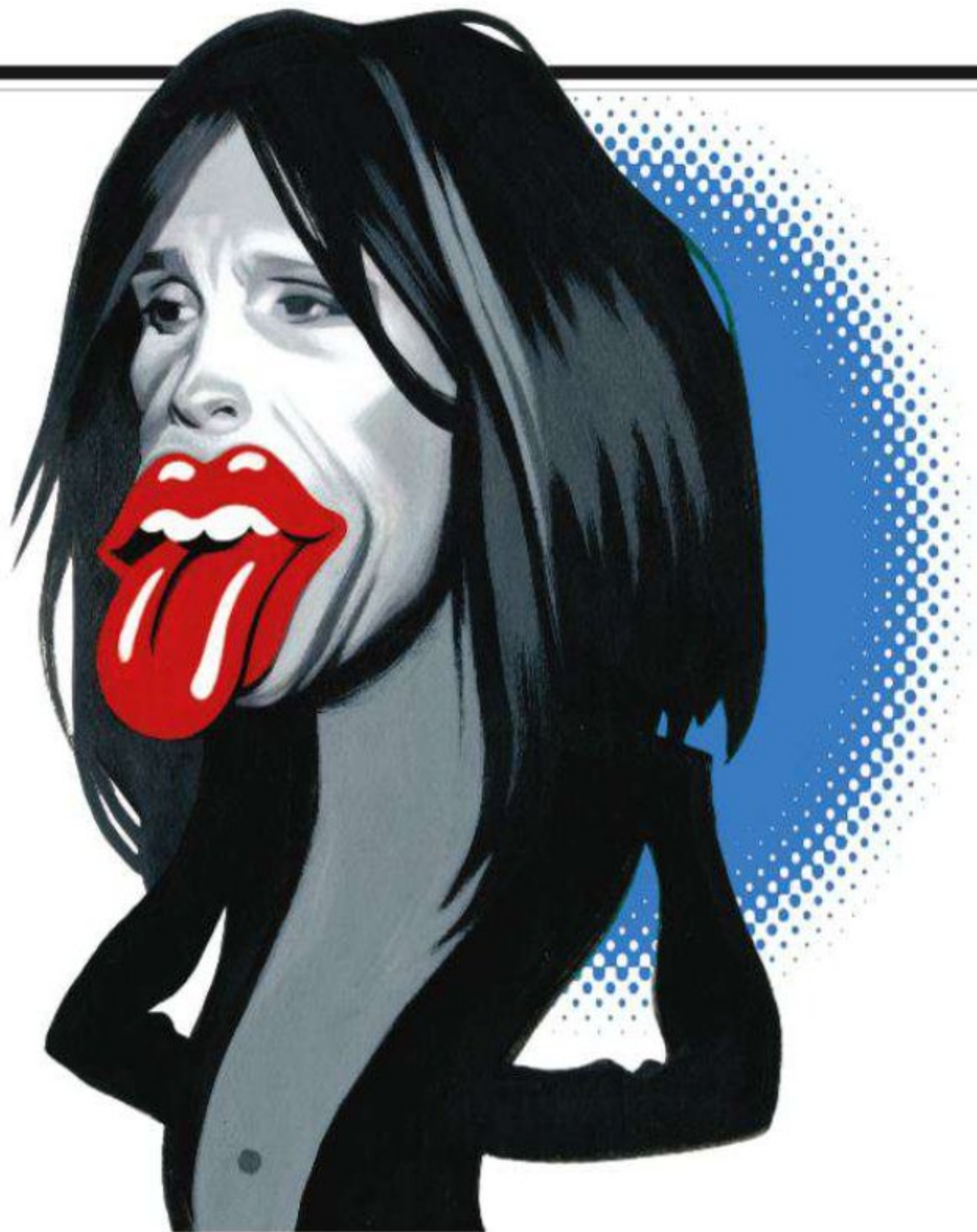
4. "A Star Is Born"

Jay-Z, 2009

In this song, Jay-Z explains what the rap game is in his eyes, and exactly why he is the kingpin of it. He gives props to all these other rappers, but absolutely declares himself on top. You have to hand it to him. He's the only person that could say that shit.

5. "Monster" Kanye West feat. Jay-Z, Rick Ross, Nicki Minaj and Bon Iver, 2010

I don't even like listening to my part on this song – but Nicki Minaj's verse is just unbelievable. I actually watched her record it out in Hawaii. Everybody in the room was looking at each other and shaking their heads.



Steven Tyler: The Rolling Stones

I always got labeled a Mick Jagger look-alike, a wanna-be, and I fucking hated it," says Tyler. "Then I realized Mick was the baddest boy on the block. I learned from the Stones – and from Janis Joplin – that it's not about hitting the notes, it's about having style."

1. "I'm a King Bee" 1964

Slim Harpo wrote this. I'd done it in bands in, like, '64 and '65, but when the Stones did it, it was so much better and different.

2. "Brown Sugar" 1971

This is probably the best rock & roll song short of anything written by Chuck Berry.

3. "Rip This Joint" 1972

When I went to my first rehab, at a place called Hazelden, I brought *Exile on Main Street* on cassette. I remember waking up the first morning there and realizing I hadn't been sober once for the past 12 or 15 years, from LSD to heroin and cocaine and acid. The only way I could get a buzz at that point was to listen to "Rip This Joint."

4. "Get Off of My Cloud" 1965

It's all about those drum fills. I like songs that have a stop – what I call a wet spot. Lit-

tle moments like those are what you remember forever.

5. "Something Happened to Me Yesterday" 1967

Anything Keith sang on always killed me, and this one is so fucking cool.

5. "Hot Stuff" 1976

The song just goes on and on, but it was such a fucking great groove, right?

6. "Memory Motel" 1976

Mick can't sing, but he's one of the best fucking singers in rock & roll.

7. "The Spider and the Fly" 1965

This was the kind of song that inspired me to start writing my own lyrics. When Mick sings, "She was common, flirty, she looked about 30" – that was my kind of lyric. It jumped into my ears.

8. "She Said Yeah" 1965

When I was younger, in all of the bands I was in, way before Aerosmith, we would open sets with "Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby, Standing in the Shadow?" and end with this one. I loved all the reverb and Keith's guitar.

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Wayne Coyne: Pink Floyd

Wayne Coyne loves almost every era of Pink Floyd. "It's just a great story of creative minds that were unafraid," the Flaming Lips frontman says. "It's a big deal for bands to even have a phase one and maybe a phase two, but Pink Floyd had a phase three and phase four. There were just these unpredictable elements in there that made them so humanistic."

1. "Interstellar Overdrive" 1967

This is a very strange, long-winded instrumental freakout. Some of the guitars don't even necessarily feel like they're in tune. They fall all out of whack with each other, but it's amazing.

2. "Lucifer Sam" 1967

It's surf and kind of R&B, and I think Syd Barrett's singing about his house cat: "That cat's something I can't explain." There's such honesty in that. You couldn't write it better yourself because it's so fucked up.

3. "Set the Controls for the Heart of the Sun" 1968

This is around the time that

Roger Waters stepped up, and the music is not as melodic as much as it's pushing into this spacey area. The lyrics are starting to evoke stuff instead of it being a story. This song is just some cool, existential, druggie shit.

4. "Jugband Blues" 1968

It's this silly, English Salvation Army chug-a-lug thing, but at the very end, Syd is singing this strange line of "What exactly is a dream and what exactly is a joke?" It's haunting. Was he losing his mind and he knew it?

5. "Green Is the Colour" 1969

David Gilmour seems to be singing about just fucking some drunk, exotic model on some island. It evokes a magical state of mind.

6. "One of These Days" 1971

You can't understand how people come up with something like that. It's a series of cool sounds. What's it mean? Fuck. Who cares?

7. "Fat Old Sun" 1970

Gilmour is singing about taking Ecstasy or whatever in a sunset, and it seemed like he was singing about me walking in the sunsets of Oklahoma.

8. "Echoes" 1971

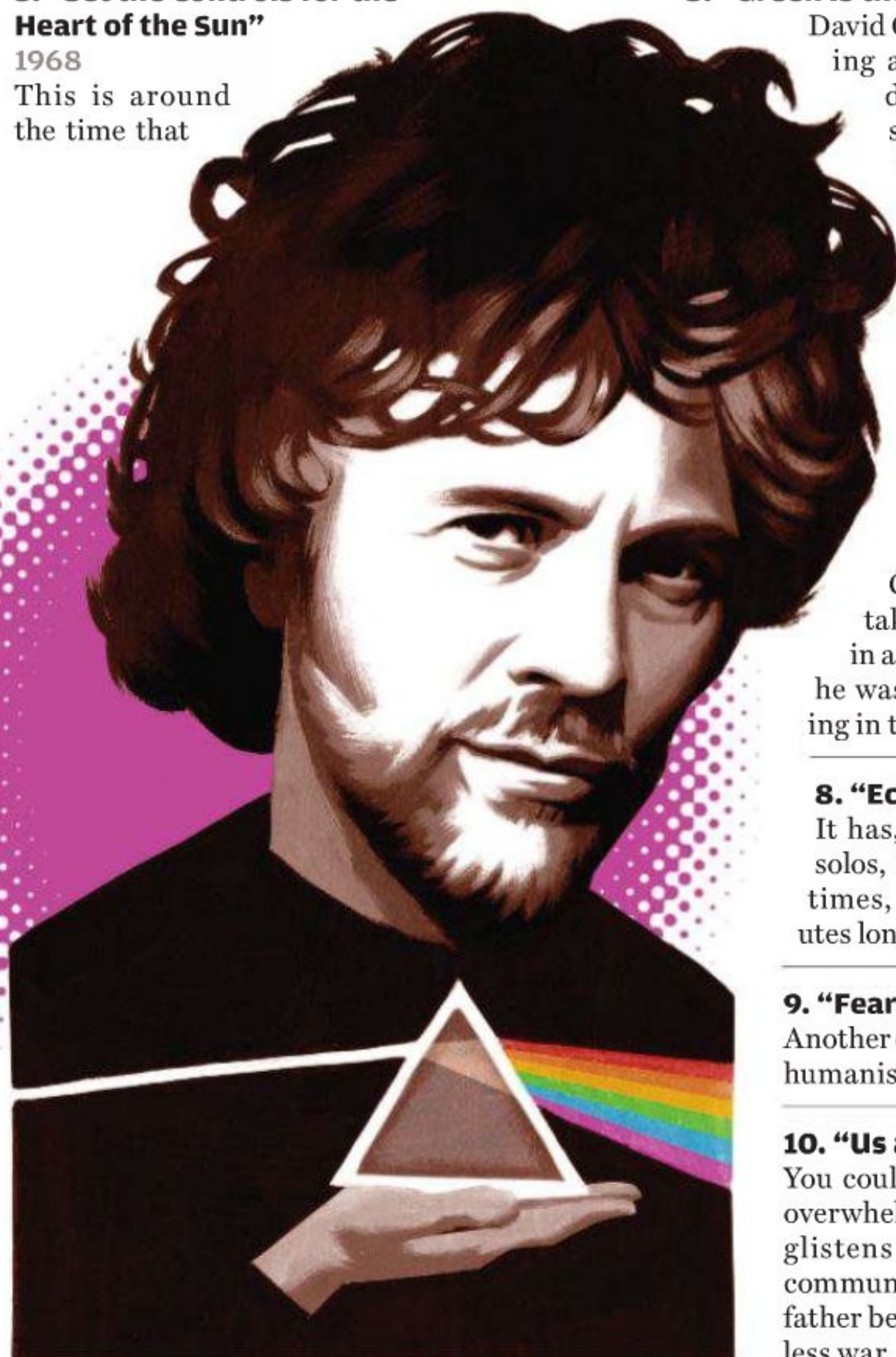
It has, like, five fucking guitar solos, it breaks apart about six times, and it's nearly 25 minutes long.

9. "Fearless" 1971

Another one of those Roger Waters humanistic statements.

10. "Us and Them" 1973

You could hate Floyd and still be overwhelmed by this song. It just glistens with notes. The lyrics communicate angst about Waters' father being killed in another useless war.



Smokey Robinson: Marvin Gaye

Marvin was always late to sessions," recalls Robinson, Gaye's old friend. "But it didn't matter: You'd play a song once and he'd sing it like he wrote it."

1. "Let's Get It On" 1973

So funky, so soulful. One of my favorite parts is the "aaah, baby!" he does up top.

2. "Try It Baby" 1964

I like the subject – you're with somebody when they got nothing, now they have everything and they're too good for you.

3. "How Sweet It Is (To Be Loved by You)" 1964

The melody is so unforgettable, even people who can't sing can sing it. Holland-Dozier-Holland were some of the greatest songwriters of all time.

4. "Sexual Healing" 1982

Marvin went to Belgium to dry out from drugs, and when I saw him later he'd started running and making music. What a comeback.

5. "What's Going On" 1971

I remember visiting Marvin at home when he was working on this LP. He was at the piano, saying, "Smoke, God is writing this album, he's sending me these songs."

6. "I Heard It Through the Grapevine" 1968

The Miracles were the first to record this, and Gladys Knight had a huge hit with it, but Marvin made it haunting from the first note.

7. "You're All I Need to Get By" 1968

I heard this in a Motown meeting. Everybody raised their hand saying it was a smash hit.

8. "That's the Way Love Is" 1969

It's one of those songs where you could go anywhere in the world and people will sing along.

Cee Lo: Southern Hip-Hop

I feel honored to have been part of the Southern rap movement," says R&B star (and Goodie Mob member) Cee Lo Green. "The bass was key: If a song makes my license plate rattle, you know it's doing something right."

1. "We Want Some Pussy"

2 Live Crew, 1986

It was provocative, but I'm wild and loose, so I can appreciate their honesty.

2. "Space Age Pimpin'"

8Ball and MJG, 1995

I call these guys ghetto griots. They came from Memphis and became our first representatives of real Southern rap.

3. "The Piz"

Kilo, 1991
Kilo was an Atlanta pioneer. He introduced that "boyz in the hizzle" slang.

4. "Action"

Poison Clan, 1992

They were very vocabulous, full of analogies and wordplay.

5. "Feel the Bass (Speaker Terror Upper)"

DJ Magic Mike and the Royal Posse, 1989

The hardest and deepest bass you've ever heard. If you had a

Granada or a Caprice Classic, with the Cerwin Vega speakers, it was rock & roll to be offensive with the bass. It was a hood way of saying, "Fuck you."

6. "Sho Nuff"

Tela, 1996

This is a skanky song with a nice, slow, sexy groove. It definitely was a crowd-pleaser in strip clubs like Nikki's.

7. "Watch for the Hook"

Cool Breeze feat. Outkast, Goodie Mob and Witchdoctor, 1998

This one is fast and hard – an East Coast kind of vibe. If there was any competition between those of us on this track, it was just friendly competition. Because everyone was rhyming so differently.

8. "Stay Fly"

Three 6 Mafia, 2005

I love how DJ Paul and Juicy J produce something so angry and urgent. And that beat! It's a sample of [Motown singer] Willie Hutch that they turned into something just tribal.

9. "Cell Therapy"

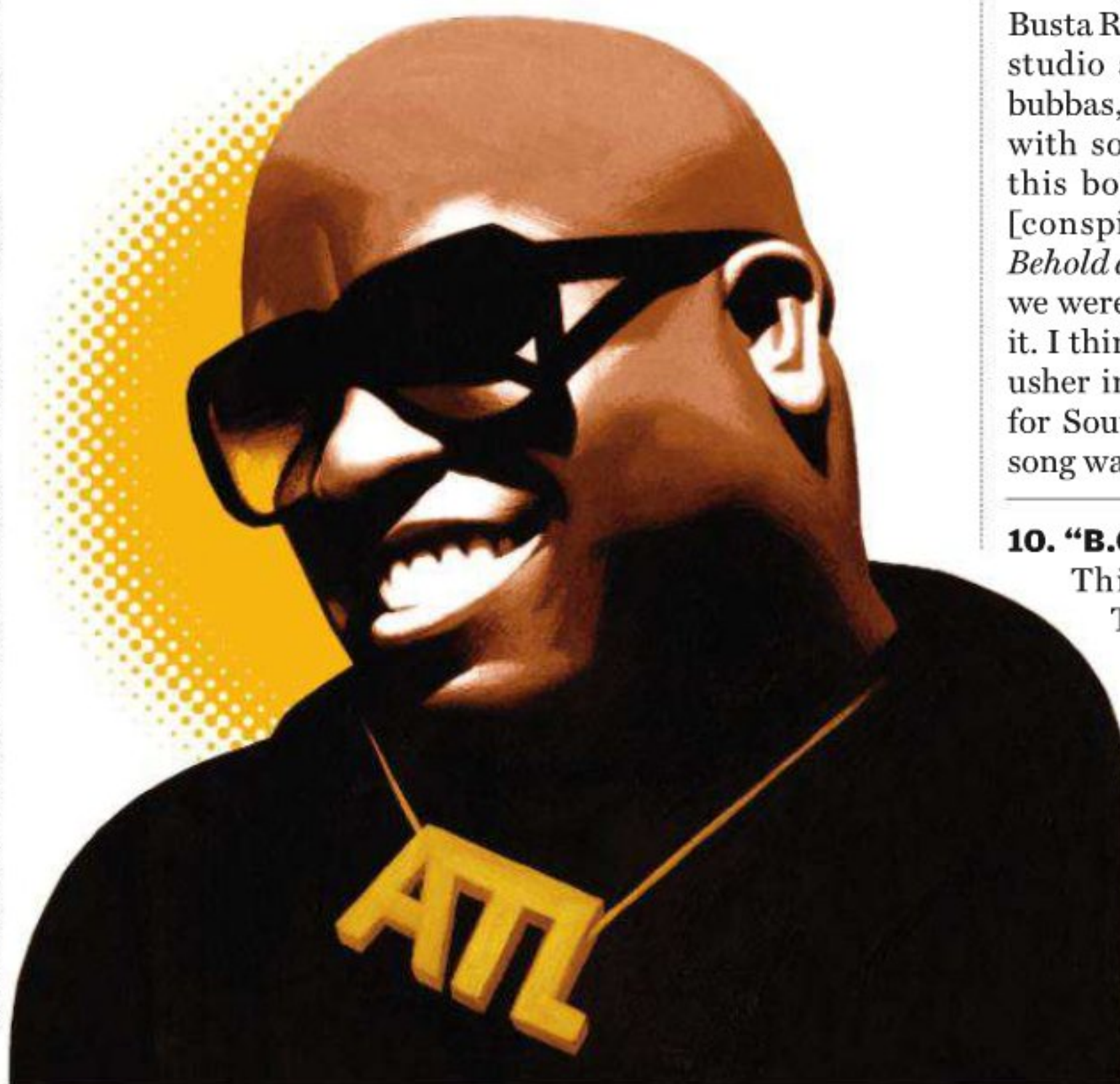
Goodie Mob, 1995

I'm very proud of this song. Busta Rhymes was in the same studio as us and said, "Hey, bubbas, I want to bless you all with some knowledge. Read this book." It was a copy of [conspiracy-theorist tome] *Behold a Pale Horse*. I must say we were heavily influenced by it. I think Goodie Mob helped usher in a new consciousness for Southern music, and this song was a part of that.

10. "B.O.B."

Outkast, 2000

This was just... mega. That image, that intensity, that urgency, that groove. It was like Afrika Bambaataa's "Planet Rock" but with more of a youthful feel to it. All of us working at the time in Atlanta grew because of Outkast's success.



Patti Scialfa: Girl Groups

It was the first time I heard young girls singing about emotion and sexuality," recalls Scialfa of her earliest experience listening to girl groups from the Fifties and Sixties. "They expressed the things you were supposed to hide."

1. "Baby It's You"

The Shirelles, 1961

Uninhibited but innocent sexuality from the first of the girl groups to cross over to a white audience. Just stunning.

2. "Maybe"

The Chantels, 1958

The first million-seller by a girl group. Arlene Smith's singing is

insane – authentic soul phrasing. A song of hope, a romantic, spiritual prayer.

3. "Sally, Go 'Round the Roses"

The Jaynetts, 1963

When I was in high school, if you got pregnant, you disappeared overnight. It was very frightening to me. This song evokes that feeling. It has a kind of sexual shame in it, and it's dark and obsessive.

4. "I'm Blue (The Gong-Gong Song)"

The Ikettes, 1961

Just wicked. These are women who aren't afraid to be unfeminine and powerful.

5. "Da Doo Ron Ron (When He Walked Me Home)"

The Crystals, 1963

Celebratory music with that big Phil Spector Wall of Sound.

6. "Come See About Me"

The Supremes, 1964

Diana Ross' voice is so tiny, but she has real self-knowledge and self-esteem. It's a whisper, like saying it over the telephone and you're a little embarrassed but you say it anyway.

7. "Please Mr. Postman"

The Marvelettes, 1961

I just loved the way this song sounded – the harmonies, the claps, everything.

8. "Walking in the Rain"

The Ronettes, 1964

Ronnie Spector, what can you say? Her voice always sounded like it was broken. One of Phil Spector's iconic arrangements.

9. "Tell Him"

The Exciters, 1962

A great little seductive tune.

10. "He's So Fine"

The Chiffons, 1963

This was the first song I ever heard on my transistor radio. It was a real awakening to hear somebody singing about a complete other world with mystery, desire and love, and they weren't afraid to express it. It was like someone had tossed a road map at my feet: "These things are out there."

Miranda Lambert: Revenge Songs

Revenge songs are just so passionate," says the country superstar, who has specialized in the art of evening the score ever since her 2005 single "Kerosene" (in which she torches her ex's house). "I love songs that make you feel emotion," she says. "These songs do that for me."

1. "Ring the Alarm"

Beyoncé, 2006

You can really hear the fire in her on this song, about a boyfriend that's been cheating. I wouldn't wanna be on the other side of that!

2. "Fist City"

Loretta Lynn, 1968

It's one girl telling another girl, "I'm gonna kick your ass if you don't stay away from my man." Which is awesome. I sing this onstage with the Pistol Annies.

3. "Fuck You"

Cee Lo Green, 2010

I love that Cee Lo just went for it – he doesn't hold back. I'm not sure that the country audience would accept the f-word,

but I could sing the radio version of this song. Definitely.

4. "Before He Cheats"

Carrie Underwood, 2005

Carrie and I sang this together recently. I love the video, where she smashes up the truck. I'm

actually jealous of that part: I wanted to do that myself.

5. "Framed"

Chris Knight, 1997

He's framed for a murder by this guy, who ends up taking his girl. But at the end, he

kills the guy who framed him. It's a sad song. You can hear his angst.

6. "Wake Up Call"

Maroon 5, 2007

In this song, Adam Levine doesn't want the guy around anymore, and he puts it nonchalantly: "I had to shoot him dead." That's what's fun about songs: You can play a character.

7. "Goodbye Earl"

Dixie Chicks, 1999

The girl in the song is a victim of domestic abuse, so she and her friend kill her husband and dump him in the lake – but there's humor in it. I love that.

8. "Since U Been Gone"

Kelly Clarkson, 2004

The message is, "I'm fine without you." That's a form of revenge in itself.

9. "Your Good Girl's Gonna Go Bad"

Tammy Wynette, 1967

A lot of Tammy's songs were about making it work – standing by your man. I love this because she's saying, "I'm tired of being the good girl."

10. "Trailer for Rent"

Pistol Annies, 2011

I had to put my girls on the list. It's about a woman who's just tired of dealing with her man. She's not mad. She doesn't freak out. She just walks.



David Guetta: Dance-Floor Classics

In dance music there are two elements that are almost opposed," says superstar DJ-producer David Guetta, whose new LP, *Nothing But the Beat*, features everyone from Lil Wayne to Nicki Minaj. "You need a hypnotic feeling, which is created by repetition. But emotion comes from changes, chord progressions, melodies. Having both of those elements at the same time is what makes a record a classic."

1. "Around the World"

Daft Punk, 1997

As successful as I've become, I still feel like there's Daft Punk, and then there's the rest of us.

2. "French Kiss"

Lil Louis, 1989

House music was born in Chicago, but this was a revolution. For the first time, an underground instrumental record was on the radio. It was the beginning of house going pop.

3. "Strings of Life"

Rhythm Is Rhythm, 1987

Techno was being invented in Detroit. It was about not respecting musical rules. It's almost out of tune, but it works.

4. "I'll House You"

Jungle Brothers, 1988

I totally relate to this one, because I've always loved hip-hop

and I've always loved house. And 20 years later, I've finally managed to put them together again!

5. "Higher State of Consciousness"

Josh Wink, 1995

Very aggressive and absolutely amazing. I was organizing and playing raves – thousands of kids, no safety, no regulation. "Higher State of Consciousness" was the soundtrack.

6. "Finally"

Kings of Tomorrow, 2000

"Finally" – and vocal house tracks by producers like David Morales and Masters at Work –

brought me back to house after a moment as a hip-hop DJ. I still play it. Beautiful.

7. "Professional Widow (Armand Van Helden remix)"

Tori Amos, 1996

Epic bass line! Armand's remix uses very little of the original – his arrangement is what made it a hit. This is around when DJs start to become superstar DJs.

8. "Smack My Bitch Up"

The Prodigy, 1997

Prodigy and the Chemical Brothers were basically punk bands – except instead of guitars they had synthesizers.

Tom Petty: Elvis

When Tom Petty was 10, his uncle got a job on the set of Elvis Presley's 1962 film *Follow That Dream*, and Petty stopped by. "He arrived in a fleet of white Cadillacs," Petty says. "People were screaming, handing records over a chain-link fence for him to sign. I remember his hair was so black that the sunshine was glowing off of it. Just a nod and a hello made your skin tingle. I was high for weeks. It lit a fever in me to get every record I could, and I really digested it. Elvis became the soundtrack of my early years."

1. "That's All Right" 1954

Elvis and his band were fooling around at the end of a session at Sun with this song, and Sam Phillips heard it right away. It was a pretty obscure Arthur Crudup song, and it's incredible to me that Elvis knew it. He really put his own whack on it. He sings with a hiccup in the timing – I don't know where that came from. The Sun stuff is really high art. It's so pure, and that sense of discovery is there.

2. "Baby Let's Play House" 1955

Arthur Gunter's original was a really obscure blues number – and a really great record. But there's something about Elvis' version that's just otherworldly. Scotty Moore was always such an underrated guitar player. He plays around everything on the track and just fills the holes.

And then when he solos, it's from Mars.

3. "Heartbreak Hotel" 1956

It could have been the national anthem. It rocks, and when the piano comes in, it starts to roll in this really sensual way. The track is very spooky and very empty – there's just bass and a little piano, with D.J. Fontana playing the deepest groove.

4. "Hound Dog" 1956

I love Big Mama Thornton's version, but Elvis changed the gender of the song and completely made it his own. What a vocal.

5. "Mean Woman Blues" 1957

"She kiss so hard she bruise my lips/Hurts so good my heart just flips." That was pret-

ty heavy stuff for a little kid like me to hear. He brought in backup singers the Jordanaires, and used them as a rhythm instrument, which was usually done in old gospel music. That added a whole other dimension.

6. "One Night" 1958

Elvis changed the lyrics of Fats Domino's version, from "One night of sin is what I'm paying for" to "One night with you is what I'm now praying for," which is great. It starts as a standard blues, but then he takes things even higher with the bridge, which leaps out of the song. You're not expecting that, and it's heavenly.

7. "Santa Claus Is Back in Town" 1957

"Santa Claus is coming down your chimney tonight" sounds absolutely filthy when Elvis sings it. It might be his best blues vocal ever, with those beautiful stops that nobody could do but him.

8. "Can't Help Falling in Love" 1961

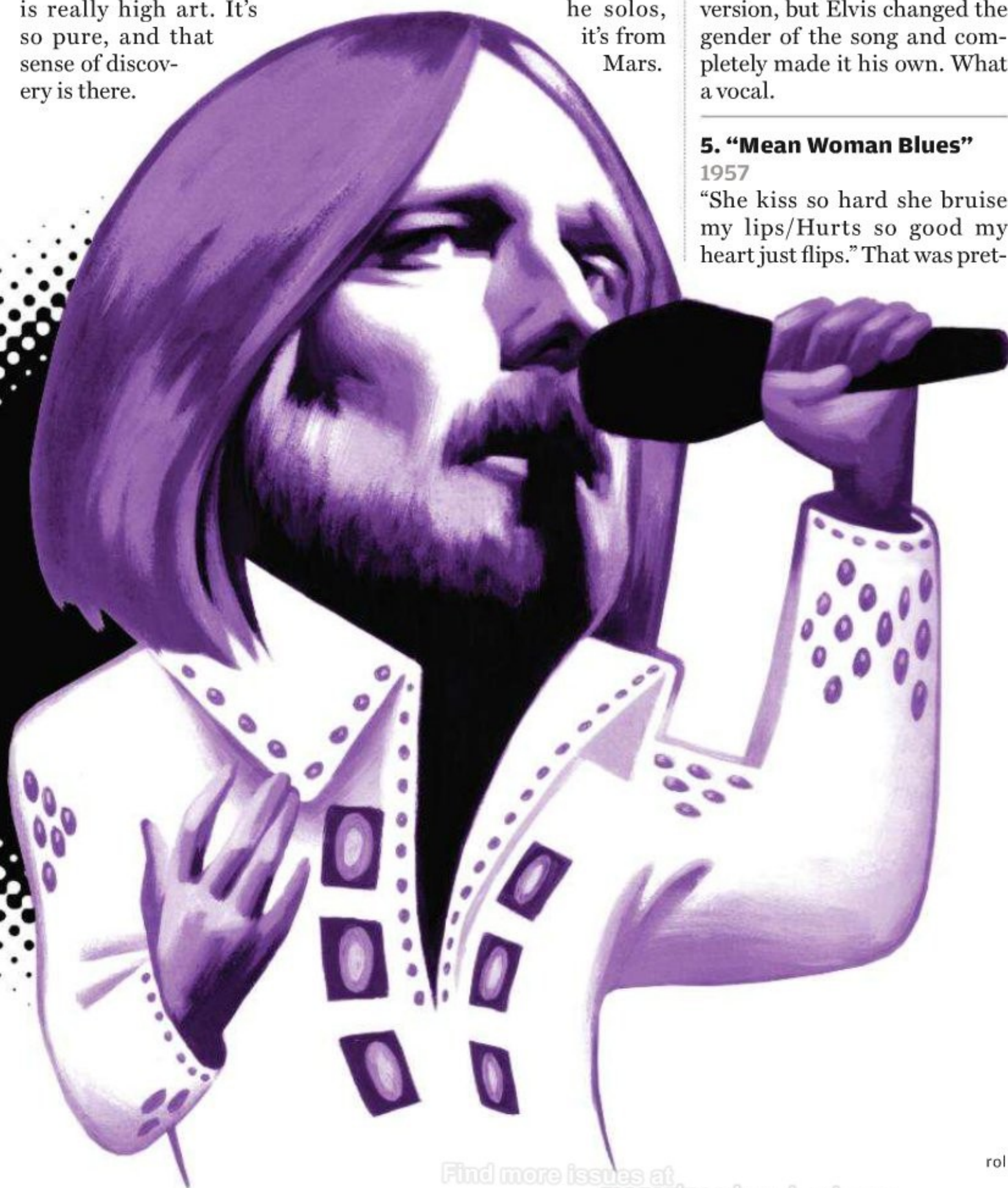
When it came on the radio, it'd make you swoon every time. I prefer Elvis before he went into the Army in '58, but he did come back and do a few great things. It wasn't all over.

9. "A Mess of Blues" 1960

It was one of his first sessions when he came back from the Army, recorded with this great band from Nashville – one of the best ones of that era. The lyrics are sad, but he sounds triumphant.

10. "(Marie's the Name) His Latest Flame" 1961

An acoustic guitar and a snare drum played with brushes carry the rhythm, but when the six-string bass comes in and the piano goes up to the high register, the whole thing jumps out of the speaker. I used to have a tape of alternate takes. It was kind of a mess when they started, and it turned into this beautiful arrangement.



Thurston Moore: Punk

Sonic Youth's Moore has loved punk since he heard Richard Hell, Patti Smith and Television as a teen. His list salutes the genre's raw beginnings and scuzzy outer limits.

1. "Vicious" Lou Reed, 1972

He was a blueprint for me: literate, acerbic, street-smart, unafraid amid the apocalypse.

2. "Penetration"

Iggy and the Stooges, 1973
One of the most ultradark sexual songs ever recorded.

3. "Little Johnny Jewel"

Television, 1975
Unlike anything I'd ever heard before. It defined a sensibility I wanted to investigate.

4. "You Gotta Lose"

Richard Hell and the Voidoids, 1976
He was singing in this yelping-dog style, and the lyrics were a strange new kind of poetry.

5. "Orphans" Teenage

Jesus and the Jerks, 1978
Still radical. And I love that it was made by a 19-year-old runaway girl, Lydia Lunch.

6. "God Speed"

Patti Smith Group, 1978
The way Dylan was for people brought up in the Sixties, Patti was for me in the Seventies.

7. "My Boyfriend"

Suburban Lawns, 1981
When this came out, either you owned it or you were square.

8. "Shit You Hear at Parties" Minutemen, 1982

D. Boon's guitar was so furious.

9. "We Don't Need Freedom"

Saccharine Trust, 1981
A great post-hippie song.

10. "New Radio"

Bikini Kill, 1993
Kathleen Hanna's singing style is this primal screech, and she was an activist. Unbeatable.

Jim James: The Band

The Band were a profound influence on My Morning Jacket, says front-man James: "We always looked up to them. It's so rare to find a group that followed their impulses and didn't give a fuck about the trends of the day. That really speaks to me."

1. "It Makes No Difference" 1978

I'll never forget seeing Rick Danko sing this in *The Last Waltz*. He could be a goofball and a heartbreaker, sometimes at once.

2. "Up on Cripple Creek" 1969

Superfunky; you can tell they had a deep love for soul, funk, every kind of music.

3. "The Unfaithful Servant" 1969

Another of my favorite Danko songs. When I'm in Woodstock, I visit his grave to pay my respects to his massive spirit.

4. "Whispering Pines" 1969

This is filled with such pain, but it contains that tint of hope.

5. "Yazoo Street Scandal" (Basement Tapes version) 1975

Psychedelic funk, with Levon Helm just crushing it. The recording is fucking nasty: dark and dirty, and his voice sounds so fucked up.

6. "Don't Ya Tell Henry" (Basement Tapes version) 1975

I saw Levon do this not long ago, and he still had the energy and spirit of a young child.

7. "Tears of Rage" 1968

Richard Manuel's vocal here is one of the greatest ever captured. There's something about this that's so pure.

8. "Don't Do It" (The Last Waltz version) 1978

The original is by Marvin Gaye, who's maybe my biggest singing influence, and they give it just as much power as his version, if not more.

9. "I Shall Be Released" 1968

One of the most important songs ever written, by Dylan or anyone else. I see this version almost like I see Hendrix's version of "All Along the Watchtower" – like Dylan wrote it just for Manuel to sing.

10. "The Weight" 1968

Back when My Morning Jacket formed, this was one of the first songs we tried, because the harmonies are so great and stacked in such a cool way. But we couldn't do it, couldn't nail 'em. We sang this one with Levon at his house recently, which is pretty fucking crazy.



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THE PLAYLISTS

Adam Levine: Stevie Wonder

I didn't really know Stevie's music until I was about 18, when my drummer played me 'Pastime Paradise,' recalls the Maroon 5 frontman and *Voice* judge. "It started me on a whole new path musically. He defined a vocal style that still gets emulated, and everything he does seems so effortless. It kind of pisses me off."

1. "Summer Soft" 1976

This one sneaks up on you. Stevie keeps raising the key toward the end, and you're like, "How much higher can you go, man?" It's one of the most cathartic, exciting songs I've ever heard.

2. "Sir Duke" 1976

It's impossible to not be in a good mood when this comes on. The horns are crazy, and

it's a cool thing that he's paying homage to his heroes.

3. "I Wish" 1976

When this starts, you think, "The groove is so incredible, I'm already happy." Then he starts singing, and it's Stevie being nasty. Perfect.

4. "My Cherie Amour" 1969

There's so much innocence and purity in this tune. Stevie wasn't afraid to wear his heart on his sleeve. As straight-ahead as his early Motown stuff is, you can tell how special he is.

5. "For Once in My Life" 1968

Nobody was doing these kinds of vocal runs. And then he picks up the harmonica, and you're like, "What?" He plays it like no one's ever heard before.

6. "Living for the City" 1973

This is a really honest look at black America. He's saying, "This is the deal. There's no bullshit here." And the synth sounds are fantastic. Using a synthesizer in the early 1970s was like operating a spaceship.

7. "As" 1976

Stevie never lost that liveliness or looseness he had with Motown, even as he got heavier and more technical in the studio.

8. "Boogie On Reggae Woman" 1974

Stevie can get deep on you, but he can also have fun. This is him letting loose. It's sort of like "Sir Duke," but not as heavy and a little more sexual. And that groove! The synths are stupid crazy.

9. "Don't You Worry 'Bout a Thing" 1973

This is his foray into fake Spanish. What's so rad, though, is he's just talking shit and screwing around, yet it's so sophisticated melodically.

10. "I Believe (When I Fall in Love It Will Be Forever)" 1972

If Stevie's music taught me one thing, it's how bittersweet love is. "Shattered dreams, worthless years." There's a lot of sadness in his lyrics. I think his intention was to inspire people with his honesty.

Lenny Kravitz: John Lennon

While cutting his debut album, *Let Love Rule*, Lenny Kravitz was told it sounded like John Lennon's *Plastic Ono Band* – an LP Kravitz hadn't yet heard. "I listened, and it blew my mind," says Kravitz, who quickly got up to speed on Lennon's post-Beatles work. "The thing that touched me was the brutal honesty. The recordings were raw and stripped down. They were so real."

1. "Mother" 1970

That opening line – "Mother, you had me, but I never had you" – says it all. You can hear the pain he was holding in for all those years. There's a beauty in releasing it and expressing it to others.

2. "Love" 1970

You have a man who had everything, and bottom line, it all comes down to love: "Love is real, real is love." A very simple song, but a complete statement.

3. "God" 1970

It's funny – I do believe in God. But when the song is building and he sings, "I don't believe in Beatles," then it stops and he comes back soft with "I just believe in me – Yoko and me": That moment gives me chills.

4. "Imagine" 1971

What can you say? It's the world anthem for peace. And as simple as it is, I've seen people try to sing it – the best singers in the world – and nobody can sing the damn song like John Lennon. It's all about feel and timing, and he had that.

5. "Working Class Hero" 1970

It turns the regular man who busts his ass for his family into a hero, and I love that. You can put this on when people are chilling, and the room will just go silent.



John Mellencamp: Protest Songs

Political songs are songs by the people," says Mellencamp. "I think it was Jefferson who said that if the people do not seriously question the government every 20 years, then democracy is no longer working. That's why protest songs exist."

1. "Vigilante Man"

Woody Guthrie, 1940

He was writing about the corruptness of people who were supposed to be peacekeepers, dominating the migrant workers and beating them into submission. The strong preying on the weak. Sound familiar?

2. "Strange Fruit"

Billie Holiday, 1939

The label wouldn't even put it out – they felt a song about lynching was so inflammatory. She may have expressed it poetically, but the message was loud and clear.

3. "The Times They Are A-Changin'"

Bob Dylan, 1964

Bob always said he wasn't a protest singer, but of course

he was. This is the obvious one, but he's got hundreds: "Hattie Carroll" and "Masters of War," on and on. He took what Woody Guthrie did and brought it to another level.

4. "Give Peace a Chance"

John Lennon, 1969

With Lennon, the message was always so direct. It takes a lot of talent and a lot of courage to do that.



5. "Front Line"

Stevie Wonder, 1982

This is an amazing song about the Vietnam War, and it was played to death.

6. "What's Going On"

Marvin Gaye, 1971

Another Vietnam song. It's astonishing, almost unbelievable, that white America actually heard these two.

7. "Compared to What"

Les McCann and Eddie Harris, 1969

That's a motherfucker. The first time I heard it, 100 years ago, I thought, "How great, being able to speak to a culture about race and equality."

8. "Ohio"

Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, 1970

Neil wrote this right after the Kent State shootings, and in weeks he had it on the radio. Sometimes you just need to report the news, and that's protest enough.

9. "Folsom Prison Blues"

Johnny Cash, 1955

A protest song of incarceration and lack of rehabilitation in the prison system at the time – which is even worse today.

10. "Get Up, Stand Up"

The Wailers, 1973

With Bob Marley, it wasn't only protest songs, but pop records that spoke to millions.

Damian Marley: Bob Marley

My father has been a voice of encouragement in times of desperation for so many people," says the reggae giant's youngest son. "But he died when I was so young that, for me, his music has been a way for me to get to know him better."

1. "Positive Vibration"

1976
I used to wake up to this song every morning; I had it as my alarm. It's a great way to start the day, because the whole message puts you in a hopeful mood and reminds you that negative breeds negative.

2. "Sun Is Shining" 1978

I love the mood of it, and the bass line is one of the best ever: very heavy, slow and simple. It's dangerous when you hear it through big speakers!

3. "Concrete Jungle" 1973

This is from *Catch a Fire*, which marked his becoming an international star.

4. "Burnin' and Lootin'"

1973
A lot of people know Bob Marley for his more friendly singles, but the majority of his music was revolutionary stuff, like this.

5. "One Love" 1977

This song says that "revolutionary" doesn't mean evil or abusive: You can't become what you're fighting against.

6. "War" 1976

The lyrics are actually from a speech by His Imperial Majesty Emperor Haile Selassie I of Ethiopia. For Rastas, that's our messiah.

7. "We and Dem" 1980

I do this onstage a lot, because it's one of my favorites. I like the hardcore feel to it. It's like, "We've made up our minds. We're not taking any bullshit."

8. "Real Situation" 1980

This song speaks about wars: "Nation war against nation/Where did it all begin?/When will it end?" It's extremely relevant today.

9. "Natty Dread" 1974

This is a great song for Rastafarians to hold our heads high and be proud of our locks. In those days, when you saw someone with locks, it was still a shock!

10. "Crazy Baldhead" 1976

We sampled this on my 1996 song "Me Name Jr. Gong." The high-hat has a swing to it that's a little unorthodox; it was a new style that's since become a staple in reggae.

Lou Reed: Great Lyrics and Jukebox Hits

Reed describes these 10 songs as the cream of his “mental jukebox,” from songs he loved growing up to ones he discovered later. All reflect the flab-free aesthetic he perfected first with the Velvet Underground, then as a solo artist. “One of the beautiful things about rock is the no-kidding-around,” he says. “I wanted to get a sense of closeness, like William Burroughs. That’s asking for trouble: Who could beat Uncle Bill? But there was a way you could: in a rock song.”

1. “Smoke From Your Cigarette” Lillian Leach and the Mellows, 1955

Lillian Leach has the most beautiful smoky voice, like a *femme fatale*. And the tempo is so slow. Even though it is doo-wop, the record transcends it. They had a male lead singer, but he was smart enough not to sing this.

2. “Angel Baby” Rosie and the Originals, 1960

I love the stumbled beat and the out-of-tune guitar. It’s teenage lust at its peak. Warhol played this constantly at the Factory, with Edith Piaf and Maria Callas.

3. “The End of the World” Skeeter Davis, 1962

If there is a better bar song, I’d like to know what it is.

4. “I Touch Myself” Divinyls, 1991

This captures a whole different world of being in love than these other songs.

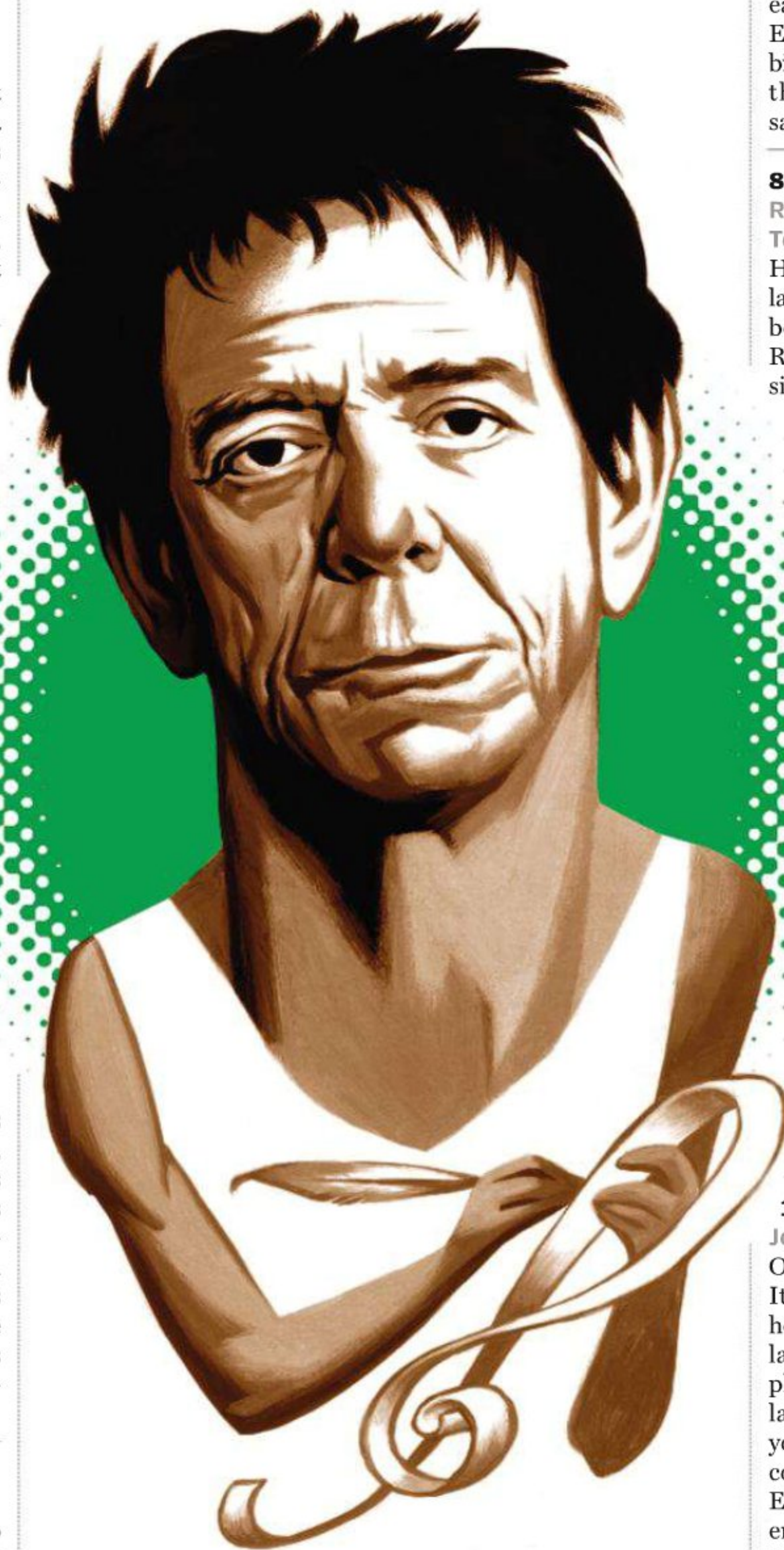
5. “Save the Last Dance for Me” The Drifters, 1960

[Co-writer] Doc Pomus was getting married. He had polio, he’s in his wheelchair, and his friends were dancing with his wife-to-be. He started writing on a place card: “You can dance, you can carry on.” Doc’s daughter gave me the place card. You will never hear this song the same way after knowing that.

6. “The Wanderer”

Dion, 1961

I always loved that guy-group thing. “The Wanderer” – “I tear



open my shirt and show ‘em Rosie on my chest” – is hard to beat. Isn’t that a weird title from some white guy in the Bronx? That would be a dream. He’s not going to wander past the A train.

7. “Hello Mary Lou”

Ricky Nelson, 1961

It’s the James Burton guitar solo. [Guitarist] Robert Quine once made me a tape of all of the Burton solos from Ricky Nelson’s records. Burton had this great way of sliding into each one. When he played with Elvis Presley, it got buried in the big band, the gospel choir and the 14 banana-and-bacon sandwiches.

8. “Ooby Dooby”

Roy Orbison and Teen Kings, 1956

He’s known for the great ballads, but this is rockabilly at its best. Roy Orbison is the real Ricky Nelson here. The other side, “Go Go Go,” has a great guitar break, like the white version of a Chuck Berry solo. A dead aim – two fast rockabilly songs on the same record.

9. “Foot of Pride”

Bob Dylan, 1983

That’s the song I picked to do at Bobfest [in New York in 1992]. I’d been listening to it almost every day for two months. It’s so fucking funny: “Did he make it to the top? Well, he probably did and dropped.”

There are so many verses, it was impossible to learn. G.E. Smith, who was playing with me, turned the pages. There is a lot of anger here. It’s not the Three Stooges.

10. “Mother”

John Lennon, 1970

One of the greatest songs ever. It has straight-out-of-the-heart feeling about a filial relationship, done in the simplest way, with the simplest language possible. It breaks your heart – a very brave recording. When I was touring Europe recently, we did “Mother.” It was fun going for the primal note.

Ke\$ha: Party Starters

When Ke\$ha was 15, she went to a party that stayed with her. "The couch was on fire, there were sweaty, shirtless people dancing," she says. "That's why I do what I do: I like seeing people lose their shit and not give a fuck about what other people think of them."

1. "Sympathy for the Devil"

The Rolling Stones, 1968

At the beginning, you have the jungle beat and the screaming. It could be a human being or a bird. But whatever it is, it makes me want to go fucking crazy.

2. "School's Out"

Alice Cooper, 1972

Recently somebody referenced "Tik Tok" as a more contemporary-pop version of "School's Out." I just played the song with Alice at the Whiskey, actually. The thing gets my blood boiling. It's just an anthem for every adolescent.

3. "Bohemian Rhapsody"

Queen, 1975

I first heard this in *Wayne's World*, my favorite movie. My friends and I used to get fucked up in L.A. and ride

around in our version of the Mirthmobile and scream it at the top of our lungs.

4. "White Room"

Cream, 1968

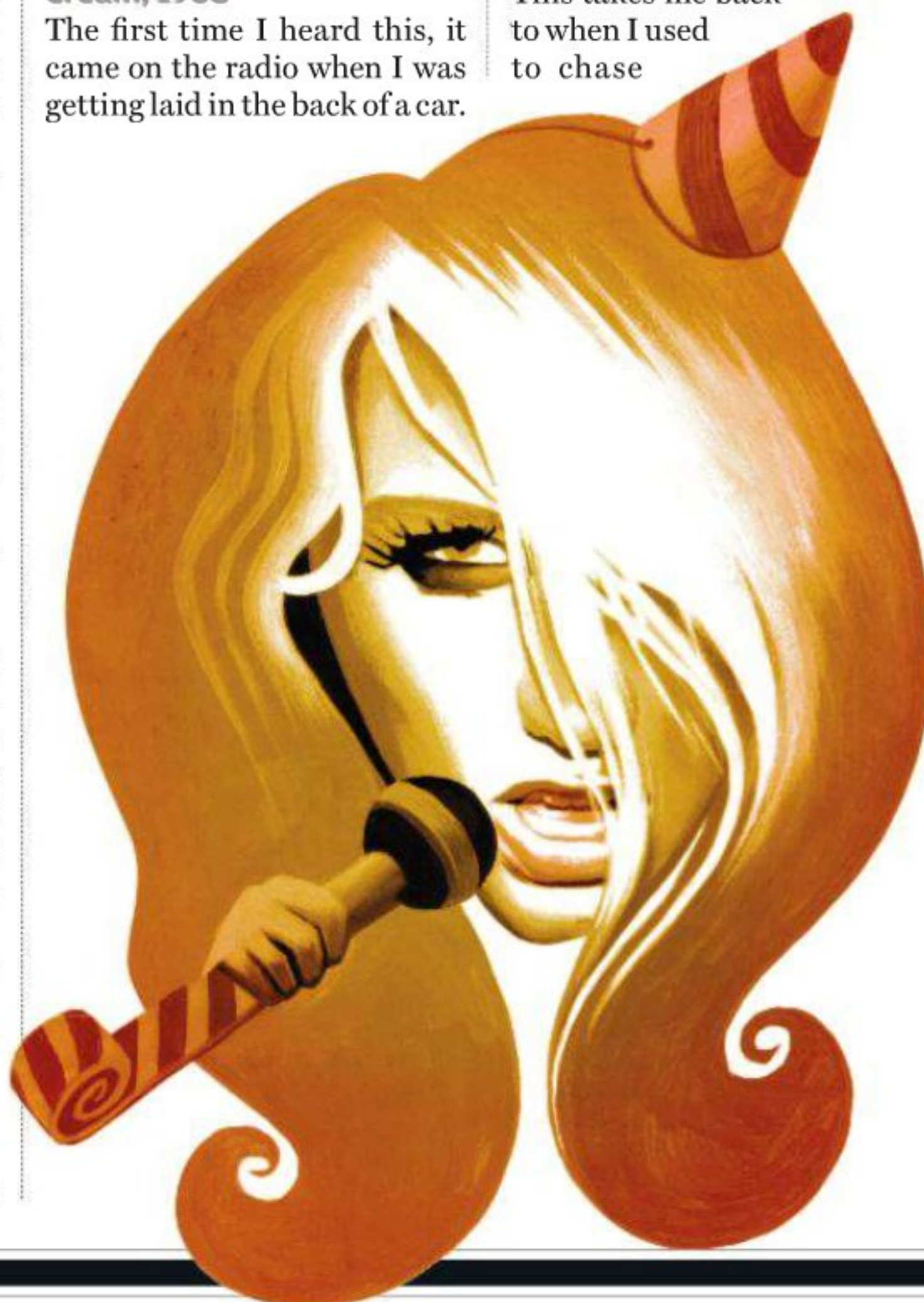
The first time I heard this, it came on the radio when I was getting laid in the back of a car.

I was like, "Whatever this is, it's my new favorite song."

5. "Thickfreakness"

The Black Keys, 2003

This takes me back to when I used to chase



the Black Keys around Southern California at 17. I met them a few times, and they were terrified of me.

6. "Real Wild Child (Wild One)"

Iggy Pop, 1986

This is my theme song. It's my walk-off music at shows. Iggy is one of my ultimate heroes.

7. "Hey Ya" Outkast, 2003

One of the best songs of hip-hop ever. A party anthem forever.

8. "Black Dog"

Led Zeppelin, 1971

The other night I got back from a strip club in Portland, this came on, and I started destroying my hotel room. Granted, I was hammered, and it was a full moon.

9. "Honky Tonkin"

Hank Williams, 1947

This is the original tearing-up-the-club song. It just makes me want to drink whiskey.

10. "Psycho Killer"

Talking Heads, 1977

David Byrne is fucking amazing, and they pushed boundaries. My friends and I loved this song so much we decided to give each other "Psycho Killer" tattoos inside our lips, but we were so fucked up it ended being a disgusting, bloody mess. This comes on, I dance even if I'm dead sober.

Gregg Allman: Blues Vocals

Allman heard his first blues – by Howlin' Wolf – as a teen. "Though it's pretty basic in structure, it carries a lot of emotion," he says. "It can bring your spirits up, or if you're in a hole, it can get you deeper. It's amazing what they do with those three chords."

1. "The Danger Zone"

Ray Charles, 1961

I think it's the first political song he ever did, about the apocalypse. I thought it was very strange that he'd do something like that, but it has always appealed to me. It stops and starts, and it's very soulful.

2. "Grits Ain't Groceries"

Little Milton, 1969

Oh, God, that intro – "If I don't love you, baby!" It sends chills up my spine. It sounds like he's singing that song on one knee, with a ring in his hand.

3. "What's Going On"

Marvin Gaye, 1971

If anyone could sing the blues, it was Marvin. He made some of the most soulful sounds I've ever heard from anybody.

4. "Born in Chicago"

The Paul Butterfield Blues Band, 1965

His signature tune. He brought that killer harp to the blues.

The whole band, with Mike Bloomfield on guitar, is killer.

5. "Driftin' Blues"

Bobby "Blue" Bland, 1967

It kinda just floats, and Bland sings like he's got his feet up on a footstool, kicking back with a drink.

6. "Losing Faith in You"

B.B. King, 1968

It sounds like he borrowed Ray Charles' band. They're on fire.

7. "Nine Below Zero"

Sonny Boy Williamson, 1961

What he does with that fucking harmonica is amazing, and

the low notes can shake the house, man.

8. "You Don't Miss Your Water ('Til Your Well Runs Dry)"

Taj Mahal, 1968

Taj's singing goes over the top. It's about a guy who screwed up. One time in my life, I could relate to that!

9. "Born Under a Bad Sign"

Albert King, 1967

My brother Duane and I really dug him. I don't know a guitar player alive who didn't cut their teeth on Albert.

10. "Gypsy Woman"

Muddy Waters, 1947

I love that lyric "You your mama's bad-luck child!" That just kills me.

Billy Gibbons: Blues Guitar

Some people dismiss blues solos as simple – but the complexity that lies between the lines is baffling,” says Gibbons. “I’ve listened to these songs since I was 13. I keep going back and back.”

1. “Hide Away”

Freddie King, 1961

The defiant waterfall riff goes from the neck to the end of the fingerboard. Time to practice if ya wanna get this one right.

2. “The Freeze”

Albert Collins, 1958

A smoking instrumental, simple and engaging.

3. “Stormy Monday Blues”

Bobby Bland, 1962

A showcase for Wayne Bennett. His solo oozes like thick goo.

4. “Shotgun Rider”

Freddie Roulette, 1968

Playing behind “Bo Diddley,” an interpreter of Bo Diddley, he rips a staccato steel-guitar solo.

5. “Sunny Land”

Elmore James, 1954

He relies on his tried-and-true “Dust My Broom” riff, but this is *the* way to experience him.



6. “I Wouldn’t Lay My Guitar Down”

Mike Henderson, 1996

A slippery, string-slingin’ slide-bar thrashin’.

7. “Still a Fool”

Muddy Waters and Little Walter, 1951

Muddy and Little Walter duet for a mesmerizing give-and-take.

8. “How Blue Can You Get”

B.B. King, 1964

B.B.’s tone is righteous. He shows you how an electric guitar can set you free.

9. “Astral Projection Blues”

Jimmie Vaughn, 1998

He takes the blues past 12-bar progression and into the ether.

10. “Boogie in the Dark”

Jimmy Reed, 1954

A slide solo sometimes credited to Reed on slide or steel guitar, or Eddie Taylor on both. As the saying goes, “I digs it!”

Fleet Foxes’ Robin Pecknold: Folk Songs

I started in high school with the big dogs: Dylan, Neil and Joni,” says Pecknold, who went on to discover subgenres from Appalachian ballads to Australian work songs. “My favorite folk songs have melodies so amazing you don’t even need a chorus.”

1. “Mama, You Been on My Mind”

Bob Dylan, 1964

I would listen to this after breakups. He tries to seem nonchalant – but you can tell he gives a shit about the girl.

2. “Me and My Woman”

Roy Harper, 1971

He’s a virtuosic guitarist. This song is on *Stormcock*, this great, densely layered folk opus.

3. “Where Is My Wild Rose?”

Chris Thompson, 1977

I love covering this. He plays simply, but with little licks to show he kicks ass at guitar.

4. “My Only Son”

Duncan Browne, 1973

I found Duncan on a folk blog. He’s from a classical-guitar background, but he writes McCartney-esque melodies.

5. “Lord Bateman and the Turkish Lady”

John Jacob Niles, 1956

He’s such an interesting storyteller. This is a ballad about a lord who travels to Turkey and ends up in prison. You listen just to hear what happens.

6. “The Humpback Whale”

Nic Jones, 1980

It’s an Australian whaling song, kind of a travelogue of one season on the sea.

7. “Lady-O”

Judee Sill, 1971

She was a folk singer in California in the early 1970s who had this really unique style. Her lyrics are like a book of tarot cards, and her pitch is amazing.

8. “The End of the Rainbow”

Richard and Linda Thompson, 1973

The music is so well matched to the lyrics – it has these weird diminished chords, and the lyrics have creepy twists that match them in such a great way.

9. “If I Had a Hammer (The Hammer Song)”

Pete Seeger, 1956

It’s the perfect poetic protest song, and broad enough that it can apply to almost anything. I love how it starts as wishful thinking and turns into full-on empowerment at the end. The Peter, Paul and Mary version has rad energy too.

10. “Parasite”

Nick Drake, 1972

A great example of how much you can do with a guitar and a voice. That whole *Pink Moon* record is pretty bleak. I would listen to him and Elliott Smith constantly in high school – I feel like they are kindred spirits.

Nile Rodgers: Disco

I watched this sweeping change where New York morphed from dangerous to wonderful, a hip mosaic," recalls Chic's mastermind. "Inside a club, it was nirvana."

1. "Girl You Need a Change of Mind"

Eddie Kendricks, 1973

This is disco's Big Bang. So many breakdowns, so intricate.

2. "Love to Love You Baby"

Donna Summer, 1975

It was over-the-top erotic, and it was life-changing. It opened my mind to this new music.

3. "Cherchez La Femme"

Dr. Buzzard's Original Savannah Band, 1977

A retro record that reeked of the big-band music I loved as a child. This was the essence of the Chic formula – an experience that transformed you back to a different era, but you were still in modern times.

4. "Good Times" Chic, 1979

It was the "disco sucks" summer, but this was a hit anyway.

5. "Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood"

Santa Esmerelda, 1977

It sets this magical Spanish guitar to a big, building groove.

6. "My Love Is Free"

Double Exposure, 1976

They wrote about the economy and politics, breaking away from just love and dancing.

7. "Supernature"

Cerrone, 1977

It felt like art: Dalí or Picasso with a groove. Later, we ripped off the bass line for "I Want Your Love."

8. "In the Bush"

Musique, 1978

This guy just did crazy harmonic stuff. His records were half the foundation of what I've written the rest of my life.

Mike D: Classic New York Hip-Hop

Back then, it was incredible just to go to the record store," says Mike D of the Beastie Boys. "Every month there was a new 12-inch that was gonna completely change the game. These songs are among the most innovative moments in music, not just rap."

1. "Eric B. Is President"

Eric B. and Rakim, 1986

If this came on in the club, everybody just rushed the dance floor. Rakim had a distinct voice and incredible skills; no other MC had been showcased like this. And Eric B. was aloof, but also just the coolest DJ you could have.

2. "Bring the Noise" and "Fight the Power" Public Enemy, 1987, 1989

These songs rank up there with the most urgent rebel political music of any genre of all time. Cars would go screaming down the

street, those songs blasting. They felt like the soundtrack to a wet, hot, angry summer in New York City.

3. "Me Myself and I" De La Soul, 1989

One of the happiest party tracks of all time – it just comes on and there's instant good vibes. But De La Soul were really innovative, too. If any group came out tomorrow with this song, everybody would freak out over it.

4. "Raw" Big Daddy Kane, 1987

Big Daddy Kane was just that: raw. No one was coming out with a track that seemed so fast and hard.

5. "Sucker M.C.'s" Run-DMC, 1983

One of the most groundbreaking records in any genre, ever. They perfected an aesthetic that was at hip-hop's roots – just a DJ and two MCs. When we got to tour with them in 1986, it was a dream come true.

6. "Top Billin'" Audio Two, 1987

Perhaps not as groundbreaking as some of the other songs, but, damn, this was good.

7. "Rock the Bells" LL Cool J, 1985

LL comes with such ferocity. A lot of great vocal takes are like this – Lennon's "Mother," for example – where it sounds like they've done 20 takes and their voice is just about to go out.

8. "South Bronx"

Boogie Down Productions, 1986

That was a real friggin' anthem. People would rush the dance floor just to fuck things up. If the DJ played it at the right moment in the night, somebody was gonna get punched in the face.

9. "Planet Rock"

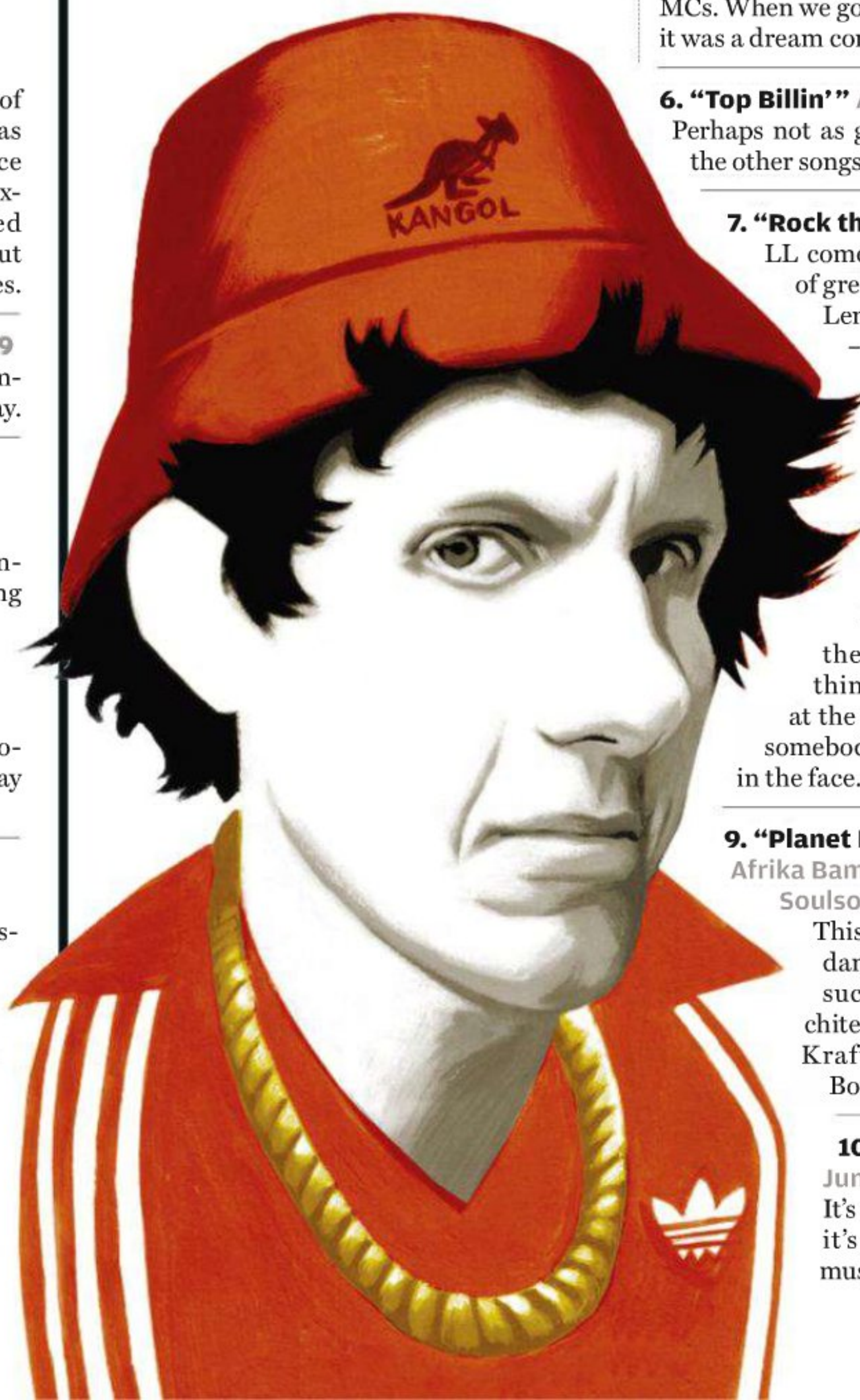
Afrika Bambaataa and the Soulsonic Force, 1982

This was a New York City breakdance classic. Bambaataa was such a brilliant hip-hop architect – of course he would put Kraftwerk next to Incredible Bongo Band, or whatever.

10. "Jimbrowski"

Jungle Brothers, 1987

It's about someone's penis, but it's also Friday-night party music in the absolute best sense.



Merle Haggard: Songs I Wish I'd Written

Merle Haggard was two years old when he first heard country great Stuart Hamblen's show blaring from his parents' AM radio in Bakersfield, California. Haggard, 74, went on to have 40 Number One country hits and became a pioneer of the outlaw country movement. What makes a great song? "It's got to make a blue flame go behind my left ear and chill bumps run all over my body. And immediately you say, 'Why didn't I think of that? I could have written that, but I didn't think of it.'"

1. "Ring of Fire"

Johnny Cash, 1963

It may be the hottest record I've ever heard. I remember hearing this on four different stations at the same time. Johnny Cash told me he dreamed those Spanish horns. It woke him up and he went in and did it. I've had some great dreams, but I never can remember the good ones. They get away before noon.

2. "Devil Woman"

Marty Robbins, 1962

I was hanging out with Wynn Stewart's band in Vegas, and they handed me a guitar. I played this, and their mouths fell open. It led to my first big job, playing bass in his band.

3. "A Word or Two to Mary"

Lefty Frizzell, 1967

It's a ballad about a soldier in a battle, taking a message from

his dying buddy to give to his wife. It's a sad song, but really great.

4. "Sunday Morning Coming Down"

Kris Kristofferson, 1970

Kris is a genius. I was in the audience when Johnny Cash sang it on TV. They didn't want him to sing the line "Wishin', Lord, that I was stoned," but he did, and it brought the house down.

5. "Give It Away"

George Strait, 2006

Jamey Johnson wrote this. It's about two people breaking up. He says, "What are we gonna do with the chairs and table?" She says, "Fuck it! Give it away." Jamey is the first to come along in a long spell with the ability to write that way.

6. "Always on My Mind"

Willie Nelson, 1978

Everybody can identify with this song, written by Johnny Christopher, Mark James and Wayne Carson, at some place in their life, and Willie had the nerve to record it on the tail end of Elvis' success with it. I said, "You're crazy!" Crazy as a fox, it turned out – his version was a Number One hit.

7. "Settin' the Woods on Fire"

Hank Williams, 1952

Hank was on the road, and they stopped at this Mexican joint. There wasn't a rest stop for miles, so Hank went in the woods and took a shit. He said, "I'm setting the fucking woods on fire! That was the hottest goddamn chili I've ever seen!" Before they'd driven another few miles, Hank had a song.

8. "Waiting for a Train"

Jimmie Rodgers, 1929

Jimmie had tuberculosis most of his career, and still left us this great legacy.

9. "Harper Valley PTA"

Jeannie C. Riley, 1968

Tom T. Hall wrote this one, and it's not something that you want to sing at church. It's about a mother wearing her skirt a bit too high, and the people at the PTA gossip about her. Tom's got it all rhymed into perfection.

10. "When No Flowers Grow"

Tommy Collins, 1968

It's about a woman who accidentally kills her child by backing over him. She goes crazy, picking flowers in the snow, when no flowers grow. It's an expert piece of work.

CONTRIBUTORS:

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Coldplay make a grand bear-hug record for a bear-market world

Coldplay ★★½

Mylo Xyloto *Capitol*

BY JOSH EELLS



In the three years since Coldplay's last album, the world's problems have gotten a little more urgent. A cratering economy, riots from Tahrir to Tottenham, the prolonged ubiquity of the Kardashians – these are things that can't be solved with a lullaby, even from the biggest band to emerge in the 21st century. Chris Martin knows this. But Coldplay's fifth album – and most ambitious yet – suggests Martin cares too much not to at least *try* to help.

Coldplay recently entered their second decade together – the same point Springsteen made *Born in the U.S.A.* and U2 made *Achtung Baby* – so it comes as no surprise they'd want a zeitgeist-y, big-statement album of their own. On *Mylo Xyloto*, the choruses are bigger, the textures grander, the optimism more optimistic. It's a bear-hug record for a bear-market world.

Aided again by Brian Eno, Coldplay are still dabbling in the kind of cool-weird artiness they truly went for on 2008's *Viva La Vida*. But where that album sometimes seemed like a self-conscious attempt to diversify their sound, with a world-music vibe and U2-style sound effects, this time Coldplay have integrated the "Enoxification" (as they call it) into their own down-the-middle core: Check out the cascading choral vocals that augment Martin's soaring refrain on "Paradise." Prominent elements prop up the sonic

cathedrals: Jonny Buckland's guitar, which is riffier and more muscular than ever, and Euro-house synths that wouldn't sound out of place at a nightclub in Ibiza.

Martin says *Mylo Xyloto* was inspired by 1970s New York graffiti and the Nazi-resistance movement known as the White Rose – it's probably no coincidence both were about young people embracing art in times of turmoil. Here, Coldplay rage in their own lovably goofy way. On the rave-tinged "Every Teardrop Is a Waterfall," Martin imagines a revolution powered by dancing kids. "Hurts Like Heaven" might be the first Coldplay tune to which you can bust something resembling a move. The lyrics seem to be about fighting the Man – "Don't let 'em take control!" – but Martin sounds ebullient over a spry New Wave beat.

Explicit political statements aren't really Martin's thing; he's in the uplift business. *Mylo Xyloto* suggests he's fully embraced his role as a not-terribly-cool guy who's good at preaching perseverance, in a voice that's warm and milky like afternoon tea. By the time he croons, "Don't let it break your heart!" over "Where the Streets Have No Name"-style guitar sparkle near the album's end, you can't help but think he's an inspiration peddler who believes what he's belting.

Oddly enough, the best moments are darker ones. "Princess of China" is a ballad about loss and regret, co-starring Rihanna. It's a partnership that probably came together over champagne brunch at Jay-Z's, but its synth-fuzz groove is offhandedly seductive. It's followed by "Up in Flames," a minimalist slow jam. Martin sings nakedly about how break-ups can feel like the end of the world, or maybe it's about the actual end of the world. Either way, as end-times lullabies go, it's pretty sweet.

Key Tracks: "Hurts Like Heaven," "Princess of China"



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AND THE BAND
PLAYS ON Waits cut
Bad as Me with
Keith Richards,
Marc Ribot, David
Hidalgo and others.

Waits Sharpens His Swordfishtrombone

With an all-star band, Waits cuts a killer LP that plays to the moment

Tom Waits ★★★★★ *Bad as Me* Anti-



"With my coat and my hat/I say goodbye to all that," snarls Tom Waits on "Chicago," hopping a train rhythm of horns, harmonica, banjo and electric guitars. The opener of his latest set is a classic American narrative: a hard-luck case setting out for a better life. But this is 2011, the world bled by Wall Street, and things are fucked everywhere. Dude is hoping against hope, but no one – himself included – expects this to end well.

Braying and crooning in Salvation Army finery like a visitor from our last Depression, *Bad as Me* riffs on money, jobs and bosses; also love, war and unending struggle as the norm. It's no big departure for a 61-year-old singer-songwriter who has been representing as a skid-row bard since his twenties. But it plays to the moment as Waits refines his prickly brand of time travel. It might also be his most broadly emotional set ever; certainly it's his most sharply focused record since the game-changing tag team *Swordfishtrombones* and *Rain Dogs* decades ago.

At its heart are electric guitars. Marc Ribot's jagged, Cuban-tinged riffs have helped define Waits' sound since the 1980s. Keith Richards and David Hidalgo (Los Lobos) bring their own takes on American roots music – Richards (who plays on four cuts) with slurred Chuck

Berry licks, Hidalgo with corrido-style blues. Bassists Flea and Les Claypool add angular funk, while a circus trailer of other ace musicians tumbles across the stage.

But Waits' voice is the star – that weird instrument that can seem like shtick on first blush but turns out to be as emotionally true an exaggeration as Thom Yorke's falsetto. His high register is heartbreaking on the grim ballad "Talking at the Same Time," ditto his tenor croon on the epigrammatic "Pay Me" ("The only way down from the gallows is to swing"). And his phlegmy bark destroys everything in its path on "Hell Broke Luce," a tale told in military-chant cadence over Richards' and Ribot's strafing guitars, New Orleans funeral brass and gunfire. "I lost my buddy and I wept, wept," Waits' damaged soldier shouts above the din. "I come down from the meth/So I slept, slept." It's a devastating song, as powerful as anything he's done.

There are moments where shtick gets the better of him. See "Satisfied," a juke-joint rejoinder to the Stones' "(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction," whose narrator addresses "Mr. Jagger and Mr. Richards" while Mr. Richards riffs along. Who could resist? Waits is an artist, but he understands – as he confessed at the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame induction ceremony last year – that he's also in showbiz. It may be a dodgy business. But it doesn't get much better than this.

WILL HERMES

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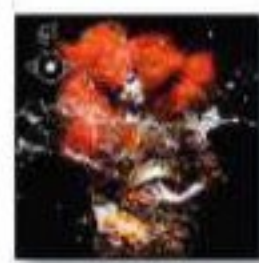
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Björk ★★★★★

Biophilia *Nonesuch*

Come for the iPad gimmick, stay for the eerie brilliance



Björk sings it like a sorceress sharing a recipe: "Nunance makes heat." That line in "Mutual Core" neatly captures the effect of the eerie details that suffuse her eighth album: organ, squishy electronics and the high sighs of a women's choir in stark fields of echo, like a haunted digital sister of Nico's 1969 album, *The Marble Index*. *Biophilia* was partly created on an iPad and is being released as a set of apps. But in the songs, human desires and foibles echo natural phenomena: the fatal passion in "Virus," the new worlds born in "Cosmogony." And when Björk's supernatural voice soars in "Thunderbolt" – "Craving miracles" – soul easily trumps software. **DAVID FRICKE**

Key Tracks: "Mutual Core," "Thunderbolt"

Justice ★★★★★

Audio, Video, Disco

Ed Banger/Because/Elektra/Vice

Parisian dance duo make their kitschy classic-rock move



With their 2007 debut, *7*, Xavier de Rosnay and Gaspard Augé snuck into the hotel lounges and discothèques of the glam hipsterati under the cover of dance music. But on their kitschy and entertaining second album, Justice reveal their true colors: They're prog-rock geeks. *Audio, Video, Disco* preserves the ginormo beats and synth bass of Justice's club jams while adding Seventies-style arena rock: power chords, extravagant solos. Songs like "Civilization" (with vocals by Brit singer Ali Love), bank on portentous "concept-album" lyrics: "Stand aside as they bow to the call of the beast." Think Tales from Topographic Dance Floors. **JODY ROSEN**

Key Tracks: "Civilization," "Brianvision"

Staind ★★

Staind *Flip/Atlantic*

Post-grunge survivors glumly soldier on



The seventh album from this troupe of Massachusetts alt-metalers relies on an all-too-familiar formula: petulant ballads alternating with noisily crunching cacophony. The constant is Aaron Lewis' blindly swatting rage at whatever it is that pits the world and its women against him. "Eyes Wide Open" rages against a lover's "self-serving plan," while the power balladry of "Failing" echoes the band's 2001 hit "It's Been Awhile" with Lewis' heartily sung heartbreak refrain. Then Lewis raps about tiny dogs and nasty, food-based sexual acts with a cadence that doesn't have the slightest prayer of rhyming ("Wannabe"), and the entire thing implodes spectacularly. **STACEY ANDERSON**

Key Tracks: "Eyes Wide Open," "Wannabe"

Patrick Stump

★★★★½

Soul Punk *Island*

Fall Out boy reinvents himself as slicked-up hook-slinger



For ex-Fall Out Boy frontman Patrick Stump, "solo album" is more than a record you make when you leave your band. It's a record that you make by yourself, playing every note on every instrument – drums, bass, guitar, keyboards, trumpet, trombone, sax, mandolin. Besides handling instrumental duties, Stump supplied some terrific songs, too, with big hooks ("People Never Done a Good Thing"), electro pep ("Spotlight [New Regrets]") and lots of unabashed Michael Jackson. Stump is an excellent, nimble singer, but it's his songwriting that makes this one of the most irrefutably catchy albums of 2011. Soul? Punk? Try pop. **J.R.**

Key Track: "People Never Done a Good Thing"

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Deer Tick ★★½

Divine Providence *Partisan*

Roots-rocking dudes crank up for drunken singalongs



If Deer Tick's first couple of albums got the Rhode Island band branded as an alt-country act, their latest is a drunk leaning into your face and yelling, "You don't know me, man!" On a set of howling rockers, frontman John McCauley pulls a genre jailbreak as impressive as the time that Ryan Adams ditched Whiskeytown to pledge his love for Morrissey and electric Dylan. Gang-holler choruses recall guitarist Ian O'Neil's last band, Titus Andronicus; "Main Street" nods to a classic Rolling Stones album. But the unlisted cover of Paul Westerberg's "Mr. Cigarette" suggests the set's true patron saint: a punk-rock singer-songwriter who does as he damn well pleases. **W.H.**

Key Tracks: "The Bump," "Let's All Go to the Bar"

Withered Hand

★★★½ Good News *Absolutely Kosher*

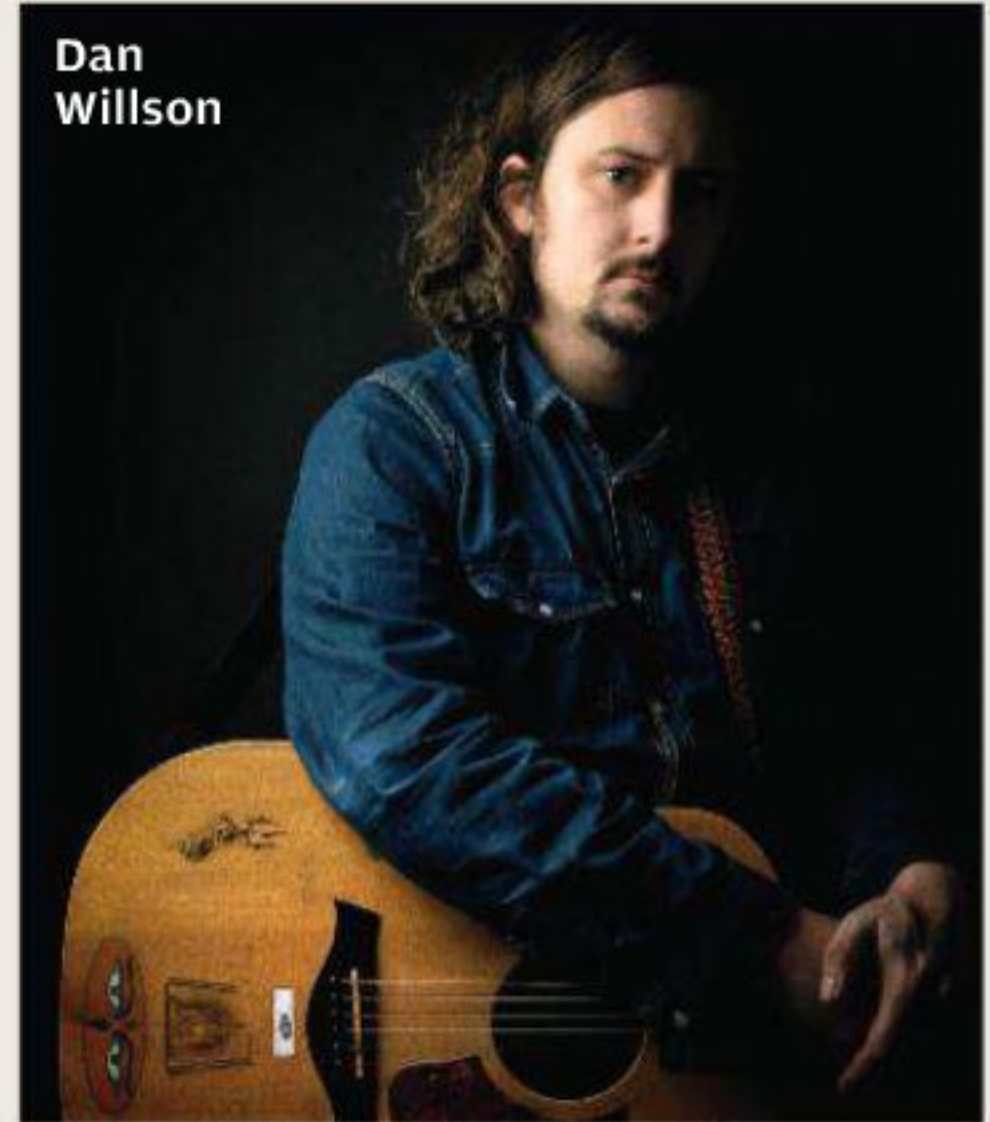
Scottish warbler questions God, cracks wise and writes killer melodies



"Every sunrise I see takes the piss out of me/And there's cold tea in our loving cup," sings Dan Willson on his band's debut. A crack-voiced folkie who was raised an evangelical Christian, Willson warbles about crises of faith, sexual frustration and assorted bummers over wobbly folk grooves. But as melodic wimps go, he's up there with fellow Scots Belle and Sebastian; his tunes are full of warm, woozy singsong charm. And he balances religious-seeker earnestness with a healthy sense of humor – when he sings, "I beat myself off when I sleep on your futon/I walk in the rain with my secondhand suit on," on the very pretty waltz "Religious Songs," he's a sad sack you can't help but root for. **CHRISTIAN HOARD**

Key Tracks: "Religious Songs," "Providence"

Dan Willson



KEY FACTS

Hometown

Edinburgh, Scotland

Backstory Dan Willson quit music when his rock band broke up – but then started writing autobiographical folk songs after his wife bought him an acoustic guitar for his 30th birthday.

Sounds Like

Funny, catchy folk tunes sung in a cracked Neil Young whimper

Thanks, Kids Willson's kids helped change him from rocker to folkie: He wanted to write "songs I could play at home without waking the children."

_BriefButGlorious.jpg



TOP SINGLES

Florence and the Machine

★★★★★

"Shake It Out"

Florence Welch continues her superhero morph from arty rocker to pop diva with this mighty single. "All of the ghouls come out to play/And every demon wants his pound of flesh," she sings over a pregnant drone, like Glinda the Good Witch about to be very bad, indeed. **WILL HERMES**

T.I. ★★★★★½

"I'm Flexin'"

"Prison ain't changed shit, homeboy," crows T.I. on the first new track since his release. Luckily, his skills and charisma are also intact. "I'm Flexin'" is an unadulterated exercise in pure flow, with T.I. scattering boasts and liquid Dirty South vowels over Big K.R.I.T.'s alternately tinkling and snarling beat. **JODY ROSEN**

Rostam ★★★★★

"Wood"

The Vampire Weekend talent pool runs deep. This elegant track from Rostam Batmanglij is a different flavor from his electro-pop project, Discovery, with its sitar, hand drums and strings; imagine David Byrne sleepwalking through a Bollywood musical. **W.H.**

Bon Iver ★★★★★½

"With God on Our Side"

"The country I come from is called the Midwest," sings devout Wisconsinite Justin Vernon on his stately cover of Dylan's great anti-war lesson, performed live at a Portland gig. Vernon leaves Auto-Tune aside, setting the mood with Bill Frisell-style electric guitar and a mournful military trumpet. As timely as ever, regrettably. **W.H.**



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Back on top: Ross

Big Beats, Bigger Boasts: Rick Ross Still the Boss

Rick Ross "I Love My Bitches" ★★★★★

"You the Boss" (feat. Nicki Minaj) ★★★★★½

Bitches aren't the only things that Rick Ross loves. For one thing, there's alliteration: "Bottles, Beamers, brand-new Benzes/Barbies, ballerinas and Britneys/Barbra Streisand-edition Bentleys." (One might add booming beats and boasts as big as that beard.) The first of two singles from the Miami MC's fifth solo album - *God Forgives, I Don't*, due out December 13th - is top-notch Ross, with the rapper delivering a torrent of witty brags (about every-

thing from his sexploits to his taste for lobster bisque) over a chipmunk soul beat from Just Blaze. By comparison, Ross' second new track, "You the Boss," is a dud: a pro forma foray into bedroom rap, with some extremely annoying Auto-Tuned warbling from Ms. Minaj. Ross being Ross, romance gets conflated with finance - his real true love: "All I fiend is a queen in my presence/I can hold her until I die/Couple G's in my bezel." **J.R.**

R.E.M.'s Last Goodbye

R.E.M. ★★★★★½

"We All Go Back to Where We Belong"

The last R.E.M. song (for now?), from the band's upcoming greatest-hits LP, sounds like an extra cut from the *Collapse Into Now* sessions - but it suits their breakup perfectly. Michael Stipe sings about missing the taste of the ocean on your skin over gentle, orchestral folk rock that recalls the shady-margined utopianism of mid-Sixties California pop (and their own *Out of Time*). Stipe sounds appropriately frayed, but beautifully so, as he pushes toward that emotional Maginot line where memories dissolve into dreams; it's where they always did their best work. **JON DOLAN**

Bruno Mars Vamps It Up

Bruno Mars ★★★★★

"It Will Rain"

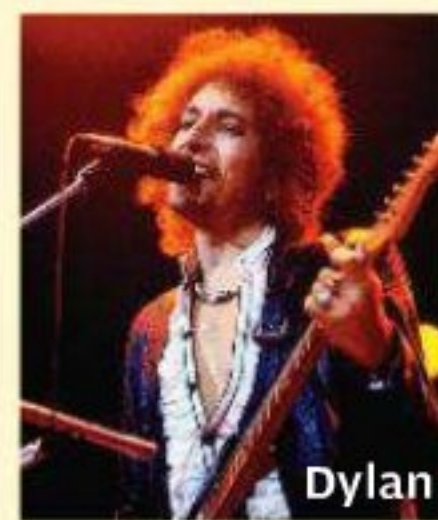
Who better than Bruno Mars to lead the promotional blitz for *Twilight*'s latest soundtrack? Mars' clean-cut looks and gently scuffed croon make him an ideal nonthreatening crush - and last year's smash "Grenade," on which he threatened to blow himself up for attention, proved his knack for overheated romantic dialogue. Mars gets similarly melodramatic on this ballad ("If you ever leave me, baby, leave some morphine at my door"), but the real point is the song's desperately yearning melody. It sounds a little bit like "Wild Horses," and a lot like Mars' next radio juggernaut. **SIMON VOZICK-LEVINSON**

BOOTLEG

Bob Dylan

Hollywood Sportatorium, Florida, December 16th, 1978

Plenty of Dylan fans still hold scorn for his 1978 tour - an opinion based largely on the dismal *At Budokan (Live)* album, recorded during its early dates. But in truth, the trek improved greatly as it went on; by the time it returned to the U.S. that fall, Dylan and his 11-piece band were smoking. This recording, from the final night of the 114-date run, plays like an alternative history of one of Dylan's most divisive periods. He sings like a man possessed, and the songs from his just-released *Street Legal* LP soar with a big band. While chestnuts "Tangled Up in Blue" and "Mr. Tambourine Man" suffer from layers of



Dylan

sax and backup vocals, "Señor (Tales of Yankee Power)" and "Changing of the Guards" never sounded so forceful. The set also contains a fascinating moment that was mostly overlooked at the time: Just weeks after converting to Christianity, Dylan played "Do Right to Me Baby (Do Unto Others)," the first of many gospel tunes he would unveil over the next three years. In a career full of shocking moves, this may well have been the capper. **ANDY GREENE**

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REVIEWS MUSIC

Real Estate

★★★★

Days Domino

Buzzed-over Jersey kids bliss out, uneasily



Bringing to mind Johnny Marr's sparkling guitar work with the Smiths and the Kinks song that shares their LP's name, New Jersey's Real Estate unspool pretty reveries tinged with enough guilt and confusion to keep them honest. The music runs smooth like passenger-seat leather, with buttery harmonies, strummy melodies and warm-glow reverb softening all edges: When singer Martin Courtney mirrors the "in the sun" line from Nirvana's "All Apologies" on "Easy," it's like he's remembering a dream. The mood is summed up in the simple line "we've got a memory" – issued with a sigh, a jangling outro and probably a Valium.

WILL HERMES

Key Tracks: "Easy," "Out of Tune," "It's Real"

Tori Amos

★★★★½

Night of Hunters

Deutsche Grammophon

String-suffused opus finds Nineties star at her artiest



Tori Amos' latest was inevitable for the conservatory-trained renegade: a song cycle inspired by European classical music, clad in strings and woodwinds. It doesn't rock, but it waltzes, spinning a tale involving animated trees, demons and what may be peyote cactus tea. There are pretty moments: the clarinet-piano duet "Seven Sisters," the tag-team vocals on "The Chase," the lush closer, "Carry." But often it feels like musical theater in need of a stage production. Perhaps Tim Burton is available?

W.H.

Key Tracks: "Carry," "The Chase," "Seven Sisters"

Hank Williams III

★★★★½

Ghost to a Ghost/Gutter Town

Hank3/Megaforce

Hank3 gets crazy with the country-punk Cheez Whiz



Freed from a contentious contract with Curb Records, the grandson of Hank Williams celebrates by releasing three records of surly, scuzzy boot-stompers. *3 Bar Ranch Cattle Callin* is hammering grindcore; *Attention Deficit Domination* nails Seventies classic metal. The best is *Ghost/Gutter Town*, a ragbag with everything from industrial hoe-downs to a gypsy waltz with Tom Waits. Williams' snarl suits the schizophrenic styles; when he deadpans, "We've got our own style of living a different way," it's clear he means this music as proof.

J. EDWARD KEYES

Key Tracks: "Time to Die," "Gutter Stomp"

Dum Dum Girls

★★★★½

Only in Dreams Sub Pop

Girl-group punks bring the hooks – and the sad



The Dum Dum Girls' 2010 debut, *I Will Be*, was girl-group rock cut with low-fi guitar frizz. This disc is all hi-fi, sonically and emotionally, piling on Phil Spector echo and Go-Go's gloss as singer-guitarist Dee Dee Penny mourns a faraway lover and a fatally sick mom: "Death is on the telephone/I lie and say she isn't home," she sings, somewhere between the Shangri-Las and Joan Didion's *The Year of Magical Thinking*. The six-minute "Coming Down" repeats the phrase "I think I'm coming down" almost 20 times, each falling like a hammer.

JON DOLAN

Key Tracks: "Coming Down," "Bedroom Eyes"

Wavves

★★★★½

Life Sux Ghost Ramp

Surf-punk talent loves Grohl, calls on his friends



Low-fi brat Nathan Williams' new EP hinges on the chipper single "I Wanna Meet Dave Grohl," a typically concise blast of thick surf-pop guitars, laconically distorted vocals and singsong refrain. The idolatry makes sense: The San Diego native shares Grohl's knack for blending volatile punk and pop hooks. Williams keeps impressive company on this follow-up to last year's sensational *King of the Beach*: Beth Cosentino of Best Coast sings Pixies-style harmonies on "Nodding Off," and he howls along with Fucked Up on "Destroy," which is full of hardcore screams and little else. Dave Grohl's going to love it.

STACEY ANDERSON

Key Tracks: "I Wanna Meet Dave Grohl," "Nodding Off"

M83

★★★★

Hurry Up, We're Dreaming Mute

French synth wizard does dream-state dance pop

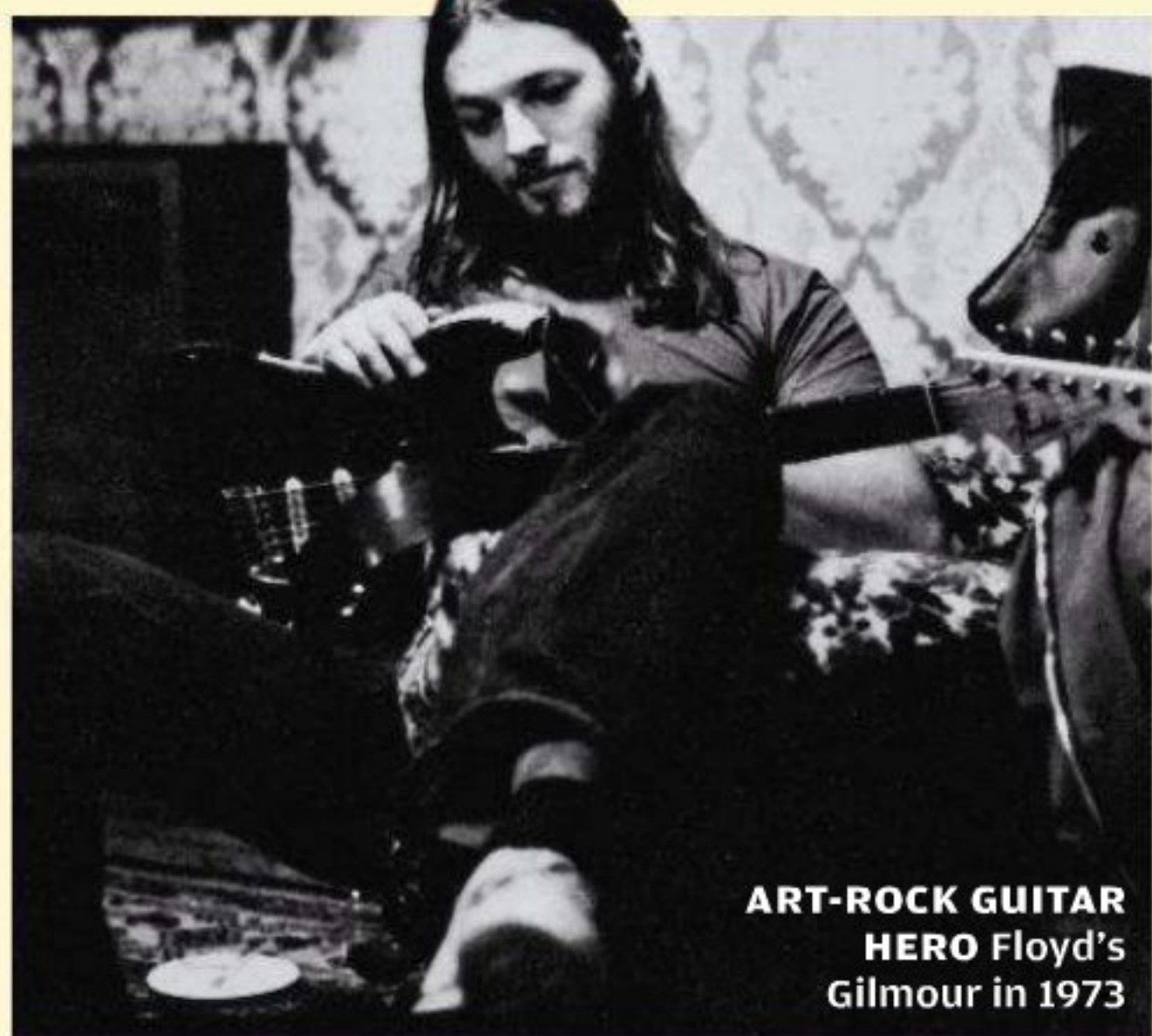


For his sixth album, Anthony Gonzalez delivers a double CD about the unconscious, a mix of beat-driven anthems and gauzy ambience that moves like a restless night's sleep. When it's not luring you to the dance floor with thrilling 1980s pop, M83's widescreen music either sounds like a lost John Hughes movie ("Soon, My Friend," with its sweeping sunset synths, needs Molly Ringwald complaining over it) or gets trippy – check out "Raconte-Moi Une Histoire," where a little girl recounts a dreamy tale of frogs and gender-switching parents.

JOE GROSS

Key Tracks: "Midnight City," "Raconte-Moi Une Histoire"

REISSUES & RARITIES



ART-ROCK GUITAR
HERO Floyd's
Gilmour in 1973

All-You-Can-Eat Floyd

Outtakes-stuffed reissue takes you further into space



Pink Floyd ★★★★★½

The Dark Side of the Moon
(Experience Edition) EMI

The six-disc *Immersion* reissue of Pink Floyd's perfect 1973 essay on alienation and madness is more like drowning, with multiple alternate mixes of an album you already know by heart. There is also just enough outtake action and concert video from that era to infuriate the cash-strapped completist. The majestic suspense of Richard Wright's instrumental demo for "Us and Them," composed by the pianist in 1969, is the sweetest prize, proof of the warm grace he brought to singer-bassist Roger Waters' grave reports from inner space. Two '72 versions, live and studio, of "The Travel Sequence" capture the Floyd at a jamming peak, with a funky interplay between Waters and guitarist David Gilmour, before the band recasts that segment as the electronic chase scene "On the Run."

The great, previously unissued illumination in the box set also comes in the two-CD *Experience* package: *Dark Side* performed live in November 1974 by a Floyd at a unique height in their concert history. Like the earlier epics "Atom Heart Mother" and "Echoes," *Dark Side* was tested and shaped onstage, before recording. At this London-arena date, the Floyd were reproducing the album's details with precise theatrical confidence. There was continuing exploration too—in Gilmour's rocket-blues soloing in the lengthened rock-city stretch of "Money" and the band's collective ascent in the extended midsection of "Us and Them." Reeling from success but not yet divided by it, Pink Floyd were still playing *Dark Side* as triumph, not their greatest hit. It's worth hearing it that way again.

DAVID FRICKE



John Fahey ★★★★★

Your Past Comes Back to Haunt You (The Fonotone Years 1958-1965) *Dust-to-Digital*

This five-CD set—115 tracks with an 88-page LP-size book—charts the birth and rapid bloom of an American pioneer, guitarist John Fahey (1939-2001), as he fused country, folk, prewar blues and European classicism with dynamic and symphonic fingerpicking. Fahey started recording as a teenager, in the Maryland basement of engineer-collector Joe Bussard, who issued much of this music on small-run acetates, including 78s. You hear a determined-beginner's simplicity to the 1958 medley of "Pretty Polly" and "Shortnin' Bread." There is also an early version of the hymn "In Christ There Is No East or West," one of Fahey's signature pieces, and this set features some of his defining originals, like "The Transcendental Waterfall," in developing detail. The facility increases as time passes. The zeal never wavers.

D.F.

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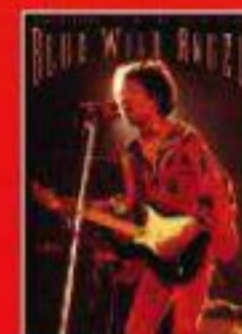
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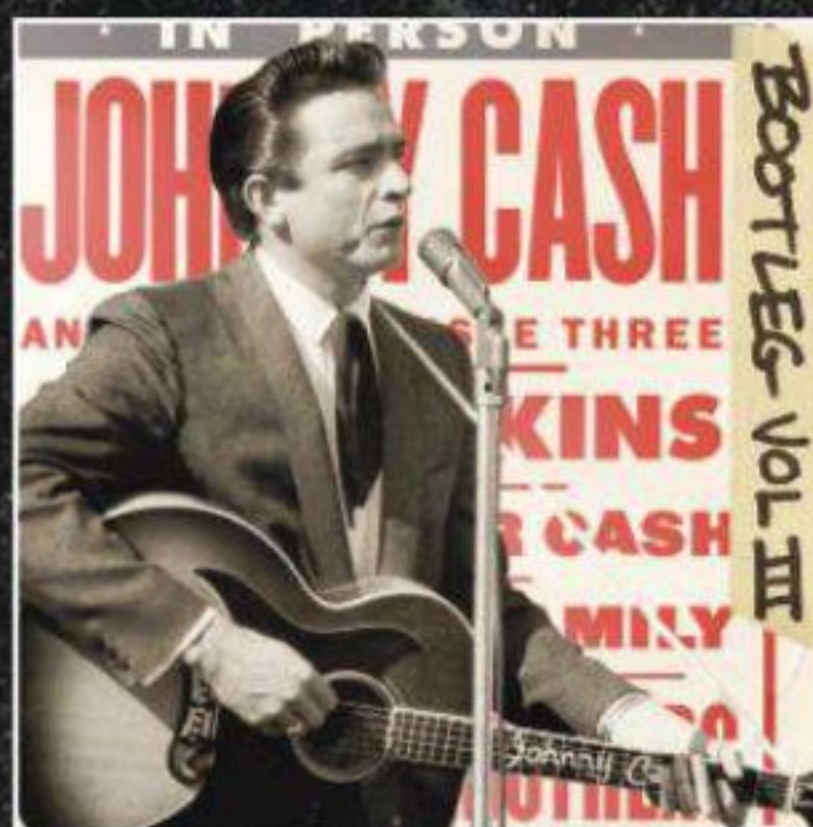


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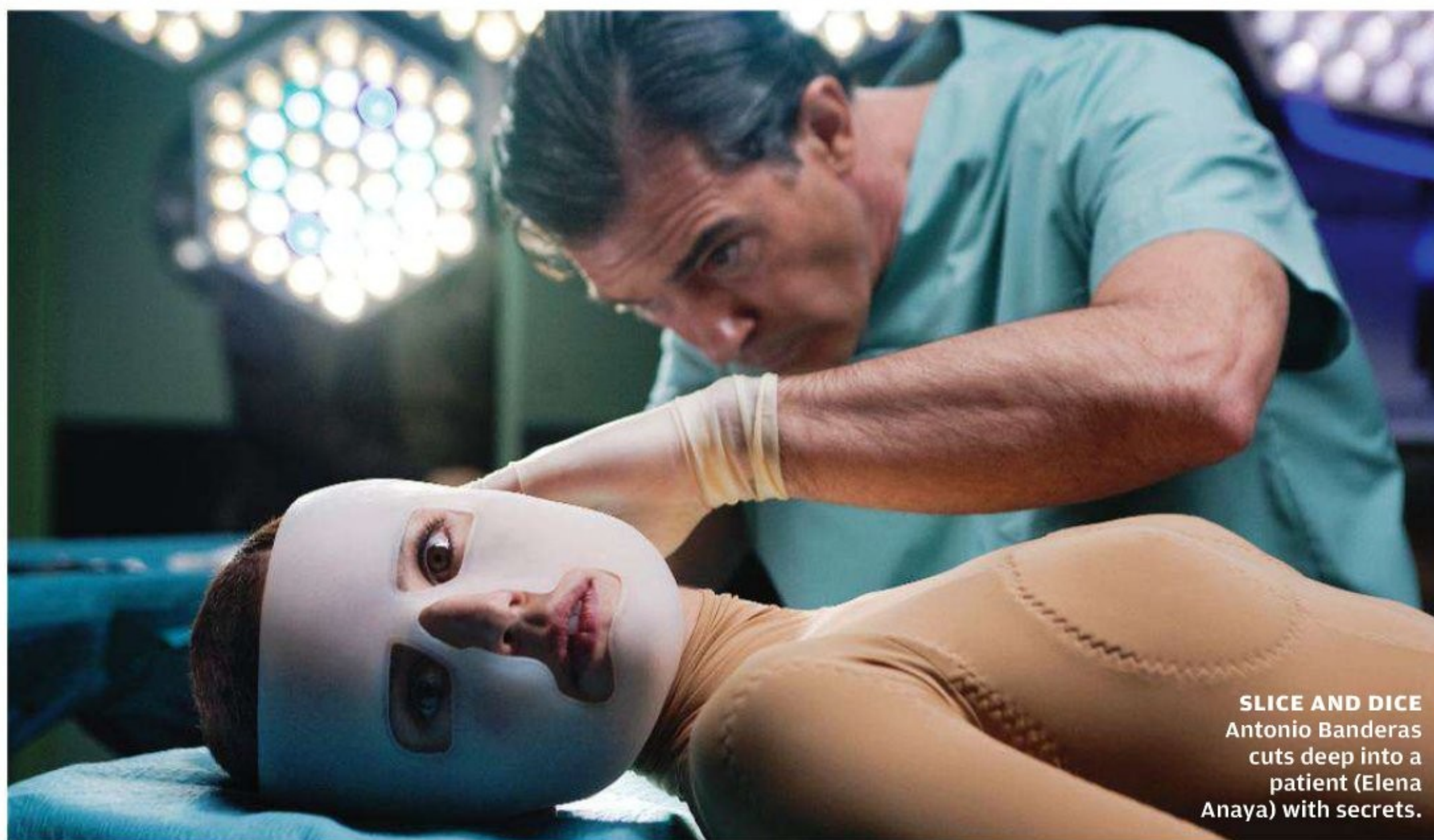


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Antonio Banderas gets under your skin as a kinky Dr. Frankenstein **By Peter Travers**

The Skin I Live In ★★★★★^{1/2}

Antonio Banderas

Directed by Pedro Almodóvar

ANYTHING FOR HALLOWEEN? I'd vouch for *The Skin I Live In*, a scary, sexy and terrifically twisted horror film from the artist known as Pedro Almodóvar, Spain's stylish maestro of kink and flamboyant emotion. *Skin* reunites Almodóvar with Antonio Banderas for the first time since 1990's *Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!* Director and star still bring out the wicked, badass best in each other.

Banderas plays Dr. Robert Ledgard, a widower plastic surgeon who uses his isolated mansion to hide a suicidal patient whom we see only in a head bandage and a body stocking. She's called Vera (Elena Anaya), and when Robert is not experimenting on her with synthetic skin grafts, he's observing her behind glass with a voyeuristic perversity that evokes Hitchcock's 1958 masterpiece, *Vertigo*. Banderas is magnetic with a vengeance, the fire in his eyes a constant

threat to the surgical precision of the scientist he plays. He's a new-century Dr. Frankenstein and twice as bone-chilling for that. Vera has no memories; she's a blank canvas on which Robert (and by extension the audience) does all the painting.

You can tell Vera badly wants out; she even tries to seduce Robert, who looks guilty but tempted. Robert's housekeeper, Marilia (the excellent Marisa Paredes), is a fierce guard. That is, until her hood son Zeca (Roberto Álamo) breaks in (wear-

ing a tiger mask) and decides to take carnal advantage of this beautiful bird in a gilded cage.

Cue the freakout. What happens next involving rape, revenge, murder and shocking revelations all qualify as spoilers. I won't squeal. The only hint comes in flashbacks that involve Robert's daughter Norma (Blanca Suárez) and the boy, Vicente (a superb Jan Cornet), she meets at a party.

There's a teasing allure in the way Almodóvar uncovers the secrets Robert hides. Adapting Thierry Jonquet's novel *Mygale*, director and co-writer Almodóvar never lets the creeping terror obliterate the bruised humanity of the characters. Few directors have Almodóvar's skill at swerving from outrageous camp to unspeakable terror without tipping into absurdity. Even when the film's frigid elegance, perfectly captured by cinematographer José Luis Alcaine, becomes off-puttingly clinical, Almodóvar's passion burns through. The skin he lives in is alive to challenge no matter what warped form it takes.



The Thing ★★ Mary Elizabeth Winstead, Joel Edgerton **Directed by Matthijs van Heijningen**

Did we need a prequel to John Carpenter's 1982 version of *The Thing*? Probably not, what with Carpenter replaced by Dutch commercial director Matthijs van Heijningen. But *Thing* cultists won't care. Carpenter's version hinted at a Norwegian research team that found something alien buried in the ice in Antarctica. Here

they are. Mary Elizabeth Winstead plays a Columbia prof who joins up. Joel Edgerton is a chopper pilot who becomes her ally as the *Thing* invades bodies and pretends to be human until it breaks out in gory splendor. That's it. One gut-busting death after another, terror giving way to tedium. Your call.



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OBAMA'S WAR ROOM

[Cont. from 52] Nations. And second, the president said, failing to intervene would be a "psychological pendulum, in terms of the Arab Spring, in favor of repression." He concluded: "Just signing on to a no-fly zone so that we have political cover isn't going to cut it. That's not how America leads." Nor, he added, is it the "image of America I believe in."

The debate was over. The president ordered Rice to go back to the U.N. and "lean forward" on a resolution that would authorize NATO to strike targets on the ground and take "all necessary measures." The humanitarian argument for intervention had carried the day. "The media makes as if this was an esoteric discussion on a foreign-policy website about intervention versus realism," says a White House official. "That's crap when you're sitting in the Situation Room and a city of 700,000 is facing indiscriminate slaughter. That's what moved the president."

AS RICE SCRAMBLED TO LINE UP votes at the United Nations, Qaddafi and Saif, his son and heir apparent, didn't believe that NATO would actually intervene. Why would the West move to overthrow him after they had re-integrated Libya into the international community? "Qaddafi was genuinely surprised," says Dirk Vandewalle, an expert on Libya who has consulted with both the U.N. and the State Department. "Saif and his father were never really very good at reading accurately where Libya stood in the West. They thought everything was forgiven and forgotten." On March 17th, two nights after the meeting in the Situation Room, Qaddafi went on Libyan television and gave the speech that sealed his fate. His army, he declared, would hunt the rebels down and show "no mercy."

Qaddafi's son Saadi immediately realized that his father had made a major miscalculation. According to Jackie Frazier, an American business consultant who worked for Saadi in Tripoli during the run-up to the war, Saadi leapt into his Jeep, raced to his father's house and begged him to withdraw the threat. "Dad," he pleaded, "you have to take it back." In a last-ditch effort to prevent the U.N. from voting to authorize military intervention, Saadi also tried to get a message out to CNN that Qaddafi would not march on Benghazi.

The next night, according to another American who is close to the Qaddafi family, Saif tried to arrange a phone call with Hillary Clinton, thinking he could talk the Americans out of intervening. But when Saif placed the call, Clinton refused to speak to him – instead, she had Ambassador Cretz call Saif back, telling him to remove all his troops from the cities and

to step down from power. Through an American contact, Saif also tried calling Gen. Charles Jacoby, who was involved in drawing up military plans at the Pentagon, but to no avail. Saif and his chief of staff, Mohammed Ismail, laughed off the situation, apparently believing that Obama was simply engaging in the sort of anti-Libya bluster that Reagan had made a staple of American politics. "They didn't get it," says Frazier. "They thought they had been through this before. They thought it was the 1980s."

Once the bombing started, Qaddafi and his sons felt betrayed. "We gave up our nukes and they screwed us," Saif told his dwindling circle of friends. In July, four months into the war, Qaddafi's sons still held out a delusional hope that their father would prevail. "We have an army of 1 million men in the streets," Saadi boasted to Frazier when she visited him in his rooms on the 23rd floor

Qaddafi's son Saadi realized that his father's threatening speech was a major mistake. "Dad," he pleaded, "you have to take it back."

of the Corinthia Hotel in Tripoli – even though Qaddafi's real strength was less than 20,000. "He'd drunk the Kool-Aid," Frazier recalls. Later that night, when a bomb hit near the hotel, Saadi looked out the window and shook his head. "NATO," he muttered.

IN HIS EFFORT TO FORGE A NEW, more multilateral model for intervention, Obama had succeeded in securing the backing of NATO, the United Nations and the Arab League. But the White House had done little to line up the one U.S. body that is actually vested with the constitutional authority to authorize a war: Congress.

On Friday, March 18th, the president invited 18 congressional leaders to the Oval Office. According to two senior congressional sources with direct knowledge of the meeting, Obama "came into the room, sat down and read some talking points off a paper." Then the president said, "If there are any questions, you can ask my advisers," and left the room.

The congressmen were stunned. "It wasn't a consultation," recalls one staffer. "It was an announcement." Sen. Richard Lugar, a Republican known for his bipartisanship and his expertise on for-

eign policy, was particularly incensed. He launched into a volley of tough questions: Who's going to pay for the war? How much is it going to cost? What does it mean to Iran, Syria? Clinton and Gates were both present, but the answers they gave didn't satisfy the senator. "They punted all those issues," says a source with direct knowledge of the meeting.

White House officials say that because Congress was on recess that Friday and some lawmakers attended the meeting via phone, Obama could not go into detail about classified portions of the operation. "It's fair to say the president spoke with great precision," says a White House source who attended the meeting. "These are serious actions, and being precise is important." At 10:35 p.m. that night, Obama was wheels-up for a long-scheduled trip to Latin America.

The next day, when Democratic leaders in Congress held a conference call to explain the White House's decision to go to war, a number of Democrats made their displeasure known. According to notes of the meeting, shown to *ROLLING STONE*, Rep. Steny Hoyer, the number-two Democrat in the House, faced fierce resistance as he pitched the White House plan. He kept using the words "limited and discrete," insisting that the U.S. would only be in the lead for a matter of days. But his explanation didn't go over well with some of the Democrats on the call. "How could we do this when we are just years away from WMDs?" complained one. Rep. Brad Sherman pointed to the administration's lack of consultation with Congress over Libya: "It would be ironic to promote democracy there, and lose it here." Toward the end of the call, Rep. Dennis Kucinich piped in: "Is this an impeachable offense?"

The White House pressed ahead. As the bombings began, staffers tried to downplay what was happening in Libya, calling it a "limited kinetic action." Facing increasing criticism, however, the president returned from his trip and gave a prime-time address explaining his decision to the country. The speech, delivered at the National Defense University, was imbued with the language of the humanitarian interventionists. (Hours earlier, Samantha Power had given a speech at Columbia University saying it would be a "stain on our collective conscience" if the U.S. didn't intervene – the same words the president would use later that evening.) "I refused to wait for the images of slaughter and mass graves," Obama said, raising the specter of genocide. He also tried to distinguish his strike against Qaddafi from the "regime change" Bush pursued against Saddam Hussein, insisting that "broadening the mission to include regime change would be a mistake."

Before the speech, the administration also invited another group of outside experts to the White House, in part to

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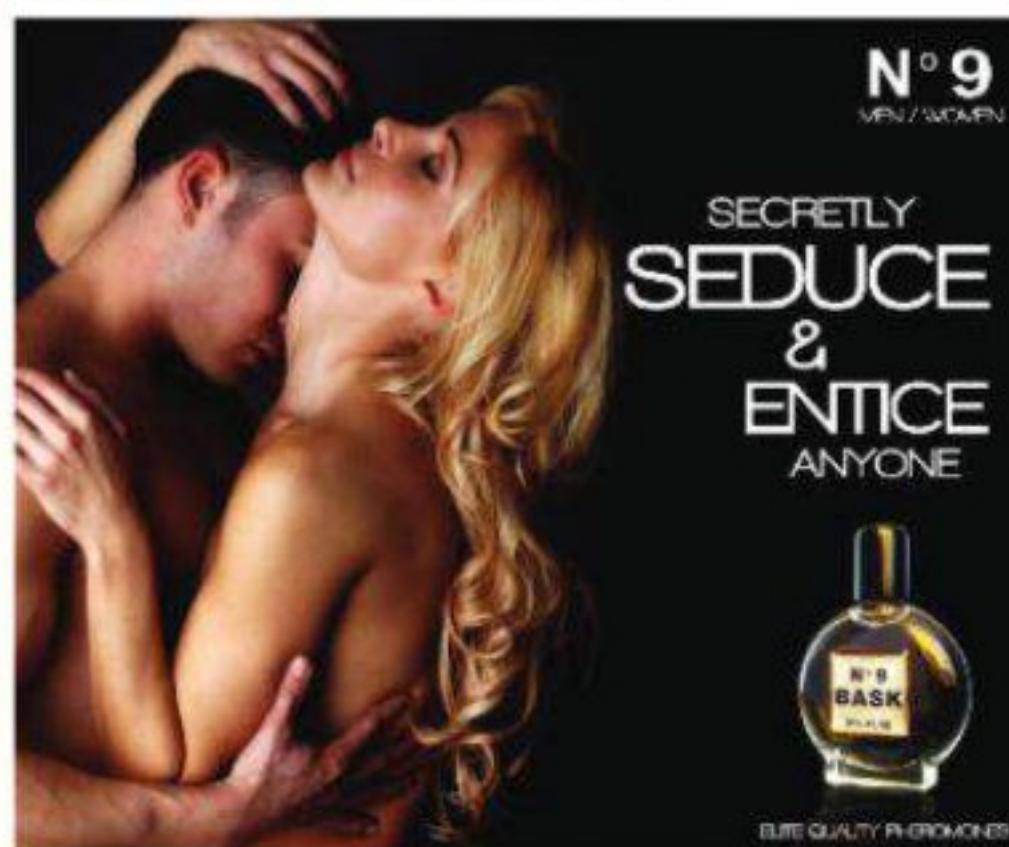


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OBAMA'S WAR ROOM

"influence the echo chamber," according to a source who attended the meeting. Dennis Ross, a regional director at the National Security Council, insisted that the administration had prevented a "localized genocide." The Pentagon, however, seemed less than enthusiastic about the president's decision. "We're all sitting there in the Roosevelt Room, getting a very thorough briefing from the National Security Council, Treasury, Defense, State, the whole crew," says one person who attended the meeting, "and I remember feeling like the Pentagon didn't have much clarity to their answers. What are the rules of engagement? How do you distinguish between Qaddafi elements and civilian elements you're trying to protect? The biggest gaping hole was: What is the political road map moving forward? How do you avoid a continued implosion and a struggle for power?"

The fact that such critical issues remained unresolved reminded some participants of the rush to war that ended up

In the early days of the war, the administration was also careful to keep its distance from the rebel leadership, not wanting to make the mistake of backing a single faction within the Libyan opposition. "The White House didn't want to do anything until Tripoli fell," says a Libyan source. In May, when Mahmoud Jibril made a trip to the White House, he wasn't allowed to speak with the president. Instead, he met with Donilon, who frustrated the Libyan leader by referring to the National Transitional Council only as "an" interlocutor of the Libyan people, rather than "the" interlocutor. The behavior of the White House, according to a Libyan opposition source, was simultaneously "bold and timid."

But as the war dragged on, the administration finally acknowledged the NTC, which waged an intensive lobbying campaign with the help of two prominent Washington firms, Patton Boggs and the Harbour Group. Three weeks after they were rebuffed by Donilon, Hillary Clinton referred to the NTC as "the legitimate interlocutor" during a meeting in Abu

The Libyan intervention reminded some of the rush to war in Iraq. "It's good Qaddafi didn't fall right away," said a U.N. official. "There was no plan ready."

embroiling the U.S. in both Iraq and Afghanistan. "It's good Qaddafi didn't fall right away," one U.N. official involved in post-intervention planning confided to an insider. "There was no plan ready." Gates complained publicly that the operation was being conducted "on the fly," and initially resisted requests by the administration for more surveillance flights. "The White House kept saying, 'We know you can do this,'" says a Pentagon official involved in Libya planning. "But when it came to some of the assets, we had to push back: 'Actually, no, we can't.'"

Only two years earlier, when Obama had conducted his lengthy review of Afghanistan policy, the Pentagon had taken advantage of the new president's inexperience to win approval for a troop surge. Now, however, Obama was undeterred by the military's opposition. He had gone against Gates on Libya, and he would do so again a month later when he decided to send Navy SEALs to kill Osama bin Laden. (Gates had wanted to use an airstrike.) This time, despite the defense secretary's grumbling, the Pentagon followed Obama's lead. Within 72 hours of receiving his orders, the military had halted Qaddafi's advance with missiles fired from U.S. submarines and destroyers.

Dhabi. And the next month, in a meeting in Istanbul, the United States officially recognized the rebel leadership as the voice of the Libyan people.

At the same time, the administration was increasingly criticized for its failure to follow the War Powers Act, which requires the White House to get congressional approval for any military action within 90 days. The White House argued that NATO operations in Libya did not involve "sustained fighting or active exchanges of fire with hostile forces, nor do they involve U.S. ground troops" – but Congress wasn't buying it. In June, the House passed a largely symbolic measure that formally rebuked the president for failing to consult Congress. Kucinich, meanwhile, was working behind the scenes to try to persuade Qaddafi to step aside. "There was a very real chance of opening up talks," Kucinich says. "But it became abundantly clear that there was no interest on the part of the administration to settle this peacefully. There were too many other interests – oil markets and NATO fighting for its viability. It's quite regrettable."

The administration knew it was paying the price for a war that seemed to have no end in sight. "We thought it was going to be quick," a White House source acknowledged. As the costs mounted,

Clinton made at least nine trips overseas, working feverishly to keep European and Arab allies onboard. "Some wanted to scale down the ambition of the effort or look for an exit strategy," says a State Department official. "She kept telling them to stick with it."

Over the course of seven months, America spent \$1 billion on the war in Libya. As NATO flew more than 22,000 sorties, including hundreds of bombing runs and drone strikes, the goal of the war quickly morphed from a limited desire to protect civilians into a more sweeping and aggressive push for regime change.

By the time Tripoli fell on August 24th, it was understood in the White House that the real test of its policy in Libya was just beginning. "The big lesson from Iraq, to state the obvious, wasn't so much whether we could defeat Saddam," says a senior administration official. "It was the day after, the year after, the decade after. It was about whether we could secure the peace." Avoiding another Iraq-style mess was clearly on the administration's mind when Obama marked the fall of Tripoli with a simple press conference. There was no strutting aboard an aircraft carrier, no Mission Accomplished speech – just a few words from the president during his family vacation on Martha's Vineyard. "All of this was done without putting a single U.S. troop on the ground," he said, while carefully acknowledging "the huge challenges ahead."

As the White House knows, there is still a real possibility of it all unraveling in Libya, just as it did after initial victories in Afghanistan and Iraq. Some of Qaddafi's top henchmen have already taken up positions of power within the new government, as have elements with ties to radical Islamist groups. Even Bernard-Henri Lévy, who describes the new Libyan government as "heroic," has cautioned that a few rebel leaders are "not angels." But Islam will inevitably be a part of any truly democratic regime that emerges from the Arab Spring, which

leaves the White House with a paradox: Either fuel radical Islamic movements by supporting dictators like Qaddafi and Mubarak, or support faltering and ugly attempts at democracy that will almost certainly empower radicalized Islamic elements that express hatred toward the West.

Six months after Clinton met Mahmoud Jibril in Paris, Obama greeted him in New York – as the interim prime minister of Libya, a country with full international recognition, taking its seat at the United Nations. Two years earlier, it was Qaddafi who had stolen the show at the U.N. on his first visit to New York with a rambling, 90-minute diatribe against the West. Now the spotlight belonged to the men who had deposed him. For Obama and his advisers, it was a moment of deep satisfaction. The president had led America into a new kind of war, one with the full support and participation of the international community – "the anti-Iraq," as Lévy calls it. The White House has no illusions about the risks that remain in Libya: Even if the rebels manage to make a successful transition to democracy, the country could still be roiled by extremist jihadists or other Islamic factions hostile to the United States. "Qaddafi is going to fall eventually," a senior administration official told me shortly before the regime collapsed. "The question is: What demons are waiting that we don't yet know about?" But whatever demons lie ahead in Libya, America, for once, will not be solely responsible for having unleashed them – or for exorcising them.

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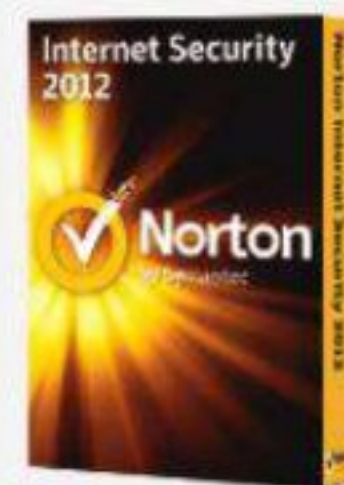


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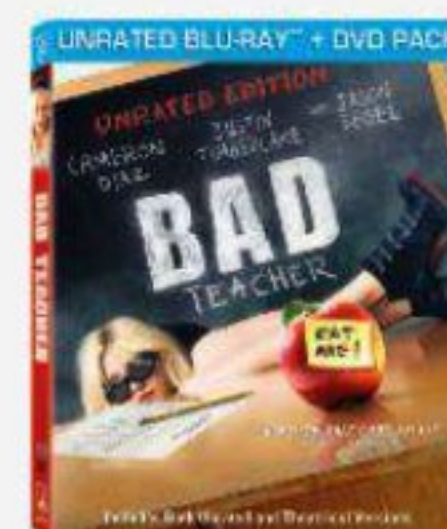
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CHARTS

iTunes TOP 10 SONGS

- Adele**
"Someone Like You" - XL/Columbia
- B.o.B**
"Strange Clouds"
- Rebel Rock/Grand Hustle/Atlantic
- Maroon 5**
"Moves Like Jagger" - A&M/Octone
- Foster the People**
"Pumped Up Kicks"
- Startime/Columbia
- LMFAO**
"Sexy and I Know It" - Party Rock/
Will.i.am/Cherrytree/Interscope
- Rihanna**
"We Found Love" - SRP/Def Jam
- Gym Class Heroes**
"Stereo Hearts"
- Decaydance/Fueled by Ramen
- David Guetta**
"Without You"
- What a Music/Astralwerks
- LMFAO**
"Party Rock Anthem" - Party Rock/
Will.i.am/Cherrytree/Interscope
- Rihanna**
"Cheers (Drink to That)"
- SRP/Def Jam

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COLLEGE RADIO TOP 10 ALBUMS

- Dum Dum Girls**
Only in Dreams - Sub Pop
- St. Vincent**
Strange Mercy - 4AD
- Wilco**
The Whole Love - DMP/Anti-
- Neon Indian**
Era Externa - Mom + Pop
- Wild Flag**
Wild Flag - Merge
- Blitzen Trapper**
American Goldwing - Sub Pop
- Girls**
Father, Son, Holy Ghost
- Turnstile/Fantasy Trashcan
- Drums**
Portamento - Frenchkiss
- Toro Y Moi**
Freaking Out (EP) - Carpark
- Twin Sister**
In Heaven - Domino



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From the Vault

RS 745, October 17th, 1996

TOP 10 SINGLES

- Los Del Rio**
"Macarena (Bayside Boys Mix)"
- RCA
- Donna Lewis**
"I Love You Always Forever" - Atlantic
- Celine Dion**
"It's All Coming Back to Me Now"
- 550 Music/Epic
- Blackstreet**
"No Diggity" - Interscope
- No Mercy**
"Where Do You Go" - Arista
- Keith Sweat**
"Twisted" - Elektra
- Eric Clapton**
"Change the World" - Reprise
- Quad City DJ's**
"C'Mon N' Ride It (The Train)"
- Big Beat
- Az Yet**
"Last Night" - LaFace
- Toni Braxton**
"You're Makin' Me High/
Let It Flow" - LaFace

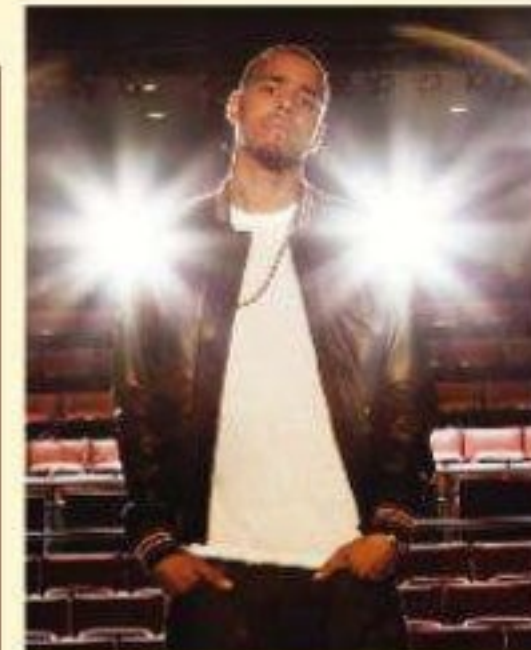


On the Cover

"[Recording our last album], it seemed every one was getting a little harder. I feared we'd eventually go in the studio and not be able to finish one. I want to do good work while I still have time. Rock & roll's an age-related thing. Most physicists do their great work before they're 30." —Peter Buck

Top 40 Albums

- J. Cole**
Cole World: The Sideline Story
- Roc-A-Fella/Columbia
- Blink-182**
Neighborhoods - DGC/Interscope
- Adele**
21 - XL/Columbia
- Tony Bennett**
Duets II - RPM/Columbia
- Wilco**
The Whole Love - DMP/Anti-
- Lady Antebellum**
Own the Night - Capitol Nashville
- Lil Wayne**
Tha Carter IV - Young Money/Cash Money
- Switchfoot**
Vice Verses - Lowercase People/Atlantic
- Chickenfoot**
Chickenfoot III - Land Shark
- Mastodon**
The Hunter - Reprise
- Jay-Z and Kanye West**
Watch the Throne
- Roc-A-Fella/Roc Nation/Def Jam
- Pink Floyd**
The Dark Side of the Moon - Capitol
- Nirvana**
Nevermind - Sub Pop/DGC
- Demi Lovato**
Unbroken - Hollywood
- Foster the People**
Torches - Startime/Columbia
- Jason Aldean**
My Kinda Party - Broken Bow
- Brantley Gilbert**
Halfway to Heaven - Valory
- George Strait**
Here for a Good Time - MCA Nashville
- NOW 39**
Various Artists - Universal/EMI/Sony Music
- Luke Bryan**
Tailgates & Tanlines - Capitol Nashville
- Red Hot Chili Peppers**
I'm With You - Warner Bros.
- Machine Head**
Unto the Locust - Roadrunner
- Beyoncé**
4 - Parkwood/Columbia
- Lady Gaga**
Born This Way
- Streamline/KonLive/Interscope
- Adele**
19 - XL/Columbia
- Mumford & Sons**
Sigh No More - Glassnote
- Mindless Behavior**
#1 Girl - Streamline/Conjunction/Interscope
- Gloria Estefan**
Little Miss Havana
- Crescent Moon/Verve Forecast
- Jason Derulo**
Future History - Beluga Heights
- The Beatles**
1 - Apple
- Eric Church**
Chief - EMI Nashville
- Leann Rimes**
Ladies & Gentlemen - Curb
- Maroon 5**
Hands All Over - A&M/Octone
- Needtobreathe**
The Reckoning - Atlantic
- WOW Hits 2012**
Various Artists
- Word-Curb/Provident-Integrity
- LMFAO**
Sorry for Party Rocking
- Party Rock/Will.i.am/Cherrytree/Interscope
- Bad Meets Evil**
Hell: The Sequel (EP) - Shady/Interscope
- Blake Shelton**
Red River Blue - Warner Bros. Nashville
- Staind**
Staind - Flip/Atlantic
- Pink Floyd**
The Wall - Capitol



Young King Cole

Years of heavy touring and mixtape buzz paid off for Jay-Z protégé J. Cole, who sold an impressive 218,000 copies of his debut LP in Week One.



Back in a Blink

Blink-182's first LP since 2003 - which features the rock-radio hit "Up All Night" - sold 151,000 copies in its first week, half as much as the last one.



Whole Lotta Love

Wilco's self-released eighth LP, *The Whole Love*, sold 82,000 copies in its first week on shelves - giving the band its fourth Top 10 album.



Turn on the Dark

Pink Floyd is reissuing their classic albums in deluxe editions with tons of extras - kicking off with 1973's *Dark Side*, which sold 26,000 copies.

00 Chart position on Oct. 5th, 2011
00 Chart position on Sept. 28th, 2011
NEW New Entry
2ND Re-Entry
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CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: LEANN RIMES; AUSTIN NELSON; STORM THORGERSON; SHAWN BRACKBILL; WUJ GOOD

meet the new

prius family

Toyota presents the original one, the bigger one, the smaller one and the one that plugs in.
They're all a little different, just like us.

prius c concept
coming spring 2012



3rd gen prius
currently available



prius plug-in hybrid
coming spring 2012



prius v
coming fall 2011



prius goes plural



Steve's Legacy
1955–